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BY JOHN GUNTHER¹

Monday, January 20, 1936. — Wrote a piece, talked for a few moments to Tom Balogh who dropped in, did a lot of phoning, and caught a train at about two for Sandringham. What followed was one of the wildest nights of my experience. The only thing I can think of to rival it journalistically was the Lindbergh arrival in Paris and perhaps the night of the Dollfuss murder two years ago in Vienna. Interesting to see the Duke of York's luggage on my train, somewhat less elegant than my own. I got off at Dersingham, after observing that Sandringham station provided no means of conveyance to the palace grounds. My job was not so much to get the news of the death of the King, when he died, but to describe the attendant circumstances in Sandringham House and the vicinity.

Sandringham and Dersingham are in one of the most inaccessible parts of England, and on a spur railway that ends in the Wash on the North Sea. I felt, as I stepped off the train, that I might have been in Alaska. It was dark

and misty; a chill vapor blew across the meadows from the sea. I stopped a villager, who told me where to find a cottage with a telephone; after a long wait I got a taxi, one of the two the village boasts. Most of the correspondents would, I thought, be in whatever pub was nearest to Sandringham House, and we drove to a place called the Feathers, where, sure enough, the fraternity was assembled.

Chaos was also assembled. The Feathers has five bedrooms and when I got there between forty and fifty newspaper men had already arrived. They were scattered in the lounge, the bar, the hallways; outside it was frigidly cold and doors were continually opening, letting in blasts of Siberian air; the proprietor, sleepless for three nights, was tossing drinks across the bar. He had long since given up trying to reckon accurately who had what or who paid for it. Drinks and food poured out and money poured back and no one knew what belonged to which. He was assisted by two East Anglian daughters, Ethel and Ivy, and rare creatures they were. The whole place was churn-

¹The first installment of Mr. Gunther's English Diary appeared in the March issue. — EDITOR

ing like a ship in motion. A few moments after I got there a baffled little Japanese arrived, who had seemingly come direct from, of all places, Ethiopia. He got half a doormat to sleep on. Everyone was very kind.

The lounge had been made into a sort of pressroom. Almost all discernible features of hotel life disappeared, and two old ladies who had been guests before chaos struck the Feathers looked like spinsters marooned by a typhoon.

The Feathers had originally been equipped with two or at most three telephones. There was only one trunk line, and this had to go through Kings Lynn near by. By the time I arrived the post-office authorities had managed to install two or three extra phones, and a teletype printer had been assembled and put to work in a near-by cottage. By Tuesday night, we heard, there would be a special line of cable laid to Kings Lynn, which would speed up messages. But at the moment the congestion was terrible. There were hours of delay on simple calls to London. A post-office official tried to restore some semblance of order by rationing calls, and allowing each correspondent, once he got his paper, only three minutes at a time. All the phones but one were in a single small room, all going all the time; there were no booths except one in the frigid hall outside.

Presently I observed a flamboyant and courteous young man, whose name I learned later was Louis Wolff, taking charge of things. He was the correspondent of the Press Association, the official British agency, and an informal agreement had been made with the palace authorities that Wolff should get what official news there was and pass it on to his colleagues. So Wolff, in a flapping fur coat, was the sole instrument of transmission of a very big news story to the press of all the world. Newspapers in Hongkong, in Buenos Aires, in remote villages in the

Dakotas, in India and Spain and Finland, were waiting upon Louis Wolff. It was a sensible arrangement. Obviously no such troop of voracious redskins as we were could be handled in Sandringham House itself. Clive Wigram, the King's secretary, would tell Wolff what had happened. And he would tell us.

Wolff prowled the floors, back and forth. Everyone else waited. But all were busy nevertheless. The phones kept ringing incessantly; every editor in London wanted every scrap of available information. The sparse bulletins were not enough. So rumors flew. We described the park, the pub, the conversation of the villagers, the little colorful details. Someone said there was no central heating in Sandringham House, and that therefore it was difficult to oxygenate the King's room. Someone said that the Archbishop of Canterbury was preparing to return to London.

Every train had to be met at Sandringham station. The two taxis did a marvelous business, but by this time most of the journalists had hired cars from Kings Lynn. Every twenty minutes or so we drove to the great gates of the House to see what kind of crowd was assembled and to read the new bulletins, if any. Then back to the screaming phones. Someone got hysterical; he had waited almost an hour for London and then the paper had no telephonist free to take his stuff. Someone thought he had an 'exclusive' story. Nice irony, because he could n't talk it to London without forty other journalists listening. Drinks surged across the bar. Inside Sandringham House, a man of seventy lay in bed, mortally tired, awaiting death.

About 9.55 one of the chauffeurs brought 'absolutely authentic' news that the King was dead. He had crawled over the wall, he said, and talked to a servant in the lodge, who

had heard orders to close the palace canteen. Another rumor about 10.30 was similarly 'authentic' to the effect that the village carpenter had summoned five assistants and begun work on the coffin. At about eleven I went for the fourth or fifth time to the House. It is surrounded by a six-foot ochre brick wall, hung at irregular intervals with loops of ivy. At the gate, framing the bulletin, two grave policemen stood to answer inquiries. No one was, of course, admitted. The crowds were small; it was too cold. One girl shrieked and fainted when the bulletin appeared that the King's life was drawing to a close. I talked to a villager standing quiet in the gloom. 'It's a bad job, it is,' he said. 'I've known 'im since I was a boy, and I'm two years older than 'e is.'

The tension, the confusion, the sense of fatigue, grew intolerably in the Feathers as the night advanced. Wolff kept pacing the rooms, his coat flapping, his face inquisitive and morose. At 11.50 the host closed the bar. He could no longer see to pour drinks, he said; three nights up had done him in. Rumors still danced around. Calls came for reporters who could n't be found; reporters got their offices and the line would be cut; no one could hear a word; one reporter finished dictating his story and found that he had the wrong paper. Then a noisy dead boredom for a while. Then more phones ringing. All because it was of the most tremendous importance to every newspaper in London to get this news by a split second ahead of its rivals. All because that mysterious entity, the general public, would pay a penny, more or less, to read the story which was first and most complete. At 12.08 A.M. the call came. We heard Wolff's 'Yes . . . yes' into the phone as he took down the message. 'Yes . . . yes. . . .' The King was dead.

Tuesday, January 21. — There were

no beds in Dersingham, Sandringham, Kings Lynn, or elsewhere in the immediate vicinity, and I did n't want to sleep on the floor, so at about 3 A.M. I drove twenty miles to a town called Downham Market, and then slept till 6.30, when I caught the early train to London. Then cut loose and filed almost the entire day. Besides the Sandringham picture story I sent a character sketch of the new King, about 1300 words, and then the news story of the events of the day, beginning with the meeting of the Privy Council and ending with the special sitting of Parliament at 6 P.M. I saw as much of it myself as I could. Of course I hit hard the fact that the new King broke precedent by flying from Sandringham to London, and I did not miss the little bit about his setting the clocks in Sandringham right. (Since Edward VII's time, they had been kept half an hour fast, to give more daylight for shooting.) All told, between 11.30 A.M. and 6 P.M. I sent 4058 words of cable, which must be a record for the paper. It is too much, of course, but my guess is that they'll want it all. . . . Sure enough, a nice wire came from Chicago at about eight.

Wednesday, January 22. — To-day I sent five different stories, a total of 3150 words, and in the evening got a cable back from Chicago saying that they liked it but to ease off. The main story dealt with the proclamation of Edward VIII at St. James's, Charing Cross, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange. I followed on foot for half the way. I might have missed one nice detail, and luckily F. caught it — namely, the court circular of January 21. It was only three paragraphs long (so British!) and mentioned neither old nor new King by name. Few people, incidentally, noted that Queen Victoria died thirty-five years ago to-day.

Thursday, January 23. — Easier to-day. I sent two pieces, about 650 each,

one trying to outline the political functions of a British King, the other in description of the funeral procession through London — that is, the march of the new King and his brothers behind the coffin from King's Cross to Westminster Hall. Moving. Also foolish. No sense in people walking all the way in such weather bareheaded. As usual on such occasions, the crowd was the most interesting part of the story.

Friday, January 24. — Two stories. One very brief, about Edward's modernity: for instance, he talked to Parliament yesterday in the first person singular. The other described the lying in state at Westminster Hall. A barbaric but beautiful spectacle. I walked in with the crowd.

Professor Harold J. Laski and his wife had a party for us to celebrate the book. It was an interesting occasion, and two of my most considerable heroes were there, David Low (the cartoonist) and H. G. Wells. Laski was glittering. Slight, eloquent, utterly sure of his own superlative mind, with enormous glowing eyes, he can maintain such a mesmeric stream of anecdote as I have never heard before. He is quick as wings. A few months ago — on election evening, I think — F. and I went to hear him lecture. Afterward he answered questions, which were handed him on slips of paper. He read each question very rapidly, and then without an instant's hesitation proceeded to the answer, eloquent, incisive, and perfectly phrased. A new question was in his hand by the time he reached the last words of the previous answer. There were no breaks at all; it was like a river. The questions were varied and difficult. I thought then I had never heard a finer virtuoso performance.

H. G. looked tired. He has recently come back from Hollywood, and his work on his own movie, *Things to Come*, has been exhausting. We had

not seen him since Vienna about two years ago. He is building a house in London, which consumes his minor energies. 'As soon as I saw the bathrooms in Hollywood,' he told F., 'I telegraphed my contractors, "Stop all work on bathrooms until I return."'

II

Tuesday, January 28. — Caught the 9.32 for Windsor, and Birchall and I stood in the frozen slush and rain for four hours till the funeral procession came in sight. I sent a long story, and it was hard to get it out, what with crowds and confusion. It was full of clichés, but I am fed up with the whole episode. I shall not write another word about a king, any king, for a month of Sundays. Procession itself, like a ballet, beautiful.

In the evening, went to a party at Naomi Mitchison's for Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the leader of the Indian Congress. I had only a slight chance to talk to him. Strong in profile, his head has a strange soft twist when you look at it full face. He had read me in the *Nation*. It is strange that no one, under any circumstances, ever sees any of the thousands of words I do for Chicago; but a great many people, from the furthest and remotest places, have read my *Nation* pieces from Vienna. Nehru's skin is the exact color of that of Josephine Baker. The party was fairly large, and most of the Left-Wingers of London were there. If a bomb had exploded in that room, British radical thought would have perished. Guests I saw: Kingsley Martin, the editor of the *New Statesman*; Vera Meynell; Mrs. G. D. H. Cole; Vallance and his handsome wife; Ernst Toller, the German playwright; Pritt, a leading K. C.; the Laskis; the Gollanczes; the Ewers; Ellen Wilkinson, M. P.

Friday, January 31. — In the afternoon did my annual office house-clean-

ing, exactly one month late. Checking on bankbooks and so on, I found that in 1934 I had kept a quite accurate record of what I earned, each item in place—and had never totaled it up! In 1935 apparently I kept no records at all after the middle of March, when I was busy moving to London from Vienna. Evening went to the Café Royal, talk with Cockburn.

F. said the other day that she was a Penelope writer: 'I spend all afternoon unknitting what I wrote in the morning.'

Monday, February 3. — Heavy day. I wrote two brief stories, then lunched at the *New Statesman*, a formidable array of Left celebrities: Attlee (leader of the Labor Party), Leonard Woolf, H. N. Brailsford, Aylmer Vallance. The guest of honor was Pandit Nehru, and also present was the Divan (chief councilor) of an Indian native state; he and Nehru, with good humor, watched each other like cat and dog. Which is it most important for India to be, socialist or nationalist? This was the substance of the convention. Back to the office, worked hard all afternoon. Cable from Brandt that *Collier's* might like a piece on the new King. Cocktails at Mrs. Schulberg's for Bernie. Peter Lorre and a lot of movie people, all amiable. Dinner with the Ferdinand Kuhns; I talked too much and badly.

Wednesday, February 5. — Sent a story, brief, about Germany and navies. Lunched at the Escargot with Baroness Moura Budberg. This a treat, as always. Moura is Russian by birth, a Baltic baroness by marriage, a cosmopolitan by temperament. She was for a long time Maxim Gorki's secretary. I don't know how many years it is since her great days in Moscow; she is a Russian patriot still. Moura has a broad lovely head and enough appetite to choke the English Channel. We met her in Vienna two or three years ago, and I know no woman more

consistently attractive. She has a great quality of making you feel at your best, and comfortable, too. I told her how stunning I thought Wells's film scenarios were (two have recently appeared in *Nash's*); they are a perfect cap to his career, in that they are composed from his very earliest stories and yet express his ultimate philosophy. How marvelous to be able to make a movie in 1936, fresh as to-day, out of a short story written in 1895! The chord of Wells's whole life rings solid and consistent. It is as if those earlier books were written with a superscript in invisible ink; warm them and the present ideas, latent then, come out fresh and strong.

Moura talked about war, as does everyone else these days. She thought it was avoidable: like an appendix—wait till the wound swells a little more, becomes a little more inflamed, then operate. Fine, I said, but unless you are pretty sharp the appendix may burst and then you have peritonitis and then Europe dies. And whereas a sick man has doctors who coöperate, Europe is sick while the doctors are at loose ends quarreling over the would-be corpse. Moura quoted something nice about the septuagenarian Webbs and their big book on the U. S. S. R. 'They showed,' she said, 'all the recklessness of old age.'

Thursday, February 6. — Another of those days. Did my stint. Lunched with Bingy Saxon-Mills (advertising expert) at the Savoy. Went to tea with John Wheeler Bennett, and Bill Bullitt was there. This was an exciting and pleasant surprise. Bullitt full of salt, vigor, enthusiasm, and curiosities. I had n't seen him since Moscow last summer. When he likes a story his cheeks bulge and his eyes almost pop; he is *packed* with erupting energy and humor. Another guest had a nice conceit, that in the year 5000 Hitler would be known as the greatest benefactor of the Jews since Moses,

inasmuch as he would be the agent whereby all Jews left Germany, so that they were spared the universal destruction and slaughter which overcame Germany in the 1940's.

I left at 5.30 to say good-bye to Princess Bibesco, who is en route to Paris. She began talking of her father, H. H. Asquith, whom she adored (as did everybody); she said that not only did he never think about himself, he was never even *conscious* of himself. He had an acute sense of humor. Once he defined a cad as a person who asked him at lunch-time what he thought of the League of Nations. Everyone got on with him. A child of five emerged after half an hour in his company when he was almost seventy. 'What were you doing with Uncle Herbert?' the child was asked. 'Oh,' he replied, 'we gossiped.'

From the Oxford house I went on to Moura Budberg's. She asked me, talking about Austria, what I had found so delightful there, quite apart from scenery, cooking, *Gemütlichkeit*, and beer. I said it was the civilized sense in the best Austrians that something mattered more than mere country, more than the crass kind of patriotism. The Austrians have a more nearly pan- and pro-European attitude than the people of any other country I know. In Austria one could talk about Europe as a whole, as an entity, and not feel a fool. Moura told a pleasant little story. 'How can Austria possibly survive,' the question is asked. Answer: 'Did you ever hear of a really beautiful woman starving to death?'

Friday, February 7. — Suddenly could not stand the sight of people or the smell of talk, and fled to Devon.

III

CARDIFF, *Tuesday, February 11.* — Last November I visited the 'Special,' Distressed Areas, notably those near Durham and the Tyne, but I saw nothing

to compare with the misery and hopelessness of the coal fields here today. Armed with letters from Aneurin Bevan and others, I went to Merthyr Tydfil, to Tredegar, to Nantyglo, and to the terrible black villages of the Rhondda Valley. In some of them the population is 85 per cent unemployed; in none is there much hope of real recovery. My guide during part of the journey was a young schoolmaster, Archie Lush, who took me into schools, homes, welfare centres. The road was a bleak slaty ribbon, wet with snow, tying the desolate low hills together. The valley, under the mist, looked like a giant hand, since there are four parallel hollows somewhat like the spaces between fingers. I've never been colder in my life.

Nantyglo is a pithead village about thirty miles from Cardiff, in the Blaina Valley. It squats at the top, where coal is difficult and expensive to mine. The tops of the valleys are the first to go. One hundred years ago Nantyglo and Blaina ushered in the Industrial Revolution; they were the greatest coal producers in Wales. Now they are black stumps. The district is so desolate that Korda and the others chose it for the scenes in the Wells movie which are background for the collapse of civilization after the next great war.

In few of the houses we visited could the residents afford much fire, though the coal is very near the surface; you can shovel it out of the side of the black hills. In some districts foraging for coal is forbidden; in others the unemployed pay one penny a week to the local land or royalty owners for the privilege of collecting scraps of heat.

The thing that puzzles me most is the intense respectability of the unemployed miners. They are n't loafers; they want to work; they keep clean and upright; as long as their clothes last, they put up a sturdy front. And there is surprisingly little political bitter-

ness. One would have thought that such poverty as I saw to-day would cause revolution. Yet it is a fight in some districts to make the people on the dole vote Labor instead of Conservative.

I made a careful attempt to find out exactly how these people live, how they keep body and shoestrings together on a Means Test allowance of twenty-six shillings a week (\$6.50) for a married couple. One miner, an educated fellow who has had no job since 1927 and little hope of ever getting one again, outlined his family budget. His biggest item is rent, five shillings a week for two and a half rooms. The rooms were clean and intensely 'respectable'; but I noticed as we talked into the afternoon that he did n't turn on any light, even though I could scarcely see to take notes. Light costs money, about one shilling a week if they use a 'midget' burner, which gives them double time but with only half the strength of the light.

Coal costs 1s. 6d. a week on the average. One shilling a week goes to clothes; the miner pays this sum to a workers' club, which buys clothes wholesale or at cheap auctions and distributes them. Once every twenty weeks our friend gets a pound's worth of clothing. One shilling a week goes to tobacco, one to newspapers, one shilling to an insurance fund (so that he can have a proper funeral), and about sixpence to household utensils, soap, polishes, and so forth. These miners may be starving, but they keep clean.

Subtract all this from twenty-six shillings, and the miner's family has just two shillings a day for food — for two people.

They have no coffee, no cocoa, no alcohol, very little bread. They get utterly no fish, green vegetables, or milk. Once a week they buy meat — 'of a boiling nature' — out of which they make soup with vegetables like cabbage and potatoes which they grow

themselves. They have one chicken, and as a rule get one egg for two people once a day.

Talk about the human losses under Communism! I felt that it was almost better to kill off a lot of peasants in Russia than let 400,000 people like these just survive starvation.

In one village we met a young Communist, Philip Abrahams, who had just got out of jail. In Bulgaria, in Germany, in Syria and Egypt and Spain, I have met political prisoners; I did n't expect to find one in the British Isles. Abrahams had been convicted of incitement to riot; the fact that he was Communist organizer for the district was additionally against him. I heard some things about the Cardiff jail, not pretty.

Everyone I met was bitter about one main thing, the Means Test. This is a test to ascertain how much relief a man or family may claim after the original 'dole' period. The local officer, at his discretion, may cut the amount of relief if, through some lucky chance, a man earns a fortunate shilling. For instance, suppose I had given sixpence to the chap who helped pull our car out of the snowdrift. Strictly speaking, he would have to report having earned this sixpence to the authorities and it would be deducted from his payment. So, even if a man *does* get work, his income remains the same.

Besides, the family is considered as a unit in the Means Test regulations, and earnings by brothers, sisters, children, and so forth, are counted in. Thus, if a growing lad gets a job, the amount of his father's benefit is correspondingly cut; the gross income of the family remains the same. As a result, thousands of homes in the distressed areas have been broken up. The children prefer to leave home rather than diminish their parents' income.

From Nantyglo we went on to Dowlais, a derelict steel town more than 80

per cent unemployed. The wife of a shopkeeper stood before her smudge of fire, shivering.

'Ah, yes,' she said, 'they look respectable enough, but it's empty in their stomach they are. . . . Of a Sunday, even now, ye'd never know it was a depressed area. Pride they have, all of them have pride. . . . What a fine sight it was ten years back! All of them streaming out of the pits, as nice and black in the face as ye could wish.'

IV

Thursday, February 13. — Back in London. In the evening dined with Dr. Letitia Fairfield to meet John Strachey. One of the guests was a teacher of sociology at the University of Chicago. I heard that she had chanced to pass a black-shirt headquarters some days ago, immediately got off her bus, went inside, and harangued the Fascists about the evil of their ways for half an hour, then complacently departed, leaving them agape. Strachey very quiet, and left early. I had never imagined he was four feet broad.

Wednesday, February 19. — At seventy-two, Margot Oxford still stands straight as a wand. She seems, in fact, to arch backward. But not in her conversation. Her steady, flexible, attentive, wiry speech could never have been more untiring. She has two or three gestures that do not change: her head cocks far to the side, pertly, awarely, when she finishes an anecdote; she seldom laughs, but she smiles always when she listens; her fragile-seeming fingers give a stronger handshake than mine. Something of a bird in the way she darts and hovers. In the corner of her eyes is a tiny dark touch of red. I have never seen her without a hat. Her house is mellow, golden; everything shines dully and everything has been there for a thousand years. In the study a huge animal rug and her hus-

band's red dispatch boxes and a lot of photographs. She explained to me once some of the remarkable juxtapositions in centuries among the furniture (also what bargains some of the things were); but they all fit. To-day at luncheon a host of people talked avidly. I came late and did n't get everybody's name. Lord Middleton sat next to Margot and argued with Philip Morrell at the other end of the table. Food glorious, as always. Everyone seemed pro-German. Margot explained this by saying simply that they were anti-French.

Friday, February 21. — At 4.30 had an appointment with Rex Leeper, chief of the news department of the Foreign Office, and we talked an hour. He is a quiet-spoken Australian with an acute but restrained sense of humor. The news department here is the best I have ever struck in Europe. Leeper and his men receive newspaper men of a dozen nations every afternoon, taking them one by one; we sit waiting in the bare hall outside, smoking under the sign 'No Smoking' and otherwise scandalizing (mildly) the messengers, dignified folk these, who hurry back and forth with the big red dispatch cases. There are always half a dozen journalists about: Voigt and Ewer almost every day, and an assortment of French, Poles, Italians, Japanese. Frequently one gets more from one's colleagues in the corridors than from Leeper, Wright, and the other officials inside. But the staff does a hard job very well. No one lies; no one is deliberately misleading. If they don't want to talk, they simply say so, or tell you something off the record; sometimes they fence and let you guess if they think you are bright enough. What a difference from press departments in a couple of other nations!

Thursday, February 27. — Lunch at Rule's with Voigt, Graham Hutton, and the political correspondent of the *Observer*, Hugh Massingham. When-

ever I am with a group like this I want to crawl away for six weeks or six years and read all the books in the world, from Plato down. These people, all about my own age, *know* so much more than I do; they have a stronger point of view; they can back up any assertion with historical or literary allusions; they know Spinoza and Rousseau and Marx and Thomas Jefferson and John Milton and Lucretius and *Mein Kampf* by heart; they are, in a word, educated in a way that I am not. Hutton to-day particularly challenging. His mouth is like a steel trap, also his mind. Basis of discussion: Does the creation of the League tend to make wars more or less avoidable? Hutton and I took the League side; Massingham was against. Like Garvin, he is terrified that sanctions may cause an Italo-British war. Voigt was alert. He said that isolationism is over for England, and that rearmament will begin. Also said we should n't forget that there are three liberal parties in England: the Conservative Party, the Labor Party, and the Liberal Party.

Friday, February 28. — This was an exciting day, because I met Aldous Huxley. He has just finished a long novel, *Eyeless in Gaza*, and the work on it exhausted him; his friends say it is his best book. Lady Rhondda was the hostess at our meeting, and Gerald Heard the other guest. There was some amusing desultory conversation, about how many books a week a person could profitably read; Heard said he read three or four, Huxley two or three. I mentioned the Wells film and Huxley said that his brother Julian was the only person who could successfully manage H. G.

Huxley is, as everyone knows, very tall and loose-limbed; his legs curl around a chair; his nose is short, almost pert, the nostrils abnormally long. He looks somewhat like an extraordinarily elongated and enlight-

ened rabbit. For years he has meant more to me than any writer in England. We talked a bit about dictators, Heard very sure of himself and eloquent, Huxley hesitant and perhaps shy. I wanted to know if there was any case in history of a dictator successfully choosing his successor. Augustus Caesar, said Heard; but then Huxley wondered if Augustus Caesar could properly be called a dictator.

Later the talk turned to Spain, and we tried to resume where Lady Rhondda and Heard had left off last week: whether or not a democratic government like that just formed in Spain was entitled to use undemocratic means to suppress its enemies. They asked me, finally, exactly what *I* would do if I were in Azaña's place; this put me fairly on the spot, and uncomfortably, since as a rule I can never say anything satisfactory in a discussion of this kind until the next day, when it is too late. However, I thought one could lay down several general principles, and I voiced them. First, a rough measuring stick on the free-speech problem might be one that Knick put forward a couple of years ago: 'No free speech for those who themselves would avowedly destroy free speech.' Second, absolute and instant extirpation of any private armies, any people with shirts, whether black, gray, green, or brown. Third, fair trial for open seditionists, with exile as punishment for minor offenses. Fourth, fulfill your political promises. Fifth, a broad programme of education.

Incidentally Heard was surprised when casually I said I had been horrified last week at the bloodshed in Japan. He had, apparently, thought that I was one of those 'hard-boiled' newspaper men whom even murder leaves quite 'objective' and cold. I tried to explain myself. Hard-boiledness does n't become me. But after a lot of discussion I did say that I would, after fair trial, allow my enemies to be put to death,

if the survival of my government depended on it. I think that if Azaña shoots a few guilty people now — after a proper trial — it may save thousands of lives in civil war later. Lady Rhondda disagreed. So did Heard. And Huxley apparently trusts in complete Tolstoyan nonresistance. Finally we got down to a root question, whether or not we believed in the natural goodness of man. Liberals do. Fascists and Communists, by and large, do not. And so on till midafternoon, when Huxley had to go.

In the evening — a second notable event to-day — we met Sir Stafford Cripps at dinner with the Ted Ache-sons; the other guests were Colonel Raymond Lee, the American military attaché, and Mrs. Lee. Cripps is the bright hope of the Left Wing Socialists, and may very well be Prime Minister some day. Tories fear him as a real radical. He was on a very strict diet and ate only a bit of salad and fruit. He has a rather doctrinaire mind and is full of theory, I thought, but his intelligence is manifest and expressive. His best idea was that the traditional idea of the unity of the state, His Majesty's Loyal Opposition and so forth, might easily and dangerously be a bridge to a totalitarian reaction. One has always assumed a two-party system to be an insurance of democracy, but suppose that in some great international crisis the national government here is enlarged by the adhesion of the trade unions; will this not create a very close approximation to a totalitarian Britain?

V

Tuesday, March 3. — Across town for lunch with Lady Violet Bonham-Carter. Lord Cecil, Archibald Sinclair, and H. G. Wells were there. Cecil was at the other end of the table, and I did n't hear much that he said. Sinclair, half-American, is the leader of what is

left of the Liberal Party. H. G., of course, I think of as practically God the Visible King. There was some of the best conversation I have ever heard at this luncheon. When Wells came in, Lady Violet recalled to him that he and she had met Winston Churchill at some similar lunch just twenty years ago. Yes, H. G. said, and nowadays they all were still talking about the same things. He should be minister of offense and Winston minister of defense in the new cabinet, he suggested, and then added, with his infectious chuckle, that in a few weeks they would quarrel, each trying to get the other's job.

Wells and Cecil discussed great men and what accomplishments they leave. Cromwell ('not very endearing a character'), Napoleon ('that "noble" Corsican'), Alexander (whom H. G. conceded a touch of genius), Julius Cæsar ('dull'), were among the *dramatis personæ*. Wells said he thought Napoleon III was in some ways a greater man than Napoleon I. Winston Churchill might, in another age, have been an Alexander the Great, Wells thought. Discussion narrowed to what good, if any, Cromwell did for England. He built an army and a fleet. But, Lord Cecil said, he *left* nothing; the real reason Charles II came back was that the country was 'a chaos dotted with major generals.' Napoleon I, H. G. said, might have been a Voltaire ('my hero'), but instead he tried to resurrect the Roman Empire. Why can't things like the Roman Empire stay buried? Cremate 'em!

Went to a reception at the Soviet Embassy to see the private film of the Kiev manœuvres last year. Most formidable array of political and journalistic celebrities: Liddell Hart (the military critic of *The Times*), Wickham Steed, George Glasgow of the *Observer*, Walter Elliot (Minister of Agriculture), Lord Strabolgi (who was once

a noisy Labor member as Commander Kenworthy), Lord Marley, and lots of military attachés and diplomats. Talked with Abshagen, a German journalist, with Smolka of the *Neue Freie Presse* and Jenkins of *Izvestia*. The film was impressive. It shows the recent developments in mechanical and aerial warfare in the U. S. S. R., including the delivery of troops and even machine guns and light artillery by dropping them in parachutes. All the technical loveliness of Russian camera work included: the planes sweep across telegraph wires, just missing them; the hundred parachutes descending together are like marshmallows floating down a field. Opinion mixed among the experts as to the technical value of this innovation. Most of them impressed. If the Poles or Germans attack the U. S. S. R., they will have to leave pickets in every field that a plane could land in; otherwise the Russian parachutists might get behind the lines, attack means of communication. What would have happened in 1917 if the Germans had been able to land even a few determined men, via parachute, *behind* the British at Amiens?

Monday, March 9. — Sent a story as long as could be. I went out whole hog on what I believe to be true, and started flatly as follows: 'Germany is going to get away with her reoccupation of the Rhineland. There will be formal protests by Great Britain and righteous rancor in France, but no one is going to war to push the Germans out of what is, after all, their own territory.' Then went on, of course, to point out what a gravely unpleasant step the German action is, since it destroys the Locarno Treaty. Also pointed out that our friends the British are in a tough spot, since they took a strong line against Mussolini, a treaty breaker, and now must at least pay lip service to a strong line against Hitler,

a much more powerful and dangerous treaty breaker than the Duce.

Tuesday, March 24. — This was one of those days. Did a long piece on the windup at St. James's. Lunched with Dick Mealand, the editor of *Nash's Magazine*. He told me something I had n't known, that magazines, et cetera, here insure themselves against libel. Must tell Hamilton this. He said that magazines can't get good stories any more: articles are on hand a-plenty, but short fiction of merit and authority is very rare. Cocktails at the Berkeley with the advertising manager and London correspondent, newly appointed, of *Time* magazine. Prosperous-looking chaps. *Time* is n't well received at the F. O., I was told.

Dinner *chez* Colonel and Mrs. Raymond Lee; among the other guests were General Spears and his wife, who is Mary Borden, the novelist. Very amusing the way they banter each other across the table. Then to a party at Victor Gollancz's; the whole Left world there. It was pleasant having a word with Rose Macaulay and with Benn Levy's beautiful wife, Constance Cummings. I got into a frightful argument over Germany and the line taken by the *News-Chronicle* with Gerald Barry, its editor; Helen Barry and F. separated us when we were just about to start to shout.

Monday, March 30. — Lunch with Jimmie Sheean, who is back from Egypt and en route to Ireland. He was on a strict diet, but he looked extremely well and we talked an hour, mostly on professional affairs. I asked him how he found plots; he told me. I have dozens of characters for stories, rough ideas, themes even, backgrounds; but I've seldom thought in terms of plots.

Sheean is perhaps the most remarkable American of my generation I know. I met him when we were both at the University of Chicago. He was bizarre in those days. He hummed

Mozart, wore green pants, spoke better Italian than the Italian professors, read the Talmud, quoted Spinoza, learned German, borrowed money, admired dancing, and wrote a treatise on the Wahabis. He was, by and large, more interested in æsthetics than in political affairs. What turned him to politics was the unfortunate necessity to earn a living.

He has a great love for precision in words, but also an occasional wild uncontrollability. I remember in Jerusalem his showing me the MS. of an early novel. He was reading a passage aloud and came across an inadvertent cliché — 'the noise of a great city,' I think it was. With terrific savagery he shouted, 'How can anyone be a writer who uses a phrase like that?' And then, quite uncontent to erase or rewrite the passage, he tore a hunk out of the manuscript and stamped it on the floor.

Once I was taking a siesta on a hot afternoon in Jerusalem. He entered my room. 'God!' he muttered. 'As if there was n't enough sleeping to have to do at night!'

Sunday, April 5. — Lady Oxford phoned the other day and said her cook was ill and asked if she could come to lunch alone, just with F. and me. To-day was the day. The marvelous old lady walked from Bedford Square, thought our address was 194 instead of 104 Gower Street, and almost reached Euston Road before discovering her mistake. She is always punctual to the second (like everybody here), and we were alarmed when she was late. Talked about the King, with whom she dined the other night: he loves his garden, therefore hates to leave England in the spring. But there has n't been much spring this year, heaven knows. Margot's peculiarly Oxfordian gift of phrase was in full evidence.

We were talking about America (she reminiscing about her lecture tour there ten years ago), and I said apologetically that after all we were a young country. 'Yes,' said Margot, 'and getting younger every minute.'

She met Eden a couple of years ago when he was a comparatively unknown young man; Churchill was there and said something to the effect that all geniuses should be allowed liberty of action; Eden said No, because, in virtue of their special gifts, geniuses had a special position of responsibility to the community, and should discipline themselves for its good. Such a confrontation of Churchill took courage in a very young man, Margot thought, and she has watched Eden's career with interest ever since.

Reminiscing, she told us of her indignation at much that has been written *ex post facto* about her husband; for instance, the 'calumny' that his saying 'Wait and see' to the House of Commons during the war was an indication of indecision. On the contrary, according to Margot, 'Wait and see' came on the only occasion in her life when she had known Asquith to be really angry; 'Wait and see' was a threat, not a supplication; he hissed it 'like an otter.' She talked on about the war and suddenly — but briefly — burst into tears. All her friends had been killed in the war; it had all been so hideous and hopeless; there was no religion in the world; a new war was coming; the world, her world, would be destroyed. She recovered promptly, and at about three-thirty she left, tripping down the stairs slight and rigid like an arrow, and behind her a cloud of all the England she has known. Balfour, Gladstone, Jowett, Salisbury, Queen Alexandra, Kitchener, all those names were in our flat to-day.

FEAR THE FACTS AND FOOL THE WOMEN

BY MARGARET DANA

I

I SUPPOSE old Charley Davenport never in all his life heard the words 'public relations policy,' let alone understood what they mean. He was a plain and unimportant man, dead and gone now for many years, his forge cold, his anvil quiet. And yet I never hear the words 'public relations policy' without being reminded of him and the story he used to tell of the Wall-eyed Cobbler and the face he turned to the street.

The old people in Charley's village who knew him well say that sometimes when he was waiting for his irons to heat, and a companionable listener was by, he liked to get out his blackened pipe and as he smoked tell the story, almost legend by now, of the little cobbler who came to the village when Charley was a boy. He hired a shack near the flagstone walk in the centre of the town, and set up his tools and cobbler's bench close to the street-side window for light. He was a smart little man and by reputation a good worker, but he was handicapped by having one wall-eye, which, without affecting his ability, gave him the curious appearance from one side of looking always out and away, never at the work under his hands. And as chance had it, as he straddled his bench, this wall-eye was turned toward the street.

All newcomers have hard sledding at first along any Main Street, but the cobbler's first weeks were an unusually

lean and hungry time. He was a mighty down-hearted man when one day a neighbor dropped in to chat and before leaving said, 'Friend, trade would be a heap better for you if you'd switch your bench around. Folks passing your window and seeing you, seems like, watching them and never your job, are a bit suspicious of your skill. Round here, people like a man's eyes to be on his job, so, just as neighbor to neighbor, *turn the other side of your face to the street.*'

Old Charley Davenport would finish the story with a twinkle in his eye as he solemnly declared trade had been better for the cobbler from the very day he turned his bench around; and then, leaning to his forging, Charley would soberly say as his listeners nodded agreement, 'A man can't do better than keep his eye on his own job; watching the passers-by only sends 'em by your door.'

The theory and practice of public relations policies are being discussed a great deal these days by important people in many fields of business, and somehow they usually manage to make the idea sound complex and mystic, as well as the exclusive attribute of great industries. Yet there are some things that Main Street seems to know with an old and familiar assurance long before cities discover them, and the plain and common-sense practice of public relations policies is as simple to

small-town people as Charley Davenport's story of the wall-eyed cobbler. There are two sides of the face that business may turn to the street, and just two fundamental policies which they represent. That these two policies affect the daily life of every human being in this country is perhaps less generally recognized, but their study is an absorbing and vital one for those who admit to some degree of affection and respect for essentially American institutions.

To understand the story intelligently, it is necessary to realize that no man and no organization with something to sell can escape possessing some sort of public relations policy. Like the albatross around the Ancient Mariner's neck, it becomes part and parcel of every activity. It is not always identified, of course, as I learned a long time ago. I remember very well being sent to study a large shoe store which had become financially distressed. After watching the old proprietor wait on several customers I mentioned to him tactfully, as I thought, that perhaps his public relations policy was wrong. He growled at me that he did n't possess anything so fancy; he left that to the big fellows. 'But,' I said, 'you treated that last little woman as though she were an idiot. That after all is your version of a public relations policy.' The old man frowned at me and answered, 'Public relations nothing! That's just my private opinion of Emmy Brown!'

But indeed the plain fact is that whether it happens to be Tom Smith's grocery store on River Street around the corner from Main, or Henry Ford's place in Detroit around the corner from everywhere, every business with its first gesture of production or distribution demonstrates its possession of a formula for dealing with its customers. Whether it is the railroad company, the steel industry, the laun-

dry which calls for your family wash, or the new minister at the church you attend, each organization has some sort of code that dictates its public manners. If you like those manners, you are likely to buy its goods. If you do not like them, though you may still buy its goods for expediency's sake, you buy with a mind prepared and eager for the first agreeable alternative that appears. So the desirability of the right public relations policy becomes obvious.

II

It seems curious that, with all the thousands of types of businesses there are in the world, there are nevertheless only two basic public relations policies. I have yet to find a record of any exception to the rule. One policy watches the business under hand, one watches the customer. One says, 'Let the customer know the business,' and one says, 'Let business know the customer.'

The first policy is the older, and no more fascinating study exists than the record of its development from a dim origin thousands of years ago. It began, I suppose, with the first thing a man made, not because someone offered to pay him for making it, but because his brain pictured what his hands burned to create. Whether it afterward was traded for money or kind is of no consequence, for it had not been 'made to sell.' The point is perhaps subtle, but of great importance. Out of this far beginning came a producer's policy — stern, austere, and a little stiff-necked. It is the craftsman's philosophy, which inexorably demands of a man his best, not measuring the customer's willingness to accept less, not bargaining against the producer's own integrity and skill. Inescapably the formula of the maker of goods, not the seller, it jealously guards both product and maker's reputation. Whether he

happens to be a Cellini or the manufacturer of very good cooking utensils, your real producer has a sturdy pride and dislike of compromise that resent hurry, indifferent workmanship, and inferior materials. With a great simplicity, such a producer, his job done, lifts his hands from his product, steps back, and says, 'Let the customer know the merchandise.'

So vital and unyielding was this policy for many centuries that, even with the constantly expanding intricacies of production and distribution, the majority of businesses were permeated to the very point of sale with an identical formula. Retailers for long years of pioneering service and hard-won prosperity in this country built soundly on the belief that not only their profit but their place in the communities they served depended upon what the customer could *know* about the merchandise they sold. They watched, in short, the work under their hands, not the passers-by.

Some twenty years or so ago the second policy made its first significant appearance. At that time life was beginning to hurry, new things were being invented faster than news of them could be spread, and the problem of distribution became acute for those responsible for sales. An entire new technique seemed necessary to create absorption for all the things an army of old and new manufacturers wanted to sell. The old way was slow. Under it nothing could possibly be introduced to-day to have acceptance and volume to-morrow; so, with a tumbling, pushing horde of things crying like unborn souls for admittance to the world, it was almost inevitable that the old producer's policy should be abandoned for a new plan evolved from the current necessity.

With reasonable logic and premise, the new policy, reversing the old phrase, said instead that business must

begin to know the customer. What it meant was not the old-fashioned customer knowledge that was the asset of every country storekeeper and the aim of even the merchant prince; that was a warm, human, comfortable sort of thing. The new knowledge meant really a study of human weaknesses, utilizing on a large scale the principles of applied psychology, reasoning that if the needs and desires of potential customers might be classified, their reactions to stimuli catalogued, their weak spots listed, merchandising could be geared to sell with one gesture a thousand people where one had bought before. And so the era of consumer research, surveys, and questionnaires was born. It adapted and invented means of analyzing human traits by income groups, by ancestry, by occupation, mobilizing figures and percentages into axioms, evolving a brand-new scheme of public manners for business. As once the producer's policy had dominated retailing, so now the seller's policy forced the reluctant compliance of the producer, and the majority of businesses began to watch the passers-by, not the work under their hands.

III

A short time ago I was called in to consult with the manufacturer of a well-known line of silverware, whose name has been part of American business a long time. We were discussing the advisability of dropping the cheap items he had added to his line some fifteen years back, and he tossed me a letter from one of his dealers. The letter recommended the addition of a new series of pieces to be 'made to sell for' a certain price. The manufacturer banged his fist down hard on his desk as I returned the letter, and said, 'That's what is wrong with business to-day. The retailer calls for goods "made to sell" for a price. So we must

start with a price and work backward, giving the best we can for the price, but never the real best we can. It's a crazy hindsides-foremost way of doing things and I'm sick of it.'

There can be no doubt that the men who are honest producers, and not just adapters or camp followers, feel more or less the same about it. Whatever were the faults of the old policy, they were at home with it as they cannot possibly be with the new. That the producer's formula had imperfections is plain, for it can so easily turn into a policy of isolation. In tired or unguarded hands it can become a stubborn, irrational affair which, once out of step with its market, pursues a deadly course to extinction. Less nobly but as unhappily it can become for the small-town storekeeper and for the small-minded business man an enveloping alibi for laziness and inaction. But the damage done by their mistakes is after all strictly personal and limited. Like some quiet suicides' club, they end too often their own economic lives, but, except for the sorrow over their passing, no one but they themselves suffers for their failures.

I am inclined to doubt if so much can be safely said of the harm born of the weaknesses of the second policy. Confronted every day, as I am, by the demonstration of these weaknesses, I have come to dread the damage they do. The first important weak spot lies in the word 'know,' around which the policy is built. Now, a man may very properly speak of knowing his product; he can certainly know the materials which have gone into it, the quality of the workmanship, the cost of its production, its tested usefulness. And just as certainly these facts may be transferred to public knowledge. But when business talks about 'knowing' the customer, the accuracy of the verb is open to question. It is too easy to slip from the sound field of facts into

the reckless game of speculation. In no sense do I mean this to be understood as a depreciation of all consumer research, but it is no professional secret that, once an inquiry abandons facts, the conclusions are merely rationalizations of the personal beliefs of an individual or a group. And in the same curious way in which a scandal starts with one fact and rolls up a snowball of speculative conclusions that completely cover the original truth, so a survey which presents simple facts about what a group of people do may roll and gather speculative conclusions as to *why* they do it. Common sense rejects such conclusions as reliable foundations for axioms.

The second major weakness of this seller's policy is in the fact that since nearly 90 per cent of all this country's buying to-day is done by women, when business talks about knowing customers it is arbitrarily talking about knowing women. However false all generalities may be, surely it will be reckoned that the most treacherous of all are those which concern women. It has always been a matter of amazement to me that so many mild, amiable men of no more than average experience with women, presumably, can become between breakfast table and office desk pompous oracles on the subject; the most ubiquitous character, indeed, in the retailing world to-day is The Man Who Knows All About Women — and none of it true. Whenever I hear such a man deliver himself solemnly of one of the popular axioms about women, I admit to an enormous curiosity concerning the feminine impacts upon his life that have fostered so strange a defense mechanism.

In any case, in these past twenty years, a mass of theories, premises, epigrams, and axioms about women, their weaknesses, faults, capacities, emotions, and mental powers, has grown into a fantastic code which governs an

almost unbelievable amount of merchandising activity. It is quite safe to say that not one single purchase that a woman makes in her life is free of the influence of these strange axioms. When she walks into a store she walks into an automatic choice-maker, in which every display has been baited with one of the popular notions about her; usually when she responds to an advertisement in a newspaper she responds to what The Man Who Knows All About Women considers one of her weaknesses. Styles, sizes, colors, uses, prices, even the seasons and times of her purchases — all these are governed by four definite axioms, results of preoccupation with the fascinating subject, 'What makes women buy?' Set down in black and white, these axioms sound amusing; in actual practice they might also be amusing if they were not such treacherous boomerangs. The first says that all women are vain; the second says they are incurable romantics and slaves to glamour; the third says women are perennial addicts of the 'something-for-nothing drug,' and the last says they neither want nor understand facts about the merchandise they buy.

The third major failing of the modern sales formula is an outgrowth of the first two — an inevitable confusion. No one has a very clear idea of what he is selling, no one has a very clear idea of what he is buying. The unfortunate part about it is that confusion covers the just and the unjust alike; the pick-pocket benefits by the confusion of a mob, and the honest man may not only lose his own purse but be blamed for the loss someone else suffers. In the old days, when people were accustomed to listen to the story a man had to tell about his goods, the man with a story worth telling held a distinct advantage over the man who must slip into the market on the heels of a demand prepared by his betters. But the new pub-

lic relations policy, in removing the emphasis from the merchandise and placing it upon the customer, leveled this advantage to a great degree. When a thousand businesses tell their own individual stories to the public, presenting, as they can, those details which inform the public about the merchandise, the competition is fair to both consumer and producer. When a thousand businesses all tell variations of the same story-customer weaknesses, the competition is abnormal and unsound. If according to Federal law all goods had to be promoted in this manner, it would be considered hideously unfair trade practice. That it has been a voluntary custom for a generation seems scarcely credible.

IV

I have wondered what story in my files would best illustrate the actual workings of the seller's policy in terms that would mean something to everyone. There are so many that might show dramatically one part or another of the picture. But there is one story that touches every human life so closely and is knit so tightly into the greater part of the whole retailing epic that it stands out sharply from the others. It is the story of fabric identification, which runs like a tangled thread through a shining piece of satin.

It is a curious thing that since the beginning of civilization no man or woman has been completely free from the tyranny of fabric for one whole hour from birth to death. Its nature and characteristics have reflected changing eras and all the gamut of human vanities and reformations from the very beginning; yet its story is very simple and understandable, the expression of any family's needs and desires.

For some thousands of years there were just four fibres known to man from which all fabrics were made.

These four great natural fibres are silk, wool, cotton, and flax. For a long, long time the fabrics woven from these fibres were uncomplicated by number or type. Custom set up fences, so to speak, between the fibres, and for most of the time each stayed respectably within its own boundaries. Common usage for many generations identified certain weaves with certain fibres, and as far back as we have records buyers accepted these terms almost interchangeably. For instance, serge and flannel meant wool, percale and print meant cotton, linen meant flax, and satin and taffeta meant silk. Our grandmothers knew their fibres in this manner, and when a lady of Victoria's day bought her good black silk for Sunday, she could ask for taffeta, satin, or brocade and be quite certain of getting what she expected — silk. Of course cotton sporadically played the irresponsible member of society, masquerading as wool or linen, but it was never too skillfully done, and retailers of reputation refused to permit the disguise to go so far as really to confuse their customers. One of the first identifying labels to make its appearance in the retail field was the '100% all wool' pledge, which protected the true fibre from imitation; and following that came labels stating the percentage of wool present when other fibres were also there. So, until some fifteen or twenty years ago, the fabric story was nearly all romantic history and very little melodrama.

You will remember that that period, twenty years ago, was the time when the great flood of newness was beginning to sweep across the country; and one of the new products to appear was a man-made fibre, made from wood pulp or cotton linters, and called rayon. This invention was definitely a remarkable and splendid gift to humanity, but unfortunately it got off to a very bad start. It was crude and ugly,

it had no reputation, no background, and to tell the truth it had little practical wearability. It was speedily rejected by women, and for a time rayon was withdrawn almost completely from the market.

Then, behind the scenes, in laboratories and stylists' offices and designers' studios, extraordinary things began to happen to rayon. It was discovered that not only could great beauty belong to the ugly duckling, but a marvelous versatility as well. And presently rayon was ready to reënter the market with features so changed as to be literally unrecognizable even by experts. As luck would have it, the producers of rayon struck that period of which we have already talked, when the old producer's policy had been abandoned in favor of the seller's policy of promotion by axiom. So, instead of presenting rayon with pride and information, it was sent in through the back door, assuming the shapes of its relatives in the fibre family, permitted no character of its own.

Because one axiom states that women must have prestige in their merchandise for their vanity's sake, a variety of things were done to give rayon prestige. It was woven, for instance, into fabrics which appeared identical with those women had long associated with silk — a fibre which had centuries of prestige behind it. As a further step toward prestige, silk mills with famous names were engaged to weave beautiful materials of rayon fibre — and market them, without further information, over the signatures of the famous silk makers. A great tide of 'taffetas,' 'satins,' 'crepes,' 'velvets,' and so on, swept through the stores, alluring in their appearance and in their price, but with no explanation of the changed fibre source. Later this facile rayon fibre produced fabrics which looked like wool and linen, still without benefit of explanation. Facts,

you will recall, are things that axiom four says women dislike and cannot understand. Then along came axioms two and three, concerned with a woman's love of romance and glamour, and her fondness for 'something for nothing.' The next step obviously was to give rayon these potent appeals; so novelty fabrics were created by all sorts of mills, and the products named such charming imaginative things as 'Laughing Leaves,' 'Rippling Breeze,' 'Petal-Soft,' and 'Angel's Breath.' Their promotional descriptions made every possible appeal to a woman's axiomatic weaknesses, but what the characteristics of these delightful fabrics might be was a subject left untouched. Women, of course, are bothered and bored by information.

Finally the most confusing of all these activities appeared when certain companies producing the rayon fibre determined each to have its own name for its product. By agreement of a joint committee of manufacturers and retailers in 1923, the term 'rayon' was decided upon as the generic term for the man-made fibre produced from a vegetable cellulose base regardless of the process by which it was made. But suddenly one company insisted that their product was not rayon at all, but 'Celanese,' another said theirs was not rayon but 'Bemberg,' another said theirs was 'Acele,' and so on until even the word 'acetate,' which is no more than a descriptive term relating to a chemical process, was presented as a name for a new fibre. That there are to-day still just five fibres, and every fabric made must be formed of one or more of these, is the simple fact. But so great is the existing confusion that the average consumer imagines despairingly that there must be fifty fibres, all of them sleight-of-hand artists. And if you add to this muddle the fact that for every single fabric being made thirty years ago something like a

hundred are being made to-day, you will have some idea of what the situation is.

A fair question usually asked at this point in the story is, 'Does it matter, really, what the fibre source of a fabric happens to be if it serves the purpose?' The answer is decidedly yes. In two ways it matters. First, because each fibre has definite generic characteristics. You expect warmth from wool, for instance, but you know it must be washed cautiously; you use linen for strength and coolness, but you know it crushes easily; cotton is easy to wash, cool and inexpensive. And of the two fibres, silk and rayon, the same thing is true — each has inherent qualities that cannot be exchanged. To mention two, rayon has one third to one half the elasticity of silk, which is why hosiery is usually made of silk. Rayon also has one third to one half the strength of silk, losing 40 to 70 per cent of that when wet — which is why rayon fabrics must be handled carefully when they are being washed. Indeed, it is decidedly in the care of fabrics, laundering them, dry-cleaning them, pressing them, that fibre identity becomes very vital to consumer satisfaction.

But even if these things were not true, nothing could change the fact that it is the inalienable right of the buyer to know what he buys. Anything else is either benevolent paternalism or chicanery.

One final point must be made before we turn to a consideration of the effects upon consumers of the great modern seller's policy. On my desk before me as I write this are half-a-dozen advertisements out of several hundred in my files, clipped more or less at random from newspapers all over the country. The advertisements are from large and reputable stores and must be placed in evidence. One is the announcement of a sale of evening wraps,

involving six fabrics. Five of them have footnotes explaining that they are 'Celanese,' with no explanation that 'Celanese' is the trade name of a rayon yarn, but the sixth is listed as silk crepe with no footnote. The testing laboratory, however, says this fabric is 100 per cent rayon. Another advertisement talks with some subtlety about a new fall fabric, 'silk-spun and supple-soft.' I have often wondered what the dry-cleaners did with that frock, for the laboratory tests say it is half wool and half rayon. A third piece of copy offers some very handsome 'linen silk' dresses at an astonishingly low price — but tests say that the fabric is neither linen nor silk, but rayon. And here is a masterpiece of the seller's policy, for it certainly uses every axiom in its appeals. The fabric has a fanciful name, 'magic-lite,' and after introductory and glamorous adjectives the description says it 'combines the texture of linen, the soft drape of sheer woolen and the richness of silk.' I leave you to speculate as to what its fibre source actually was.

The final exhibit is to me a particularly sad and unhappy one. It is an advertisement of a fine old store whose founder was a great and punctiliously honest man, gone now, but once a builder of retail history. The advertisement is large, and across its head runs the word 'silk' in large letters. Below is a paragraph extolling the virtues of silk, 'leading all other fabrics in wearability.' Three silk fabrics are featured. According to the laboratory, none is really silk. And if you wonder with something of a shock how much of this misrepresentation is intentional, I can only remind you that confusion offers great opportunities for temporary profit.

V

I said some pages back that I did not believe it could truthfully be said that

the damage growing out of the weaknesses of the seller's policy hurts no one but its followers. That is actually a serious understatement. The damage it fosters is so broad and so deep that it threatens revolutionary changes and the ruin of many lives. No one with any economic awareness can fail to recognize that there is a large and growing unrest among consumers. The fact that in the past year consumer co-operatives accounted for some five hundred millions of retail business in direct competition with private retail firms is to me less threatening than the increasingly vocal rumblings of suspicion and doubt — of products, of retailers, of advertising. In the course of a year I am called upon to make many talks to women's clubs, in many parts of the country; and in the past year the requests for discussion of consumer facts, advertising practices, and related subjects have been overwhelming in number. Furthermore, my work involves knowing many thousands of women, shopping for them, writing for them, hearing their complaints and problems. I cannot escape knowing that their minds are being steadily prepared for the first agreeable substitute for retailing, as we know it, that comes along.

The trouble lies chiefly in the axioms of the modern public relations policy. They are worse than false; they are half-truths. No one knows better than a woman that she responds to glamour and romance; no one knows better than she does that vanity is part of being a woman. But what the axioms overlook is that women are also realists. Almost from the day she is born a woman faces appalling facts with equanimity; to ignore that is to court her distrust. And born in her blood and bred in her bone is her belief in her right to *know* what she buys; to threaten that is to court her active antagonism.

I have small patience with pseudo-crusaders who condemn all things that are successful, and still less with self-styled consumers' friends who automatically find something ill with everything advertised and sold for a profit. Both sorts betray consumer confidence more destructively than any dishonest producer or retailer possibly can. With every day of my life, year in and year out, spent with the merchandise of every field that comes into the market for retail, I have excellent reason to know that most things offered the consumers of this country are good and reliable. The rebellion of buyers is not against merchandise but against the manner of its presentation. It is my serious conviction that the real producers of this country have never approved or trusted the new seller's policy. There is in literal fact a decided trend among them toward a return to the old formula of letting the customer know the business. That the new policy produces great volume and swift success is undeniable; if with the new technique and modern media

for spreading news rapidly could be allied the fine old producer's policy of pride in the products and belief in the intelligence of the buyer, a new era of sound profit and secure volume would meet the effort.

It is soberly true that business has turned the wrong side of its face to the street too long. The buyers of this country are hungry for products, stores, services, men they can trust. They want not just cheap things, but good cheap things; not just glamour, but honest worth beneath it. They want advertising to be a man's written word of honor. They want to *know* the man and his business. The urgency for these things is so great it cannot be ignored much longer by seller or producer.

There are, after all, just two public relations policies. Business may watch the passers-by or the work under its hands. And although old Charley Davenport will never make his anvil ring again, the world seems to be rediscovering the parable of the Wall-eyed Cobbler and the face he turned to the street.

LAWRENCE: AN UNOFFICIAL PORTRAIT

BY ERIC H. KENNINGTON

I

I FIRST saw him in Lowell Thomas's film at the Albert Hall: glorious photography, glamour and oratory. I came out drunk. But nobody seemed to know anything about Lawrence of Arabia, and I began to forget, till a picture dealer said, 'There was a Colonel Lawrence in here this morning. He has bought two of your soldiers and left his address.' There it was. 'All Souls, Oxford.' (This was in 1920.) I wrote immediately and followed the letter.

He was on the platform, and had to introduce himself, for I could not connect him with Lowell Thomas's screen seraph. I met a small, grinning, hatless kid, bothered by a lot of untidy hair falling over his eyes. He seemed apologetic, and made me a superior and most distinguished person. He let me plaster him with the Lowell Thomas romance, gently protesting that it was far from the truth. In his rooms he explained that he had done very little, had been extremely lucky in having good men to work with, and preferred buying pictures to fighting — that any creative artist was a much finer creature than any soldier; and managed to suggest that I was really the uncrowned king.

He giggled often. 'I've written a book . . . a poor thing without illustrations to help it through. Do you know any artist who could make portraits from photographs?' I said they

would be no good. The artist must see the person. 'What a pity! For my sitters are in various parts of Arabia.' I asked if he wished me to go out and draw them. He giggled: 'You cannot have any conception of the difficulties. I should have to be your guide, and it would be expensive. I have no money.' 'How much?' I asked; 'I could make some.' 'Well, six hundred pounds would make life easy for us for . . . would six months be sufficient?'

So the plan was made in fifteen minutes, and during the next month I earned exactly £600, for there was, most conveniently waiting, a large official portrait. During that month, working in London, I lived in a fantastic Eastern romance: a jumble of Feisal's tents, desert prophets, camel charges, muezzins. Lowell Thomas had done his work on me well and quickly.

I presented myself (and £600) to a slightly different person — very quiet, giggling less, with serious eyes; and I knew I was being commanded. I must forgive him — but how was he to know that a respectable artist could make £600? . . . Surely there was no precedent . . . He was exceedingly sorry if he had given me grounds for hope . . .

All my respect disappeared in rage, and I caught his coat to shake him, but was pulled up by his remoteness. He was not there to be shaken. . . . Next, he was planning the details of our trip.

What was happening? I asked myself in the train. This was n't the Circasian dancing girl (see Lowell Thomas), nor the spotless white-robed descendant of the Prophet (see ditto). A person was coming through. There was something in the bright definite eyes as they glanced past, a dignity of form, an easy authority. . . . I bought the tickets (which, by his orders, were not via France) and handed him one. He was gracious, but could not go with me. He must go in a battleship to a conference in Cairo. I could sell the tickets. . . . Perhaps next year — or in 1923 . . .

But my mind was too fixed; and, finding there was a possibility of catching him at the conference if I started a cross-Europe journey at once, I told him I was going alone. He then gave me all help possible in one hour's talk about Arabia and the Arabs. He was most eloquent, and I think he used mesmeric power (later, he strongly denied doing so). He led me, stumbling after his mind, through Nejd, Yemen, Jerusalem, Damascus, Sunni, Shia, Ashkenazim, Saphardim.

I goggled, and I am sure he enjoyed painting his great mind pictures, to replace the wooden panels of the University room. But it was not the storytelling that left the clearest impression, but the teller, with his male dignity, beauty, and power. He moved little, using bodily presence just sufficiently to make brain contact. I had never seen so little employment or wastage of physical energy. The wide mouth smiled often, with humor and pleasure, sometimes extending to an unusual upward curve at the corners, a curious menacing curve, warning of danger. The face was almost lineless, and removed from me as a picture or sculpture. However gracious its attitude, it remained distant. ('He's like a fine Buddhistic painting,' I thought. 'The lines have just the same harmony.')

The eyes roamed round, above, and might rest on mine or rather travel through mine, but never shared my thoughts, though noting them all.

It was at this meeting I realized both his bodily strength and his sensitiveness. Though not broad, he was weighty from shoulders to neck, which jutted, giving a forward placing to the head, and a thrust to the heavy chin. Graves has called his eyes maternal, and I think rightly so, but a near contrast was the power of the frontal bones, and their aggressiveness. It was in their form, for I never saw him frown. Carlow says, 'He always seemed to be looking out from under a tent.' The fearless eyes were protected by a fighter's bones above and below. It was the face of a heavyweight boxer, and in all circumstances dynamic. Above and round and behind this fighting machine was a full development of brain, deep from back to front, and more high than broad.

I was puzzled how the head could be at once so strong and so sensitive (not knowing that the strength I was admiring was the shadow of a burly youth five feet, six inches, and over eleven stone; he must have once been as strong as a gorilla). He stood up, and I thought, 'Boxer's face, and tight-rope athlete's body. He stands as if he were floating — like a fish.' My mental portrait drawing was sharply cut short, and conversation was made light and extremely humorous.

II

Cairo: the hotel, and signs of conference; crowds, but how to find Lawrence? There he was coming down some stairs, very small, the centre of a group. A new sight of him and his public mannerism: slight nods of the head, slight turn of the body, almost no movement of the hands, but the blue crystal eyes moving always, seeing

everyone and everything, halting a second, passing on, quickly penetrating — never tiring, never idling. I thought he had not seen me, and began to fear for myself and my plan — fool that I was. He appeared, ghostlike, next day in my room. Work would keep him, he said, some weeks in Cairo. It would profit me to tour Arabia, Palestine, and Syria by car. There were two Americans in my hotel planning a trip. Sea to Beirut, car to Damascus via Baalbek, and return south along the coast to Jerusalem, where he could meet me and do something to make my portrait-painting raid inland a success. Meanwhile would I draw Allenby, and perhaps Churchill? And Ironside? 'Ironside is great. Six feet four, and sixteen stone. Brains, too.' 'Why such a point of his having brains?' I asked. 'Have you ever met another big man with brains?' was his answer.

During this conference time, he sat to me for the drawing which he called 'The Cheshire Cat.' Black-and-white chalk on dark paper. The Arabs disliked this; he afterwards told me why: they think the faces of the damned in hell are black. He would not use this for the *Seven Pillars*, though he liked it best. Reason: it was too obviously the spider in the web of its own spinning.

Of course he was right. The good-hearted Americans added me to their ample luggage, and at Beirut stuffed both me and it into a car and — there was Western Arabia. Camels, villages, baking desert, deep snow, rocky mountains, oleander, cactus, snakes, and Bedawi. A joyful trip and a fruitful one. At Damascus I drew Nawaf Shaalan, possibly the best Arab portrait. From Damascus we jogged down to Jerusalem, where I seemed in for a permanent halt. It produced a portrait of Storrs, however, and a friendship with him. But I wanted Feisal's men, not Jerusalem.

Then T. E. came, as usual, opening the door without noise, and everything was possible again, probable, certain, and delightful. A mass of Emirs, Sheikhs, and Bedawi were congregating at Amman. (Did he tell them to, specially for my benefit?) Why not hire a car, and have the fun of passing by Jordan, Jericho, Es Salt? Syrians were comparatively safe though spirited chauffeurs. He would get the British representative to put up a tent for me, and give me a list of the men he wished drawn. Many of them would be there. Perhaps he would visit Amman. . . .

So off we went, Arab driver, Ford car, self and drawing materials, and extraordinary months passed in extraordinary surroundings. He did come for one day. The weekly plane dropped in a long sunny spiral, bump, bump-bump — stop. Again the loose-end multitude surrounded and swarmed on it, and their cries this time became a roar: 'AURENS — AURENS — AURENS — AURENS!' It seemed to me that each had need to touch him. It was half an hour before he was talking to less than a dozen at once. Re-creating the picture, I see him as detached as ever, but with great charm and very gracious. I thought he got warmth and pleasure from their love, but now know his pain also, for they longed for him to lead them again into Damascus, this time to drive out the French. Easily self-controlled, he returned a percentage of the pats, touches, and gripping of hands, giving nods, smiles, and sudden wit to chosen friends. He was apart, but they did not know it. They loved him, and gave him all their heart.

By now I did not question, 'Where do I come in?' I knew he saw everything. After hours of deification, and (as I know now) difficult statesmanship, he sat down in my tent, untouched and untired. Quite unmoved, he was

the same as when in his Oxford rooms. He told me what chiefs were in the camp, and, writing a list, gave it to young Kirkbride, asking him to bring them and me together. (Kirkbride threw it away that night, deciding it was not important.) Then it was time to return to Cairo. Without adding coat, gloves, or goggles, he climbed into the plane — seeming to walk into unapproachable solitude — and was gone.

Some months later, in Knightsbridge, I phoned him, early one morning before he went to the Colonial Office. 'Awful failure,' I said, 'but they are here; can you come and see them?' He said, with a giggle, 'Wait till I put the receiver down,' and was round in an incredibly short time. He made a perfect entry to a room, which I got to know as characteristic. No suddenness. A silently opening door, a shape gliding in, and a simultaneous closing of the door; eyes sweeping circular-wise, like a searchlight, halting a moment on the most interesting things. Then a direct look, straight at one, eyes passing through, impersonal, but mouth in a social grin, slightly humorous.

He said nothing. There was no need: the floor was wall-papered with Arabs. I was honestly ashamed; they were too few, and not good enough. I said so. He began to say illuminating things about some, and with some he communed silently. 'Sikeini — he has no self-interest. Shakir — few men are loved as he is and deserves to be.' At Abdulla he giggled repeatedly, but said nothing. He spent most time on Ali ibn Hussein, and seemed to me to be almost reverential. It was one of the hundred surprises he gave me. To me they were drawings. He exchanged with them as with living souls.

'Mahmas. That means coffee spoon. Called so, probably, because the parents happened to notice one during his birth. I'm glad you got Mahmas.

He is a homicidal maniac. He can't help it. He killed three of my best camelmén, and finally I had to disarm him myself.' 'Well, he nearly killed me,' I said, and told him the story, while he gazed kindly, but distant as the moon. Then he began to giggle and said, 'I am glad Mahmas did not kill you, Kennington, because . . . if he had . . . I should not have seen these drawings.' Then he giggled himself backwards out of the room, and left me guessing.

However, contact with T. E. meant shock on shock. His next visit — again the catlike entry. Would I accept £720 for eighteen Arabs? How diffident he was at what *he* considered a *paltry* offer. I made attempts to refuse, trying as others did to give all to him and take nothing. But he was exercising his will and I stopped any resistance.

III

The book I had not seen, and I began to get curious. I had seen only one letter and the list of Arabs, given to Kirkbride, and I had no hint of his written-word mastery. He had gone out again to the East, and I wrote for a foreword to the Catalogue of Arabs soon to be exhibited at the Leicester Gallery. What came back from Aden was another shock. Such understanding, observation, and memory one seldom experiences. But such generosity leaves one numb. . . . And the giggle is sent to the rescue.

What a lot of work was done by that giggle! It was used to create an appearance of emptiness, silliness, triviality, when people brought reverence; to bridge the gap of an awkward first meeting; mostly to remove tension; sometimes naughtily, a flourish following a knockout blow; or a bodkin to explode false dignity, or fraud; or, nervously, to prevent thanks. Nearly always it was an instrument, and the

best giggle was the spontaneous one — T. E. genuinely amused. Sometimes, alas, it was his own safety valve, when robbed of success by the failing of others; and at rare intervals painful, when it became hysterical, mastering him.

When he returned from this 1922 trip, I saw him often, and at each contact found richer qualities. No one could meet him and straightaway know him truly. Our focus had to be adjusted slowly. Common measures were too small. But he made the process of growing easy by constant joking, using our humor, just as he used our thoughts and words. He also became our age, though certain that he was the world's grandfather.

Short remarks and conversations can be recalled: —

'She is more of a person: when one does a big thing, one grows to the size of it.'

'It gives one great power to be always on the edge of something.'

Poking fun at me and my slow brain: 'I like to give Kennington an idea. He sets it up like a person and begins to draw its portrait.'

Looking at my war memorial of three soldiers: 'That front man is the physical. We've got one in our hut. Spits round his bed.'

He could condemn: 'Her fault. She should have known she had married genius.'

Looking at a pebble I had carved: 'Smooth, polished, civilized, night-clubby, horrible — what's the matter with you, Kennington?'

When he judged harshly — 'He's a bad hat. He's a four-letter man' — he had great dignity.

Old age to him was pathetic. He made a few exceptions. Doughty, Hogarth, G. B. S., and perhaps a few others. 'Who's that poor old chap?' I said my friend (aged sixty) was in full mental and bodily vigor, and enjoyed

life. T. E. hoped not to live to grow old. That meant anything over forty-five.

Once or twice he showed sudden compassion. When he saw our two-year-old run barefoot across gravel, he felt the pain: 'He'll hurt his feet! He'll hurt his feet!' It was a really spontaneous cry. Very rarely did he allow his raw feeling freedom. He hooted gayly 'like a hen' when he saw me swing out sixty small geyser flares to light one cigarette. 'No, I don't smoke.' 'Well,' I said, 'may I? I know you have no vices.' He giggled. 'Oh yes I have [giggle]! Many vices.'

He showed me a blaze of feeling once. I was able to tell him that Ali ibn Hussein had been imprisoned for some months by old Hussein. He seemed to double his size. 'I'll have him out in a month.'

I never heard him raise his voice, and never saw him move suddenly or quickly, yet he had all the signs of speed, and must have been like lightning, in a fight.

Often he would use his power and knowledge to help suffering, and sometimes bodily suffering. He asked if he could have five minutes with my wife, critically ill and despondent. He talked with her for fifteen minutes and left, saying nothing. Upstairs I found a joyful person, who from that day had her face turned toward health. She had no setback. I afterwards said he could become a faith healer if he wished. Would he? I got no response. He could to some extent communicate his intelligence and sensitiveness. To listen to good music with him was to hear it afresh.

IV

But I must go back. He did bring the book — Oxford version, first half; and as he put it on the table more of Lawrence looked out of his eyes and long serious face. We seized the book and he slipped away.

We implored him to produce the second volume. It was being bound. Days became weeks. Then he appeared, book under arm. For some minutes I was too greedy to notice him, then saw the change in him when he began to speak. He actually looked not well, and his still seriousness was frightening. 'It is an evil work . . . I could not refuse you after receiving the Arab portraits from you. It will not disturb you. Next morning you will start your day's work as usual, but you have an odd brain. It is in compartments. I have not let Robert Graves read it. It can never be published. I could not live if it was loosed abroad.' I began to fight. It had to be published. It was a grand, immense masterpiece. He looked more tired. 'How could I go on if it was made public? At Stamford Brook I did not know whether I was trying to throw myself under a train or trying not to. I intended to throw these volumes off the centre of Hammersmith bridge. I have worked myself out and am finished. Every bone in my body has been broken. My lungs are pierced, my heart is weak . . .'

I used any means to save my tottering plans, and said that every organ in his body was sound. I could see them all. I knew he had a droll belief in the artist's power of sight, and he paused. I went on: if only he would eat and sleep, he would be stronger than most men, and would be back at his real weight. At eighteen he was over eleven stone. He sighed sadly, 'How do you know these things?' I said I could see. (It was a lie. His mother had told me so.) He began again, gently, to prove to me how degraded the book was; and, foreseeing defeat in a battle with that brain, I said the book had to be published. He said, more gently, 'Give me one good reason — *one only*.' It seemed the crisis, and I found one reason, and said it was a book on

motive, and necessary at this moment of life; the world had lied till it was blind, and had to be reëducated to see its motives. It sounded futile, but he stopped quiet, and after a pause said undramatically, 'Not bad [giggle]. Quite good [many giggles]. You win.' Then he laid the book on the table, giggled himself into normality, and backwards out of the room and house.

Food and a long sleep restored me; he had probably neither. Did he intend to destroy the book instead of publishing it? I do not know. Did he know? But if I had won a battle, it was at a price. He never spoke to me again of his suffering, save to jest.

From that time there was never a hint of turning back. He might sometimes change plans bewilderingly, but he carried out the work with even more thoroughness than I was aware of. He phoned: How did I like it? I praised its humor. 'Ye giddy gods! He thinks it's funny.' I said it was intended to be so in parts, and could prove my claim in a letter; sent him the drawing of the Juheina crowding on top of a hill. He phoned again: Yes, it was a funny book, and all comic drawings in my letters, past and future, would be included. He had several, and would send them back to me, to be zinc-blocked. The gross baby (Temptation of Necessary Food) and the newborn (Us All) — portraits of my offspring — came back with his careful instructions. I was told to do a dozen. It was only this past year, 1936, that I learned exactly why he wanted them in his book. This part of a letter to Cockerell, October 15, 1924, explains: —

Kennington was moved to incongruous mirth reading my book, and a dozen Bate-man-quality drawings came of it. To my mind they are rare. Surprising and refreshing as plums in a cake (I've never had plums in a cake, but you know the sort of feeling it would be) and lighten up

the whole. It's good that someone is decent enough to find laughter in a stodgy mass of mock-heroic egotism. My prose style is just a bad one, and Kennington's comment, unconscious comment, touches it to the mid-riff. (What is a mid-riff?) Of course they don't fit the page, or the style of print: Why, they would n't be screamingly funny if they did. It's Kennington pricking the bladder of my conceit. Hip, Hip, Hip, you see, and ther a long last fizz of escaping air before the poor frog burst.

Till the incursion of these, the book was to have as illustrations my Arabs and two or three Englishmen, John's Feisal, a pencil of T. E., and possibly some other portraits, but he got fun out of the new scheme, and began to juggle with artists and illustrations. Would I find a man to draw A and B? X and Y were drawing C and D. There must be masses of tailpieces. Roberts? Yes. Who else? All my artist neighbors. 'Yes, poor things, set 'em going.' More sitters were sent to me: Jaafar (who just fitted my armchair, and unintentionally walked off with it); the fierce Boyle, who could still roar with laughter at the memory of his battleship a transport for camels; Wilson — in each of them, the fire of T. E.'s spirit. What initials should he have? Large, square, new. Wadsworth's satisfied him right away. X and Z were missing: we got Stanton to do them. There was no Arabian name beginning with X: T. E. invented one.

V

Several times he mentioned his intention of enlisting in the R.A.F., openly giving me his reasons, now well known; perhaps because he knew he would get no advice for or against, and no pity, for my active service had been in the ranks. I said, 'You can lie about your age, but it will bother you on the square.' He did lie, successfully; his army age was given as something

under thirty, instead of thirty-four. I asked if he felt older than his twenty-year mates. He said, 'My age is more than the combined age of everyone serving in the R.A.F.' But it worked. He slowly regained his steady nerves and muscular poise. I was amused to see his hands grow from white to red and double their size. When I said so, he sighed in apparent despair: 'Yes, I earn my living by them.'

But how neat, fit, and trim he looked! Every line always perfect, from set of hat to spacing of the puttees, never a dull button, or speck on the boot, and how the well-cut uniform showed the strength of his neck and drive of his jaw! He brought well-being of mind, and body, and soul, to us each work-visit, and the anecdotes of his service life as a recruit were well chosen. Side-splitting humor, without hint of pain. Garnett (like some others) knew the pain, and astounded me when I returned his copy of *The Mint*; we could not agree at all. I could never pity T. E. When Buxton so feelingly asked, 'Do you get him to eat?' I thought, 'But he must n't eat when he comes to us. Every minute is given to work.'

His reverence for creative activity gave him unusual insight. He read the work (drawing, painting, poem, sculpture) and the maker of the work. He took infinite trouble over every illustration, and was never impatient with the fractiousness of the artists, attending to the opinion of each on rough proof and final printing. Artists can be very insistent on the quality of reproduction. Also they are often hard up, and he was generous to appeals other than for work payment.

Being overfamiliar with art activity, I was puzzled by his reverence, and asked if he had ever done some creation with his hands, and how he knew he had no creative power. He said, 'I carved eight life-sized figures in soft

stone in Syria, using knives, and forks, and a hatchet. My servant was my model. They had no merit. No . . . they are not there now. When we retook the ground there was no trace of them, not even fragments. They are probably in the cellar of some German museum . . . labeled *Very rare, supposed pre-Sumerian.*

He called Michelangelo 'the last great child.' Repeatedly he voiced his disgust for children, but put high value on the child-quality in grown-ups. Indeed, sometimes he seemed to enjoy arrested development in his adult friends. My first visit to Clouds Hill was to introduce T. E. and Pike, his printer to be. The door was open, and Pike and I walked into a group of young men. T. E. had always seemed a separate thing, not speaking of other contacts, so it was a surprise. All in Tank Corps uniform, they were much at their ease, reading, talking, writing.

A greater surprise was the condition of T. E. He was possessed of devils, visibly thinner, pale, scared and savage. He seemed to avoid looking at me, and when he did his look was hostile, but he so soon gained his usual quiet that this first impression went out of my mind for years. He got me a tank man to draw, and dealt with Pike's hundred queries. While drawing, I noticed his speed without haste, and how he turned difficulty to ease and puzzles to simplicity. Keeness and energy came to Pike's face, and a deep trust. The drawing absorbed me, and T. E. came, unnoticed, and giggled over my shoulder. 'Strange . . . odd. . . . You've drawn a woman, Kennington.' I protested. He insisted: 'No, that's a woman's face.' The sitter was confused.

One thing I am certain of. T. E.'s malaise, — it was a daylight nightmare, — so obvious to me, was not seen by any of the young men.

Though he had let me read his book,

he had always hidden from me the nihilism which was his recurrent curse. Maybe he kept it from me because he knew that it would destroy a creative artist, maybe he knew that I should tire him by ridicule. I think the former, the generous reason.

He joked about his Tank Town troubles, so that I did not guess at his protracted torture there, but it was during his tank service that he paid us the most strange visit, as usual without warning, and with a soldier on pillion. This time — for the first time — he dropped all defenses. There was a wall of pain between him and us. We both felt helpless, for he looked his disappointment at us. He almost might have come specially to quarrel. It was as if T. E. were giving an impersonation for two or three hours. Everything was attacked. Life itself. Marriage, parenthood, work, morality, and especially Hope. Of course we suffered, and were unable to cope with the situation. All we could do was to dodge and futilely make light of it.

The young tank man was most positive. He banged his fist on the tea table, and threatened. 'Now, none of that. How often have I told you? Look me straight in the face . . .' An animal tamer, and T. E. a wild beast that partially obeyed him. I got some of our joint work going, and T. E. attended to it normally. Aside, to my wife, the young man revealed his grief at T. E.'s suffering. I don't know who that was, but he had great courage and love for T. E. That was the only time I saw T. E. mad, or on the edge of madness.

How did he recover from these crises? I don't believe that anyone could give him help, yet he did seem to recover.

VI

All its parts completed, the book (two hundred copies) was taken by T. E. to the binders, and soon he came

round with No. 1 under his arm. He seemed to have rehearsed the presentation, so noncommittal, grave, quizzing, and humorous. He seemed to say, 'A fine child . . . a trifle overweight, perhaps.' Three more copies followed quickly, and these, four in all, were my unexpected fee for art editorship. Choosing penury himself, he wanted us all to be wealthy, and emphasized their money value, giving the probable dates of their rise and fall. He was right in date, but underestimated the price. I did not make my possession of four public, or try to sell, but received in one day two telegrams offering £550 and £600 for two copies.

He was just now getting all his affairs in order, preparatory to sailing for India, and I feared he might be too busy to grant sittings — promised — for a bronze head. Of course he found time, giving me, at short notice, about five half-hour sittings. He looked much the same, but was remote, and did not giggle at all. Exceedingly still, he seemed to have done with every barrier, and to sit naked. I had long wished to get a statement from him which would throw light on the spiritual difference I knew there was between us. What was his God? He answered without hesitation, and once more I missed his words, so beautiful was his face. He had a glory, and a light shone in his eyes, but more of sunset than sunrise or midday. What I think I heard in the flow of eloquence was a record of process without aim or end, creation followed by disillusion, rebirth, and then decay, to wonder at and to love. But not a hint at a god, certainly none of the Christian God.

A visitor (not a chance one) was Naomi Mitchison, for whose historical novels he had great respect. Without disturbing his sculptor, he told us both how the Greek temples were created, from the unquarried stone to the placing of the roof top. He gave me only

a shell to work from, head up, silent, letting me use every minute.

The last sitting was his last day of freedom in England. From that night he was to be confined to barracks, and perhaps to-morrow sailing. His eyes began to show turmoil. Their usual outward glide was repeatedly stopped and they would suddenly turn aside. I noticed a vibration of the head. Was he cold, I asked. I thought he shivered. 'No, it is not cold.' He shivered again, worse, head, hands on knees, trembling. Soon he shook all over from head to foot. 'No, I'm not cold. I'm always like this before a crisis.' I concentrated, with an eye on the time. Then from work to car, and I drove him, as fast as law permitted, to Uxbridge. He shook, off and on, all the way. I chaffed: Was he afraid of my driving? I had driven six years without a bump. He giggled (thank God): 'I wish you'd had one yesterday.'

At the barracks I was allowed to drive straight in. T. E. L. had left me before we parted. I stopped right against the double line of men standing easy. He joined the rear rank, almost last man. No good-bye; he did not see me or the car. For a few minutes I watched him shifting, chin thrust forward, turning blindly left and right.

VII

On his return he took refuge from the press in our country cottage. To me he was just the same in appearance and behavior. He fed me with jokes, and recounted in great detail the story of his visit to the House of Commons to beard the Socialists. It is well known, but I have only heard the finale from his lips. 'Well, good night, gentlemen. I hope you all lose your seats at the next election.' 'What should we do then?' said one simpleton. 'Join the R.A.F. But no! They would not take you. There's not a fit man in

the room.' (Giggle, giggle, giggle.) It was told to amuse me, and it did. But it bored him utterly.

We began to drift apart now the work-tie was broken. I saw him less, but what matter? More than others he was always present. A week's absence or six months' was the same. Our contact now was *his* interest and help in *my* work. He did not want to say much what he was doing, and I was quite ignorant of his myriad interests. When I pressed him, 'What did you do in India?' he replied, 'I made a translation of the *Odyssey*.' This seemed rather shocking to me, after the creation of the *Seven Pillars* and *The Mint*. How could he get interested in the *Odyssey*? I asked. 'Were n't all the characters bloody fools?' He looked past me, right through me, sighed, 'Yes, they were all bloody fools.'

His visits, joyful as ever to us, became less frequent, and all that I can recall of these, about 1929, is the grand picture of him as he made each time the same departure: his confident ease as he sat astride the monstrous bicycle; a few vigorous kicks on the pedal; the beginning of slow movement; a chuckle; a downward glance, and sensual grip of the rubber handles — like a cat taking its pleasure in claw-stretching; a conscious summoning of power, still latent in the horizontal machine, but active in the upright human body with its creased neck and jaw; a tortoise-like waddle, the head raised, the eyes gazing at the horizon as if in ownership; the advance quickening snakelike, then the disappearance in a roar of dust. He was happy. He never looked back. Traveling twice as fast as his boats — nearly as fast as his brain.

But he could arrive less noticed, and often did. Nanny rushed out, and drove the soldier away from the baby he was teasing (the baby greatly approving of his disturber).

His happiness was not assured. He turned up again with fear in his eyes, and assaulted me right and left. I was much too weak to inquire into or consider his suffering and its causes, and flew to counter attack, and defense, picking instinctively a rather deadly weapon as I took down his new address. 'The other night, Lawrence, I gave a lecture on sculpture to hundreds of people.' (He stopped and attended.) 'How do you spell Cattewater? . . . Thanks. . . . And there were two girls in the front row who fell in love with me.' (He grew severe.) 'Is Mount Bat-ten one or two words? . . . Thanks. . . . And after the lecture they came up and gaped adoringly at me.' (He was jumping with rage by now.) "'Oh, Mr. Kennington," they said, "please forgive us, do tell us, do you really *know* Colonel Lawrence?"' He hooted like a hen, 'So it still goes on,' and left.

He never bore any grudge for cruel or malicious treatment, and so serene were his following visits that one had to forget the pain. In the last year or two I saw him rarely; he was continually present spiritually, with help, understanding, joy, and jokes. His physical presence — though it, like his letters, spelled happiness — seemed unnecessary. Certainly since that May morning a number of us have for a period been stunned and shocked, but that does not matter. His great labors remain, transformed to spirit. He is marvelously alive. Often the prophet has been born in this world, has lived with us in the flesh, as one of us, and, dying, has left us quickened by his spiritual message. How great, or wise, the message of T. E. L. each may decide for himself. But now a prophet has left a record, so definite that it cannot be falsified, of his almost every thought, feeling, word, and act, from first youth till death. Surely this is new, and happens for the first time.

A LETTER FROM THE TROPICS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

To Munson Havens

25 December, 1936

MY DEAR HAVENS:

Christmas at 92° in the shade is still Christmas, I suppose, so I send you the season's wishes in all affection. Probably the first Christmas came off like this, for I imagine the region around Bethlehem is no improvement on the sun-blistered landscape that stretches out interminably before me as we lie at anchor off the Venezuelan coast. I have no heart to go ashore. We are getting horse-doctor's doses of Venezuela, and as Panurge said when he saw the Pope, the sight of it hath not much bettered me. After touching Haiti and Curaçao, this ship turns itself into a *Bummeldampfer*, doing a sort of ferryboat business for a week among six or seven Venezuelan outports before going on to Amsterdam by way of Trinidad, Surinam and Madeira. The return trip includes the same stops, so I decided to go down as far as Trinidad, stay there a week, and take a returning boat to Haiti, where I shall make a longer stay.

It is a good enough itinerary for once, anyway, but the week's doings off Venezuela are nothing to be recommended, except for the rather barren privilege of seeing how the other half lives. As the captain says, they are fearful to go through, but fine to talk about afterward. I am old enough to have learned not to judge a people by what one sees at a nation's ports; otherwise I would

take my Bible oath that the Venezuelans are a race of natural-born murderers and horse-thieves. You never in all your days saw such people as come out in rowboats and infest the ship at these outports. The other evening a posse of fantastic scallawags swarmed aboard, armed with pistols and knives, and in a dispute over a drink one of them hit the barkeeper in the eye. The *Hohepolizei* were sent for, but in true American fashion they did nothing until the local political boss arrived; he cleared up the situation very summarily. I asked the barkeeper why he did not shut up shop when he saw such vermin approaching, and he made the illuminating reply that one could never tell who were officials. He had got into trouble once, he said, by refusing a drink to a man who turned out to be a minister-plenipotentiary, and ever since then he had played safe.

Aside from freight, we carry local third-class passengers on the overnight runs between these outports. They snooze and luxuriate on the lower deck, sometimes dancing to the strains of whatever instrument somebody happens to have, and thus they pass the night as best they can. They carry a most extraordinary assortment of dunnage; potted plants, seedlings, chickens, fighting-cocks, family portraits in huge gilt frames, jardinières, goldfish, macaws, empty tin cans — nearly anything one can think of as unlikely for anybody to be traveling with. Tin

containers are in great demand among the populace, for some reason; also empty bottles, the larger the better. In Trinidad I saw a lively curb-market trade in bottles going on. I am told that the inhabitants use these things to carry water in, but no one could tell me where they carry it, or why, or what they do with it when it gets there, so I had my doubts. Still, these containers must have value, for yesterday I saw a man in a rowboat bargaining for them with Negro roustabouts in our forecandle, offering fresh fish in exchange at the rate of six fish per, which seemed right smart of a price, considering.

Some young Venezuelan girls are on board with their families, evidently high-life. They are beautiful — beauty is no name for it — but I should say about as companionable as one of Artemus Ward's miscellanyus moral wax statoots. They seldom speak, seldom smile, never laugh, never read, never do anything more arduous than examine their faces in pocket-mirrors and primp, and their habitual expression is morose. If they are a fair sample, one can't help thinking that the chivalry of Venezuela are content with very little, especially as I hear that the depreciation on this type of beauty is ruinously high, and from the looks of the elder women in the party I should say it is even so. The social restrictions on womankind here breed this sort of critter, so I suppose she must be in great demand, though I can't for a moment imagine myself in such an un-exacting state of mind, or account for it in anybody else; so I fall back on the maxim that for those who like that kind of thing she is probably about the kind of thing they like, and let it go at that.

The ways of the Venezuelan bureaucracy are a sublime and impressive marvel, and well worth an American's study, as showing what we are rapidly

coming to in our own land. So many nagging laws, decrees, regulations and restrictions come forth from day to day that the administrators are in the same plight as our jobholders and corporation lawyers, knowing neither what they mean nor what to do about them. Going, say, from Guanta to La Guayra by steamer is like going from New York to Fall River on the night boat; and I was told that in order to do this the Venezuelan has to be documented by four different officials and have his luggage examined in the customs before starting. We got into a great tangle of red tape at Guanta by anchoring there on the day the census was taken, for it turned out that, under the law, everybody on the ship, from the captain down, was liable for registration as a resident of Guanta. There was a tremendous to-do about this, chiefly caused by Venezuelans from other parts of the country. Being in transit on census day, they had no papers to show that they had been registered in their home town, and apparently being registered at Guanta would make all kinds of trouble for them when they went back. Not understanding Spanish, I do not know if or how the mess was finally straightened out. Maybe I am now officially a resident of Guanta and a full-fledged Venezuelan, but nobody has said anything about it, and the day is too hot for investigating.

At Guanta you see a perfect miniature of what organized government comes to, sooner or later, everywhere. You see a fine imposing two-story customhouse ornamented by a dozen or more well-fed, prosperous-looking officials lounging on the porch, and surrounded by a cluster of squalid hovels inhabited by people apparently as far gone in wretchedness and dereliction as it is possible to go; and that is all there is to Guanta. You never forget the sight, for it shows so faithfully the final state of things towards which our

modern development of Statism, nationalism and corporatism is tending — a flourishing parasitic State which has sucked dry the vital forces of society around it, and is therefore itself on the verge of a violent and loathsome dissolution, such as is already taking place in Spain. Don't go to Italy to study Fascism, my dear friend, or to Germany to see how long they are on submarines and how short on grub, or waste your time on statistics of the New Deal. Go to Guanta, and you will see what they all finally come to, and you won't even have to land. You get the best view of it from the deck of the steamer; and as she lies there all day, you have plenty of time to reflect on what you see.

I have a good deal of respect for Venezuela nevertheless, or rather for the statesmanship that made it the only nation in the world that does not owe anybody a single bean. It has no debt of any kind, national, provincial or municipal, external or internal; and it pays as it goes, operating on a cash-and-carry basis, and issuing nary a bond. Coming from our tax-ridden, debt-infested, bond-blighted country, I had hard work to get this through my head, but there the fact is.

Old Gomez found Venezuela blanketed with the usual litter of paper obligations, and he immediately set himself to paying them off out of current revenue, as Mr. Jefferson did with the national debt that Alexander Hamilton had piled up. Gomez was no Hamilton; he had no notion whatever of using a national debt as an instrument for welding the interests of 'the rich and well-born' in support of a strong centralized government. Gomez was a peasant, with a peasant's idea that debt is a bad thing, and that if you are in debt you had better scabble out as soon as you can, and stay out. He also had a peasant's idea of running things economically. I hear he lifted off a good

bit for himself and a few associates, which was to be expected, but he held his bureaucracy down and kept a sharp eye on expenses. Furthermore, he cut rings around the sharking British and American concession-hunters, which in itself is enough to earn him every decent person's undying regard.

With all the talk about the bad dictators, have you ever wondered why nobody says anything about the good ones? Columns of rubbish about Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, are printed every day, but I never hear anything about Salazar, nor did I hear much about Gomez until his death a year or so ago. Yet the old man must have been quite a fellow, and a middling fair patriot, according to his lights. As for Salazar, I spent some months in Portugal not long ago, and for all I could see he was giving the country about as good and cheap a government as it could hope for. There is said to be a fairly decent dictatorship of a strongly paternalistic type in Haiti, and I shall presently have a look at it. Of course you understand that these terms are purely relative. What they mean is that on the perfectly sound assumption that all professional politicians are common rogues, wherever found, some dictators show a surprising amount of moderation, considering their opportunities, and they should have due credit for it.

I contend, however, that there is a vast lot of humbug about the importance we attach to political systems, for in the end they all alike come back to the kind of folks you have. As William Penn said, there is hardly any system so bad but that in good hands it would do well enough, and the best in bad hands can do nothing great or good. Given any kind of system, no government can stand for any length of time either above or below the moral and cultural level of the rank and file of people behind it; and just that is what makes the future of government in our country

so extremely unpromising — we hain't got the folks, my dear fellow, and that's that. Some day, if I were not so old and tired and — *mère de Dieu!* — so lazy, I could write a treatise on government that would rank me with old John Adams and John C. Calhoun as a student of the subject. If I did, would you read it? Would anybody read it? I trow not. In fact, once written, I doubt I would read it myself.

The Greek Orthodox Church seems to be doing some business down this way, which is a surprise to me. A colored brother on the down-bound ship, dressed up in all sorts of gorgeoussness, introduced himself to me as an archbishop of that persuasion, on his way to his headquarters at Barbados. In return for a contribution, he gave me a picture of his cathedral, and one of a local saint and martyr, Reverend Stanislaus Egyptié McGinley Jack, who was slain at Pointe-à-Pitre — I do not know why — and subsequently canonized under the name of Saint McGinley. The cathedral is named for him. Saint McGinley's Cathedral! — the name can hardly be matched in church history. Delegations of the faithful meet the archbishop at every port, bearing great quantities of flowers. They and their offerings make a rather showy picture on the wharves, enlivening a dead and dingy setting in an agreeable way.

You would be pleased to see how well all hands hereabouts get along with almost no news of the outside world. It makes one wonder how much, really, the wholesale dissemination of news has added to the sum of human happiness. Two weeks ago the Dutch news service sent out a four-line report that the King of England had jumped his job and left the country, which I was glad to hear, for there are so few of us, men or women, willing to give up something desirable for the sheer sake of

some person of the opposite sex. If he had done it of his own motion in the first instance, instead of so late and under pressure, he would have shown himself a real gent, and I believe his sportsmanship would have had a grudging commendation even from the irreconcilable old retired colonels in the West End clubs, who no doubt have been on the verge of apoplexy for a month or more. But better late than not at all, of course; and the more highly civilized part of mankind, which does not busy itself with frivolous curiosity about the doings of kings and princes, may now be permitted to forget him. My only thought is of his having been so long the arbiter of taste and fashion for our lower order of Anglophiles that I am afraid Baltimore has been bought clean out of livestock by now.

In the English colony of Trinidad, a week after the news broke, whatever interest there had been in it had apparently evaporated. Only once I heard the incident mentioned, and the local press gave it very little space. I could imagine what our 'cannibal newspapers,' as Mr. Jefferson called them, were making of the affair, and I then realized what it was that I had been vaguely missing ever since I left New York — vulgarity. Commonness, *das Gemeine*, instinctive and inbred bad taste and bad manners, seem to be as scarce in Trinidad, especially among the Negroid population, as they are commonplace among our newspaper-sodden public. I would suppose you must go about as far to find a native cad, male or female, as in France, Belgium or Holland to find a native snob; and this makes one's most casual associations a rewarding and salutary experience. As you so well know, the hardest thing that a person bred in our civilization has to do is to keep himself able, when the time comes, to say with Perdican in de Musset's dull drama,

'C'est moi qui a vécu, et non pas un être factice, créé par mon orgueil et mon ennui.' Hence it is good for one to get out of the current of our normal life, which is so strongly against that, long enough to retrieve one's entity, take stock of it, straighten out its deformations, and get a new measure of the forces which disable and vulgarize it.

No doubt the sense of this, which seems to have run deep through all humanity, is what gave birth to legends like those of Avalon, Lyonesse, the Ilha Verde and the island of the Phæacians. I have often wished that some writer like de Stendhal had treated the romance of the Island from the historical point of view. It was the last romance left for the modern spirit to destroy, and aviation has destroyed it, as Mr. Aldous Huxley shows; his hero could not be let live a day in decent isolation, or even die in it. But what an entrancing history that romance has! The Happy Islands were a folk-myth long before Homer's time. Hesiod speaks of them, and my dear friend Cassandre, whom you no doubt remember meeting, tells me she ran across a reference to them in the scolion attributed to Callistratus, which Athenæus cites. The Roman general Sertorius heard of them while serving in Spain in the year B. C. 97, from a sailor who said he had been there and had found them a place of perpetual summer, great peace and great plenty, quite up to the mythical prospectus. Plutarch says Sertorius was all for chucking up his job and going out to find them, but apparently the stern Roman sense of duty stood in his way.

A gifted artist like de Stendhal could do wonders with the Island, but I doubt he would get much inspiration here. There are plenty of islands about, but they are arid, eroded, giving rise here and there only to a sort of sagebrush which at a distance looks like stonecrop, and at best they have no

more than three or four centuries of rather prosaic history behind them. Cartographers of the sixteenth century located Saint Brandan's Island, 'the promised land of the saints,' in the West Indies, probably following Columbus's somewhat vague report that it lay west of Madeira, but nothing I have seen hereabouts looks like it. In fact, islands and coast-line alike have the look of aridity and inhospitableness which one associates with the south coast of Spain. The first European land I ever saw, many years ago, was the Cabo de São Vicente, which for sheer hideousness is probably unsurpassed anywhere; and this coast revives something of my sensations at beholding it.

No wonder Spaniards gravitated towards Venezuela; it must have seemed like home. When you see Curaçao, wind-swept, flat as a pancake, with its immense inland harbor and waterways, you know the Dutch would pick it out. Trinidad, on the other hand, with its corroding humidity and lush vegetation, was clearly designed by nature for a British colony. The place is uninteresting, on the whole, as a British colony should be, and what I saw of its civilization in a week's time impressed me as equally uninteresting. In fact, the only place on my itinerary, so far, which has showed anything like a congenial civilization is Curaçao. An American in the oil business in Trinidad, who had spent some years in the Dutch East Indian colonies and in India itself, told me that the Dutch, formerly about the worst colonial administrators in the world, have now become the best. The English, he said, police a district extremely well, but in other essential respects their administration is by no means so good.

If I were in these regions any length of time, I should come to have a great opinion of my countrymen. I have

seen only half a dozen Americans in all; they were engineers, drillers and the like, doing long terms in the oil-fields, and were as fine men as I ever met, sympathetic, surprisingly reflective, with a first-rate sense of the right thing, the just thing, in all circumstances. I have met many more of other nationalities, and I have as yet seen none to compare with those of my own.

One young man who had lived three years in the hinterland of Surinam told me that once, with a great deal of trouble, he had managed to see a native fire-dance. These natives are descendants of slaves who long ago revolted against the Dutch and took to the bush, where their tribal life has gone on undisturbed ever since; so now that Africa has been so largely exploited by invading nations, they are more African than the Africans. The story of the dance was nothing new; many travelers have reported it, the latest one being Dr. Heiser, of the Rockefeller Institute. The point of it is that at a certain stage of exaltation the dancers swallow live coals, shower themselves with them and let them rest on their flesh, all without any sign of burning. As one man lay exhausted, with a live coal resting on the crook of his arm, my informant bent over him and examined the arm closely without being able to detect any consequence that we should call normal; no charring, no blistering, nothing.

However often this phenomenon has been observed, accounting for it is something else again. I was interested mostly by reason of the similar demonstration given by an Indian in London two years ago, under what you might call laboratory conditions, and in the presence of various scientific wallahs of credit and renown. No doubt you read of it. The young American also told me of observing some sort of effective curse put upon one person by another, whereby the victim's legs and arms

withered and became useless; and this sort of thing too has been observed before, and is likewise unaccountable. These phenomena seem to imply a mode of exercising volition apparently inexplicable, and I believe permanently so. I believe scientific investigation has already gone as far on that quest as anyone will ever make it go, though of course there is no harm in trying. But as the mathematician Poincaré said, 'we do not know everything about anything,' and I for one am vastly content that it should be so. I will expound my reasons some day, if you care for them; perhaps when we next meet at Lüchow's, under the eye of our superb major-domo, Tiberius Cæsar.

The worst thing about sojourning here is that even in the subtropical belt, after a day or two, one not only degenerates into poor-white-trash, too lazy to lift a hand, but also finds oneself insensibly sliding off into vegetarianism. I don't know why this should seem ignominious, but it somehow does. Vegetarianism, as Alfred Henry Lewis's hero would say, 'is low and onendoorin' to a gent with pride to wound.' One can do a little something with fish for a while, but only indifferently, which is a pity, for the fish are so good that one hates to meet them with a queasy appetite. Likewise lobsters; they are of the Mediterranean type, of enormous size and superb flavor. The Trinidad oysters, grown on mangrove branches bent down under water, are about the size of a silver quarter, and delicious as the Malpecque oyster used to be, and perhaps still is—I have not tasted one in twenty years—or the Charlestown oyster of Rhode Island. But what's the world to a man when his wife's a widdy? The curse of Nebuchadnezzar is on one, and one eats grass like an ox, as the Good Book says. Devouring great quantities of garbage—swill—sculch—day after day, one feels bloated and undernourished all

the time, and is correspondingly irritable, but what is one to do?

Still, the fruits and vegetables are pleasant enough to eat, though now that there is no such thing as a seasonal product left in the world — our world, anyway — I suppose they are not worth describing; no doubt you could find most of them in the Washington Market. Commercial enterprise has robbed us of so many delightful anticipations; why should a New Yorker who eats raspberries in November care to live until spring? *Gott weiss* he had little enough to look forward to even before the evil day of refrigeration and air-borne freight; and now what has he?

The rum made in these parts is famous, but I can say nothing about it, for it is always served as a mixed drink, usually a punch or cocktail, and I loathe mixed drinks, especially cocktails, and distrust the miserable people who guzzle them. I also detest cane-syrup rum, which is now so popular. I like the fine old rank kind which the Hudson's Bay Company still puts out from Jamaica, and which makes the room smell the way the corner grocery used to smell when the bung blew out of the molasses barrel. Put two tablespoonfuls of that in a bell-glass and play with it for a full half-hour, as Hollanders play with a thimbleful of gin-and-bitters, taking it mostly by inhalation — treating it, in short, with the respect that good liquor deserves — and you know you have had something which you could really call rum. But don't waste it on the cicatrized palates of your cocktail-swilling friends; any kind of firewater, wood alcohol, fusel oil, benzine, is plenty good enough for them, and they won't know the difference. In all my American acquaintance there are but four persons, yourself and three others, to whom I would unbosom myself on this subject of rum with the faintest hope that they would know what I was talking about.

Trinidad's architecture is not gracious, in fact ugly, but convenient and serviceable; that is to say, it is English. As Lord Frederick Hamilton said, in whatever quarter of the globe you choose to build, an Englishman will run you up something very ugly in which you can live comfortably and healthfully, while a Frenchman or Spaniard will build you something very beautiful in which you will probably die. One marvelously beautiful mansion on the outskirts of Port-of-Spain is now tenanted by a country club. It was built by a French family a century or more ago, and it is the only structure I saw in Trinidad that had any character worth mentioning. A swanky dance was held there one evening, to which I was bidden, and I went for the sake of seeing the house and gardens lighted up and at their best. All the beauty and chivalry of Trinidad were out in full force, contributing an added touch of elegance to the scene, so that I went home much impressed. The dancing was, as one might say, decorous; not exactly perfunctory, perhaps, but nothing to turn one's head and tempt one into any indiscreet avowals. The evening air was that of a good hot soggy Turkish bath, and I believe it was only the dogged British sense of doing the right thing that kept the beauty and chivalry going at all. I would not have done it. Not Helen of Troy could have got me on my feet that night, nor could Aspasia herself have sweat any avowal out of me.

It is ten degrees hotter now than when I began this letter, so I shall end it and curl up under an electric fan with the *Irrgarten der Liebe* of Otto Julius Bierbaum until lunch-time. I don't know how German critical opinion regards Bierbaum's work, but, speaking as an outsider, I consider it the finest modern poetry I have read in any language. His lyrical gift seems

perfectly to stand comparison with Heine's and Goethe's, and his verse has an abounding spring and vitality worthy of Burns. It is full of sound sentiment which is never excessive, never ingrowing — a great thing in a German versifier. Moreover it has what Indian criticism, according to Professor Edgerton, regards as the distinguishing mark of poetry of the very first order; it is able powerfully to intimate an emotion, a state of mind, without describing it, thereby inducing precisely the corresponding emotion in a reader. But don't take my opinion, take a sample — no extra charge. I'll give you his Song of the Young Witch. You recall the impression you got from Wiertz's great treatment of the same subject on canvas, his beautiful neophyte sorceress with the burning eyes, half-frightened, half-fanatical, and her expression overcast with a thin and fleeting shade of reminiscence — well, see if you do not get somewhat the same from this: —

*Als nachts ich überm Gebirge ritt,
Rack, schack, schacke mein Pferdchen,
Da ritt ein seltsam Klingeln mit,
Kling, ling, klingelalei.*

*Es war ein schmeichlerisch bittend Getön,
Es war wie Kinderstimmen schön.*

*Mir wars, ich streichelt' ein lindes Haar,
Mir war so weh und wunderbar.
Da schwand das Klingeln mit einemmal,
Ich sah hinunter ins tiefe Thal.*

*Da sah ich Licht in meinem Haus,
Rack, schack, schacke, mein Pferdchen,
Mein Bübchen sah nach der Mutter aus,
Kling, ling, klingelalei.*

Work like Bierbaum's sets one thinking anew of how ludicrously an age misjudges the contemporary things which count so little for the best reason and spirit of man, as against those which count so much, and how regularly the self-preserving instinct of humanity in succeeding ages steps in

to correct its misjudgment. Most of old Frederick's *Realpolitik* has long since gone to the devil, but the Brandenburg concertos and the flute sonatas are still with us. Elizabeth's dream of a ramshackle empire has turned into a nightmare, but Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Co. are still doing a good business. 'The fashion of this world passeth away,' said Goethe, 'and I would fain occupy myself with the things that are abiding.' Why, indeed, should you and I get ourselves all worked up over the merits and demerits of political systems, or over the doings and misdoings of pitiful mountebanks and scoundrels who appear for a little time in high places and then vanish away? The answer is actually, of course, we don't. We pretend to, often try to, sometimes go through the motions fairly well, but we are really not interested; the Oversoul always comes back, thank God, and gives our thoughts a better direction.

But with Western civilization in the state it is, and its prospects no better than they are, I wonder whether Bierbaum will be another Claudian or Cometas Chartularius in literary history, a brilliant flash of classical purity and power lighting up the deathbed of a great literature and a great civilization, after a long petering-out period of sickly decadence for both. He may be; his verse was written mostly between 1885 and 1900. But speculation aside, if you asked me to describe the spirit and character of the old Germany, Germany at the turn of the century, I would content myself with handing you the *Irrgarten der Liebe* and saying simply that they were what you find *there*.

Good-bye for the moment. I shall write you again from Haiti if I am not impounded or assassinated before the ship leaves these regions, which I hope may be soon.

ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE

BY GENE RICHARD

(*Time-Clock No. 1135284*)

[GENE RICHARD — it is his real name — is an automobile worker twenty-three years old, weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds and standing five foot seven. He describes the effect of mechanical pacing, in the assembly line, upon his mind and nerves. He is probably more sensitive to the strain of routine operations than the average automobile worker; before entering the factory he had some slight experience as a professional musician. Again, he is not typical because he is more articulate in expression than most of his mates, few of whom could identify and express the tensions which harass them. The fatigues which he describes are not those of muscles, but of nerves. They arise, perhaps, from the fact that man as a physical organism is made for sudden bursts of swift energy rather than a steady pull through a long period on an inexorable schedule. To be considered, also, is the resentment which arises in a human breast when a man finds himself so completely mastered by a machine.

The public, aware that the automobile industry pays high wages and maintains high factory standards, has been mystified by the degree of heat generated in its labor relations. With all parties in the industry now searching for a comprehensive formula to ensure lasting peace, we believe that a recognition of these strains may perhaps bring a measure of amelioration. — THE EDITORS]

As I walk down the steps with many others, I am disturbed by the thought that the day is only beginning. I suddenly realize in one sensation that there is no escape. It is all unavoidably real and painful. How much energy I must expend to-day has been predetermined by my employer. I try to disregard the thought that is causing this nervous tension which will be with me throughout the hours. Around me I sense a similar reaction. It expresses itself in silence. Men are laughing insincerely. They are ashamed of their emotion. They would rather feel that they were at peace and not a part of this herd who can hide nothing of their day from each other.

The men wander quietly into their places. The shop is beautiful. Machines, blue steel, huge piles of stock.

Interesting patterns of windows are darkened by the early hour. This is the impression one gets before he becomes a part of the thing. The beauty is perceivable then. The unbiased observer cannot relate it to the subjective outlook he later acquires.

There is a shrill note. It is impersonal, commanding, and it expresses the entire power which orders the wheels set in motion. The conveyor begins to move immediately. Mysteriously the men are in their places and at work. A man near me grasps the two handles of the air wrench he holds all day long. This is the extent of his operation. He leans forward to each nut as the machine does its work. One nut — two nuts — one motor. It is not necessary for him to change his position. The conveyor brings the next

motor to him. One position, one job all day.

Noise is deafening: a roar of machines and the groaning and moaning of hoists; the constant *psffft-psffft* of the air hoses. One must shout to be heard. After a time the noise becomes a part of what is natural and goes unnoticed. It merely dulls for the time the particular sense of hearing.

Truss works next to me. We are breaking a man in. There is a lot of experimenting to find out how to divide the jobs so as to achieve the maximum of group efficiency. The job is new to me, too. We are putting fuel connections on the carburetor. Between Truss and me we do three men's work. We cannot keep up. Luckily we know enough not to take it out on each other. We cuss and work in a fit of nervousness. The nut which is supposed to be previously tightened for me won't screw down because it is a bit undersized. I try to tighten it with my fingers, but I keep slipping behind. I am losing my temper. The foreman and relief man have been filling in occasionally for the man who should be there. We just can't do it. Truss snaps out, 'Hell with 'em! Let their damn motors go by if we can't get 'em!' We work and mumble curses. I finally discover how to put my wrench in the hole in such a way as to bite it into the soft brass and twist the lock nut down to where I can get a wrench on it. My ingenuity works out to save my fingers, but to my disgust is merely adding to the possibility of Truss and me doing the job without help.

'Watch your quality to-day, men,' says Sammy, the squat line foreman. We are working so fast I don't see how anyone can think of quality. The old fellow next to me seems to be having trouble keeping up. He is supposed to run in a bolt on a clamp that I straighten and tighten with a hand wrench. When

he gets behind I get behind, too. I take his ratchet wrench and do the added operation myself. I do this to two or three motors and give it back. Finally I just keep the wrench and do the added operation myself. I'll get sore each time I'm put behind anyway, so, to guarantee my own peace, I assume the extra work. He looks at me with mild appreciation and I go on feeling that I have big enough shoulders to make it easier for him. At least I'm younger and he's probably quite tired.

Up in the lavatory I usually lean out the window for a breath of fresh air. The out-of-doors smells fresh and free and reminds me how different it was when I could be outside and away from all this overwhelming noise and steel structure. But I can't take more than two or three breaths, for I must hurry back to the call of my stimulated conscience.

Men about me are constantly cursing and talking filth. Something about the monotonous routine breaks down all restraint. The men in most cases have little in common, but they must talk. The work will not absorb the mind of the normal man, so they must think. The feeling of isolation here leads one to the assurance that his confidences will never escape. Truss, without a trace of conscience, speaks of his more intimate relations with his wife. We work on and on with spurts of conversation. Suddenly a man breaks forth with a mighty howl. Others follow. We set up a howling all over the shop. It is a relief, this howling.

II

As the long-anticipated whistle blows for lunch the men burst into the aisles. There is a rule: 'No running.' Some of the men have developed a lunch-hour walk which is hard to distinguish from a run.

I am sitting on the greasy floor of the lunchroom leaning my back against the rail at the head of the stairs. The lunchroom is a great hall with many tables for the men to eat on. At the top of the stairs is a series of cages wide enough for a man to pass through when he rings his clock card. Twenty or thirty clocks are ringing, *ding-dong, ding-dong*, steadily for half an hour before the men go down to work. The floor is black from the dirty shoes. Some men's shoes are so soaked with oil that the surfaces shine and ooze at each step. The general manner of dress is not neat. The average worker probably wears a pair of work pants or old pants and a blue, brown, or black work shirt. Some wear vests. An old vest will protect the shirt and make a man feel dressed. In the cooler weather the whole costume can be covered when leaving the shop. In many cases it is done in such a manner as to create the illusion that the man is dressed much better than he really is. He usually has an old hat which, although it has become worn and dirty from handling, still retains form. An old topcoat then serves to disguise the rest.

In spite of the poorly regulated lives of these men, many gain weight. There are a great number of big massive hulks. This creates the impression of power. But I seldom see a man with a well-proportioned body. Some have a high left shoulder while the right droops. Some have large gnarled hands, the fingers of which fail to respond readily. Many hands lack a finger here and there. Most of the older men have a larger amount of beef in the region of the buttocks than they need. A protruding belly is almost the rule with the men who have been here long. The stomach muscles become relaxed and deformed from standing long hours in one position. I wonder if these men can be healthy. I suspect that they all have some nature of illness. The prev-

alence of halitosis might be accounted for some way.

Some of these men develop a surprisingly self-important air as though they were not a part of the group. They flaunt their independence. It has had me fooled since I've been here. Their attitude is effective, yet I sense there is something in it that is off color. The place has robbed these men of their true capacities and denied them a life of growth; but it cannot force them to be humble. Their outward front expresses an ownership of all those things they have n't got. They do even the most menial jobs with an air of great responsibility.

III

The shrill whistle blows. Some men start. It works as well as a whip. There is a rustling of clothing, a dropping of feet, and a prayer-like flow of voices as we go down the stairs.

This afternoon I am transferred to the rod department. My job is to weigh one end of the rod and stripe it with paint according to the colors indicated on the scale. There are usually a few piles of rods beside each man. The men figure it looks better to work this way. I take a rod off the pile and throw it on the scale, which is so made that the rod will sit on two pegs. The color is posted on the indicator instead of the weight, so all the operator needs to know is one color from another. I then pick up another rod, and as I take the first one off I put the next one on. While the scale is coming to a rest I paint the small end of the rod in my hand with a stripe corresponding to its weight. No time is lost. One soon gets so he can take a rod off the scale before it comes to a rest and predict where it will stop. As a matter of fact, to paint 5000 rods a day this is almost necessary.

As I am painting the small end of the rod I realize that I am not conscious of what I am doing. My accuracy sur-

prises me. I seldom make a mistake, yet I never have my mind on my work. Perhaps this is why I am able to obtain accuracy, because my subconscious is more capable of this monotony than my personality.

IV

It is soon after lunch. Someone has heard someone who heard someone else say the line was going home at two-thirty. Gradually it becomes a subject of discussion. Karl says to the bearer of the news, 'You would n't kid me, would ya? 'Cause that's a dirty trick.' 'Well, I heard a guy ask a foreman,' he said. We all know a foreman does n't usually know any more than anyone else, yet we wishfully take stock in the rumor. The spirit of some men rises. Two o'clock finally arrives and there is no word yet. Karl curses the fellow who started the rumor. We still have hope, however, because we hate to abandon any chance of such a pleasant anticipation. After two o'clock we lose spirit.

Sometimes my thoughts will not hold me down. I think about all the mean things I have done, and all the things about myself I disrespect. Or I grow angry at some person out of my past. My thoughts go on and torture me. They are thoughts which I am sure are not sane. I try to stop thinking them and find that I don't really want to. I want to think them through until they satisfy me, and hope they will not come back. They do — and the process begins all over again. I cannot think them through to any finality because my work is constantly bringing me back to consciousness. These days and hours are bad. Sometimes I can lick my anxieties and think more objective thoughts. When I have contact with outside interests I can live them through the long hours of the day. Some days I have two or three good topics for thought. Then I am at peace and will postpone each pleasant thought smugly

and with anticipation. As a beginner, I would try to think how fast each period of the day would go. This is a hard thing to get any satisfaction from. The day is just so long, and one gets to be as good a time reckoner as a clock.

I find now that I can put my mind to use. I have gained one thing from this hell. I have learned discipline. I can concentrate for an hour on one subject. But my efforts are fast losing direction. I have lost contact with anything to think about.

To-day I am thinking, as usual, depressed thoughts. I have heard these thoughts, some of them, expressed before, but now I am feeling them from dire reality. I have worked long hours this week. Each day I go to work in the dark and leave in the dark. I have not seen daylight since Sunday, and it is Saturday afternoon. I feel strangely unimportant and insignificant. The experiences of the day have exposed my mode of existence in such a way that I see my relative position here too plainly and deeply for my own comfort. I realize how unimportant is personal worth here. When I come in the gate in the morning I throw off my personality and assume a personality which expresses the institution of which I am a part. The only personality expressed here is the personality of the employer, through those authorized to represent him. There is no market for one's personal quality. Any expression of my own individual self beyond the scope of my work is in bad taste.

When a man insinuates here by any action that he is an individual, he is made to feel that he is not only out of place but doing something dishonorable. One feels that even the time he spends in the lavatory is not a privilege but an imposition. He must hurry back because there are no men to spare. After hours on one operation I realize that the only personal thing required

of me is just enough consciousness to operate my body as a machine. Any consciousness beyond that is a contribution to my discomfort and maladjustment. I am a unit of labor, and labor is cheap. There is no market or appreciation of my worth except my self-respect. I struggle to keep it. My mood is perhaps a result of a discussion over the bench with Glen. He says, 'No matter whatcha do, they gotcha licked.' It makes me depressed to see him take himself so cheaply. He is convinced of his lack of value here. I feel a sudden wave of fear that I might some day feel exactly as he does.

Some of the men are taking to horseplay. Horseplay among bench workers has less limitation than among line workers. The bosses are not intolerant of horseplay. It is a noticeable fact that they will tolerate it where they will deal severely with serious loafing. As we are working we are unexpectedly interrupted by the foreman. He steps up between Karl and me. While we stop work and look around, he starts slowly to pave the way for what is to be a bawling out. His Swedish accent draws out:—

'Now listen, fellas. I don't know whether anybody ever tolja this before or whether ya know how it looks from the outside [glides his fingers over the bench in pattern of self-justification], but I'm gonna tell ya now. Now I ain't kickin' on how much work yer gittin' out er how well yer doin' it. Yer gittin' out enough perductchin and yer work's fine; but whatcher doin' is shovin' a whole buncha rods down the bench in a hurry and then gangin' up an' talkin'. Now if any one a those big shots come down 'ere an' see one guy leanin' on the bench like this, another guy over here standin' around, some guys bunched up here, an' everything all goin' ta hell, they wonder what kinda buncha guys they got down here and a hellova man runnin' it.

Now I been takin' a lot up there lately an' I ain't been sayin' nothin'. Now I don't want to be a ———, but if I hafta I will. Those guys been comin' down here lately an' I been hearin' about it. They're kickin' an' they got a kick comin'. So ——— damn it; you fellas work with me an' ——— damn it I'll work with you, 'cause ——— well — ya see how it is, doncha? I ain't kickin' about yer work, but what I wancha ta do is — work a little slower if ya hafta and a little steadier.'

V

We start back to work in silence. It leaves a bad taste and we feel as though we really had been falling down on the job. Later we see him making the rounds, so we feel at least it was n't meant just for us. We slip into some pretty childish ruts sometimes. We are so completely dulled by our work that trivial and boyish pranks amuse us. We cuss and talk filth.

When four-thirty finally arrives we get word that we are working until six. We have all settled into sullen moods. No one has a thing to say. We are grieved at this regular policy of detaining us without consulting us. Karl is working seriously for some time and finally drops back on one foot and bel-lows: '—— damn it! I'm gettin' sick of this stuff. I guess we never will get out of here before daylight.' He grabs the nearest rod and slams it down on the bench. I am mad too, so I egg him on. We take it out on the most faithful man in the department. Later we take to hollering to build up a morale which will help us to lick the last hour. Finally we are walking out, punching our cards. Laughter is now sincere but weary. It is still dark on the outside. I am so dulled that I have gotten here without realizing it. I stop — ponder. I can't think where I parked my car: the morning was so long ago.

THE LAW AND LABOR

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

In the early stages of the recovery, the problems that faced the employer and the worker were related to employee representation in collective bargaining.

The government and the American Federation of Labor supported the theory that collective bargaining could serve the worker only if the workers were organized independently — not merely independently of the plant in which they were employed, but altogether without any association with the employer. The 'outside union,' whether organized vertically or horizontally, was, in effect, recognized as suitable by those who composed the NIRA and the Wagner Act.

On the other hand, most employers of labor and many workers resented or objected to or distrusted the highly organized, expensive, strike-funded labor unions, and offered in their stead an employee representation plan or a company union or some device for collective bargaining on a plant basis in which the worker and the employer cooperated.

It must be accepted, in retrospect, that most of the thinking and planning and organizing of that period (1933 to 1936) represented a sincere and serious desire to find a road to a harmonious settlement of differences of opinion and desire between the employer and the worker. The essence of thought and action was that labor disputes should be settled within the law; that the law

should be clearly defined; that none but legal means should be employed. This emphasis on the law reflected not only the theory of compulsion in such an act as the NIRA but also a spirit of voluntary sacrifice of position after the misfortunes of the depression.

The new labor laws substituted for the voluntarism of American trade-unionism the Fascistic principle of compulsion. Whereas, in the past, the Department of Labor had offered its conciliation services to be accepted or rejected, under the NIRA and the Wagner Act the dominant note was compulsory recognition of a government-favored labor organization. Neither the worker nor the employer would have been able to withstand this compulsion had it not been for the Schechter Decision, which voided compulsion and threw industrial relations back into voluntarism. However, the National Labor Relations Board again sought to restore compulsion, and that important question is now for the Supreme Court to decide.

This struggle between voluntarism and compulsion remained on a lofty level of peaceful difference of opinion within the law. The test of validity of government fiat was in the courts. Management, labor, and the government abided by their decision. The contest was not over the authority of Law, but over particular provisions of a particular law.

Then John Lewis stepped into the arena. He first contested the fundamental principle of trade-unionism, that dual unionism is impossible. When a large majority in the convention voted against his leadership, he organized a conflicting organization, the Committee for Industrial Organization, and challenged the authority of the A. F. of L. It is interesting to note the tone of this particular action, because we have here an unwillingness to trust to the majority, to submit to rules and regulations, to abide by the results of a vote.

Having split organized labor wide open, John Lewis proceeded to establish C. I. O. nuclei in the mass-production industries — in steel, automobiles, rubber, glass, electrical equipment, and their allied industries.

Only in electrical equipment — that is, in radio manufacturing and its various allies — did he succeed in establishing his authority prior to the General Motors strike. In the other mass-production industries he succeeded only in creating a sufficiently large support, in the general neighborhood of 20 per cent, so that he could tie up the industry even if he could not organize it. Of course he had the financial support of his own unit, the United Mine Workers, and of the three needle trade unions — all of them wealthy and effectively organized.

The first major enterprise of John Lewis in this new field was the General Motors Strike, and if that drama is to be understood in its broadest significance it is necessary to study it from the standpoint of its relationship to the law.

For whether General Motors or John Lewis won is a matter which only time can confirm, but that precedents have been set for lawless action, particularly on the part of public officials, cannot be left to time. Those lawless¹ acts

¹ The word 'lawless' is used in this article not as a reflection on any individual but in the strict meaning of 'without law.' — AUTHOR

of themselves may appear to lack significance as compared with the fact that mass bloodshed was averted; but the imprimatur of government on lawlessness must result not only in imitative lawlessness but also in new forms of lawlessness justified by the steps taken in the General Motors strike.

It is therefore upon the law and the administration of the law that this article is focused, and even at the risk of repeating what some may regard as a well-worn story it is necessary to recapitulate the principal facts of that strike and its settlement.

II

During the last quarter of 1936 a number of strikes occurred systematically in 'feeder' plants of the automobile industry — that is, in plate glass, electrical accessories, and so forth.

It must be noted at this point that mass-production industries differ from other forms of manufacturing and from the services in that in mass production the continuous flow of raw materials and partially fabricated goods must not be interrupted at any point, lest the entire productivity of the plant cease. A strike, then, in a feeder plant or in any one division of a producing unit is likely to have the effect of a complete cessation of work.

On November 18, the strikes in the feeder plants were followed by a sit-down in the Fisher Body plant in Atlanta. A similar sit-down took place on December 16 at the Fisher Body plant in Kansas City. On December 18, John Lewis announced that he would demand a national collective bargaining agreement with General Motors.

This announcement brought the Committee for Industrial Organization officially into the situation. The asserted authority of the C. I. O. could not be checked by any ordinary process of inquiry among the workers. The

Wagner Act provides for an election among the workers, conducted by the National Labor Relations Board, but no labor union resorted to this device, which is, at present, the law of the land.

The last time automobile workers had indicated their own decision with regard to collective bargaining was in 1935. In that year sixty-three nominating elections and sixty-two final elections were held under the supervision of the Automobile Labor Board,² the chairman of which was Professor Leo Wolman of Columbia University. In this election 89 per cent of the automobile employees actually at work voted.

The election showed that 68.6 per cent preferred no affiliation; 8.6 per cent designated the American Federation of Labor as the collective bargaining agency. The C. I. O. was then not in existence.

The C. I. O. claims to be the successor to the American Federation of Labor in the automobile industry. But the A. F. of L. unions in the automobile industry contend that this is not a just claim. The C. I. O. has never stated the number of members in its Union of Automobile Workers.

It can only be assumed that the 8.6 per cent of the workers which the A. F. of L. could once prove that it had has been increased because of the intensive activity of the C. I. O. But increased how much? Who knows?

General Motors, then, had to form decisions either on the basis of its own assumptions as to the wishes of its workers, founded on the Wolman elections, or on the basis of John Lewis's contentions as to the wishes of the workers.

Charles P. Howard, secretary of the C. I. O. and president of the Typographical Union, a man of probity and

² The Automobile Labor Board automatically disappeared when the Supreme Court declared the NIRA unconstitutional in the Schechter case. — AUTHOR

character, in a debate with me in the Town Hall in New York said: —

There is hardly an employee of the General Motors plant who cannot be coerced by foremen, by supervisors, or by some agent in the employ of General Motors Corporation. We could enroll 80 per cent of the employees of the General Motors Company. If announced that a vote will be taken in a week or ten days that 80 per cent can be reduced to less than 20 per cent through coercion.

That figure of 20 per cent is in line with a general assumption that the C. I. O. would get about 15 per cent in such an election. It is Mr. Howard's fears and these general assumptions which undoubtedly account for the suspension of the Wagner Act — the law governing this particular problem.

General Motors assumed on this basis that the C. I. O. represented a minority of the workers and that, although that minority enjoyed rights, it did not enjoy the right to speak for all the workers. This attitude was reflected in a statement to General Motors Employees, signed by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president, and issued on January 5. Mr. Sloan said: —

1. General Motors will not recognize any union as the sole bargaining agency for its workers, to the exclusion of all others. General Motors will continue to recognize, for the purpose of collective bargaining, the representatives of its workers, whether union or non-union.

2. Work in General Motors plants will continue to depend on the ability and efficiency of the worker — not on the membership or non-membership in any labor organization whatsoever. This means that you do not have to pay tribute to anyone for the right to work.

III

Immediately after the Christmas holidays, strikes developed in many General Motors plants, with an intensification of the sit-down in Flint, Michigan.

The principle of the sit-down is not new. It is a development of sabotage which used to be advocated by the syndicalists, anarchists, I. W. W., and which has been practised in many countries. Chinese workers have for ages struck by folding their arms on the job; Chinese merchants effect great political changes by putting up the shutters of their shops. The recent election of Premier Blum of France was accompanied by a series of sit-down strikes in French factories.

The novelty of the current form of sabotage is that a small group of workers actually seizes the property of the employer. In the Goodyear, Goodrich, Bendix plants, and in many other enterprises, this form of sabotage has been practised.

The seizure of the property of the employer does not require the participation of a large number of workers. Consider the recent sit-down of seventeen men in the mixing room of the Goodrich plant in Akron. These seventeen men threw 10,000 out of work. Their action was not approved by their fellow workers. It was not approved by the labor union. It was not even approved by all the workers in the mixing room. Yet seventeen men were able to close down a plant for several days.

Mass-production industries cannot defend themselves easily against this device except through the enforcement of the law protecting property rights. As it is impossible for a mass-production industry to operate a part of a line unless there is a continuous flow of raw or semi-fabricated goods, the employer is at the mercy of a sit-down group; and when that is a fractional minority the worker is also at its mercy. If the law does not function, there is no way of ending a sit-down except by compromise or the forcible expulsion of the sit-downers on some legal basis.

Under the law, the normal remedy in such a procedure is for the owner of the property to appear in a court of law to seek relief in accordance with the law. These measures General Motors proceeded to use on two occasions. The first injunction apparently fouled because it was found that the judge who issued it was a General Motors stockholder. But on the second occasion a restraining order was issued by the court in language and under circumstances which permit of no misunderstanding. Judge Paul V. Gadola in this injunction said in opening:—

This proceeding involves a simple legal question that would be of relatively little importance except to the litigants involved, other than that it is of great public interest because of the relationship existing between the parties litigant at the present time and as they affect the general public and welfare of all of our people. The question involved is solely as to the right of the defendants to occupy the premises involved in this litigation described in the amended bill of complaint of the plaintiff.

And the Judge closed with the following order:—

It therefore follows that the relief asked for by plaintiffs in this action must be granted. The injunction shall be issued out of this court commanding the defendants that have appeared, and all defendants, and all persons operating through, under or by virtue of any contact with these defendants, to evacuate the premises in question, and further that they shall be restrained from picketing the plants of the plaintiff.

This order further provides that the Sheriff of this county shall read the order of this court in the premises described to the parties therein, and that shall be sufficient notice of the order of the court to all parties involved. And further providing that the evacuation shall be done within twenty-four hours from this time.

The decision was later read to the strikers by the Sheriff. This order was disobeyed. It has, in effect, been suspended. According to the best infor-

mation available, it was suspended by order of the Governor of the State of Michigan. A further court order involving the arrest of certain persons has also been suspended. The suspension of a court order by the executive is an unusual procedure, setting a precedent which may be applied to matters unrelated to labor problems. The Governor's excuse is significant. He sought to avoid bloodshed. He believed that the operation of the law would lead to a riot and a massacre.

Accepting the Governor's attitude as representing a decent regard for human life, we still face the question of due process of the law, the rights to possession of private property, the enforcement of law and order, the control of mob violence by the exercise of police power. These the Governor's policy and practice utterly disregard.

For instance, Governor Hoffman of New Jersey has already declared that he would forbid sit-downs in his state, even if force had to be used. In effect, his statement is an order to the C. I. O. to stay out of New Jersey. Although this may give comfort to employers, it is part of the same process that was evident in Michigan — namely, that of an executive official acting outside of the due process of the law.

IV

The final settlement of the General Motors strike was divided into two chapters. One was an agreement between General Motors and the United Automobile Workers; the other was a letter from Mr. Knudsen of General Motors to Governor Murphy of Michigan.

The first part, the agreement, involves certain legal questions of interest. In the first place the company's property is evacuated, not in accordance with the law, but by agreement. Secondly, although the C. I. O. is not

recognized as the representative of all workers, it is recognized as the spokesman for its own members. No procedure is designated to determine what constitutes a member of a union, and, as anyone with experience in industrial relations knows, this will be a sore point later on.

Legal proceedings, according to the agreement, are to be discontinued after evacuation of the plants. But the legal proceedings in this case had reached a place where they should have been beyond the jurisdiction of either the company or the union. It is no longer important that General Motors was flouted; it is tremendously important that the court and the order of the court have been held in contempt. From the standpoint of the public interest, all that matters in the General Motors strike is that the law has been flouted and suspended and that the contempt has been formally continued in an agreement between the parties at action with the approval of the Governor of the state, who was the third party to the negotiation.

But the second chapter of the settlement goes even further. Here is a curious letter which forms no part of the agreement between the company and the union, but which is an agreement between the company and the Governor. The reason for the letter has not been disclosed. It altered several of the more important shades of agreement of the original bargain. But what interests me most at the moment is that this letter represents a further renunciation of lawful processes and the substitution of the fiat of an individual for the law.

In the first place the Wagner Act, which remains law until it is repealed or declared unconstitutional, provides against intimidation of and discrimination against workers in matters affecting labor-union affiliations. That is the law. Why is it necessary for the com-

pany to agree to refrain from doing what the law forbids it to do? What validity has such a declaration in the face of expressed law on the subject?

Then the company makes the following agreement in its letter to Governor Murphy: —

As evidence of our intention to do all we can to hasten the resumption of work in our plants, and to promote peace, we hereby agree with you that within a period of six months from the date of resumption of work, we will not bargain with or enter into agreements with any other union or representatives of employes of plants on strike in respect to matters of general Corporation policy without first submitting to you the facts of the situation and gaining from you the sanction for any such contemplated procedure as being justified by law, equity, or justice toward the group of employes so represented.

This is utter lawlessness. In the first place, by no stretch of practicality is General Motors empowered to substitute Governor Murphy for the National Labor Relations Board, which in effect this paragraph does. In the second place, Governor Murphy cannot possibly accept such authority, which makes *him* and not an *election among the workers* the measure of the will of the majority of the workers in the General Motors plant. No Federal, no state law authorizes the Governor of Michigan to assume such a responsibility.

It is important to note that the original agreement between the company and the union does not mention the appointment of a referee or a mediation board or a joint board of control. The original agreement does not appoint Governor Murphy to any position of this nature. It is only the company that agrees that he shall act in this capacity. No similar acceptance of Governor Murphy in such capacity by the union has been made public. Exactly what is the nature of his authority, then, and under what law is he to act?

Suppose the Metal Workers Union of the A. F. of L. or the Brotherhood of Electricians or any other craft union wants to negotiate with General Motors during this six months' period and Governor Murphy objects to it, what is General Motors' position or the position of the workers concerned? Under the original agreement, they are protected. How are they protected under the terms of this letter?

But more serious than all of this is the suspension of the Wagner Act and the National Labor Relations Board by this unilateral letter from General Motors to the Governor.

Personally, I dislike the Wagner Act. But I recognize it as law until it ceases to be law. Governor Murphy, John Lewis, Alfred Sloan, and William Knudsen are not empowered to suspend this act. Its operations can only be enjoined by order of a properly constituted court, and the act itself can only be nullified by the Supreme Court.

But here is an instance in which the act is avoided by an agreement among the parties, and in its place an extra-legal machinery is created to function in the very fields which the law reserves for the National Labor Relations Board. Furthermore, instead of the application of the method of election among the workers to determine majority will, the Governor is empowered by agreement to decide whether the company need treat with the majority at all. In fact General Motors agrees, for a six months' period, not to attempt to discover where the majority stands in the plants under consideration, but to accept, instead, the Governor's judgment in the matter. And his judgment is personal and not official, because no law authorizes him to act officially.

v

It is obvious that here is an utterly lawless situation. The law of the land,

the Wagner Act, is suspended. An injunction is suspended. A court writ is suspended. Property is held by trespassers with the connivance of government. An admittedly minority labor group can throw 125,000 men out of work, while refusing to permit the workers themselves to decide who is to represent them. Unions within the American Federation of Labor are refused the right to representation. A public body of workers in Flint is denied a voice.

No law of the land, no law of the State of Michigan, is permitted to function. Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property, wages, and income are imperiled. The remedy of the law is avoided, and the reason, the judgment, of one individual is substituted.

This even raises the question as to whether there is any law in labor disputes. It has been suggested that a Labor Court be created to provide a lawful but compulsory medium for the settlement of labor disputes. Such a court would have to be empowered to compel attendance and to compel the enforcement of its decisions. Organized labor dislikes this form of compulsion, and the employers would fear it because of its possible political complexion.

The weakness of the National Labor Relations Board lies in its partisan character and in its unwillingness to render a decision in cases involving conflicts in jurisdiction between A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unions. Were it not for this weakness, this Board might have developed juridical characteristics which would have supported the conception of a Labor Court.

Furthermore, the agitation over the revision of the United States Supreme Court, whatever its outcome, and the flouting of the courts in the General Motors Strike, leave the authority of the courts in a questionable position.

A new court, such as the Labor Court, would have to create its own prestige at a moment when the country is divided in its opinion concerning the Courts and the Law.

VI

A labor law is needed, one that fits American conditions, that does not force the worker to sacrifice the weapon of the strike, but at the same time protects the employer from being compelled to accept one, and only one, labor union as representing all of his workers, with or without the consent of the workers.

The British Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act of 1927, adapted to American conditions, affords the basis for such a law.

Before discussing this measure it needs to be pointed out that numerous laws exist which limit the functions of the employer and which place upon him onerous responsibilities. Child-labor laws, workmen's compensation acts, safety acts, building regulations, the SEC, the income-tax law and the documents that must be filled out by individuals and corporations in connection therewith, the Wagner Act, the Walsh-Healy Act — a host of laws and regulations have been passed by both Federal and state governments to fix employer responsibility. Not a single law exists to fix labor-union responsibility.

This inequality of legislation makes for disorders in industrial relations. The trade unions have no legal responsibilities as organizations. They are above the law. I recall that a New York judge recently said that they are outside the law. It is inherently wrong in a democracy that any group of citizens should be above the law or outside the law or without any law. Democracy must stand on the foundation of equality before the law, as difficult as that always is to achieve.

The British have achieved that equality, placing upon trade unions fixed responsibilities, and the effect has been that the relations between employer and employee have improved, the status of the trade union has improved, and an increasingly large number of employers find it advantageous to recognize these responsible trade unions as representatives of the workers.

It should be recalled that by an act of Parliament, in 1906, registered trade unions in England were relieved of liability for acts of their agents done in furtherance of labor disputes. No court passed upon the conduct of labor unions from the passage of the Act of 1906 to the general strike in 1926. This strike involved 2,730,000 men, who lost about 167,000,000 man-days of work. The 1926 general strike was broken by an uprising of all classes of the English people and resulted in the Act of 1927.

This act is summarized as follows: —

1. A strike or lockout is illegal (and it is illegal to commence or support one) if

- (a) the object is other than in furtherance of a trade dispute in the industry in which the strikers or employers locking-out are engaged;
- (b) designed to coerce the Government directly or by inflicting hardship on the community.

(In other words, general or 'sympathetic' strikes are prohibited and penalties are provided for violation.)

2. Persons refusing to participate in an illegal strike or lockout shall not be denied the rights or advantages usually accruing to them in trade unions or societies by reason of such refusal.

3. This section declares picketing is illegal if done in such numbers or in such manner that it is likely to intimidate workers or to cause any disturbance. Penalties for violation are provided.

4. It is illegal to require any member of a trade union to make any contribution to a political fund of a trade union unless he has formally notified the union of his willingness to do so.

A separate accounting of political contributions and funds must be kept by the union and reported to the government.

5. With certain minor exceptions, civil servants (i.e., employees of the Crown) are prohibited from being members of any organization whose primary object is to influence wages or working conditions unless the organization is composed solely of Crown employees and has no affiliations with prohibited organizations.

6. It is illegal for any public authority (local or other) to make membership or lack of membership in a trade union a condition of employment or a basis for discrimination between employees.

Public authority, national or local, is prohibited from entering into any contract requiring that any person employed by any party to the contract shall or shall not be a member of the trade union. If such a condition is imposed, such condition may void the contract.

Penalties are provided for persons who break a service contract with a public authority with reason to believe that it will cause injury to the community.

7. The Attorney-General, as well as any person having sufficient interest in the relief sought, may obtain an injunction restraining the application of trade-union funds in support of an illegal strike.

I should like particularly to quote the Act with regard to contributions for political purposes: —

All contributions to the political fund of a trade union from members of the trade union who are liable to contribute to that fund shall be levied and made separately from any contributions to the other funds of the trade union and no assets of the trade union, other than the amount raised by such a separate levy as aforesaid, shall be carried to that fund, and no assets of a trade union other than those forming part of the political fund shall be directly or indirectly applied or charged in furtherance of any political object to which section three of the Trade Union Act, 1913, applies; and any charge in contravention of this subsection shall be void.

In a word, the Act calls for what in the United States would be the incor-

poration of labor unions; for the publication of financial accounts broken down as corporation returns must be broken down for income-tax and SEC purposes; for a definition and limitation of picketing, so that the rights of the individual in private property would be amply protected and the rights of the public fully protected. Under this act the sit-down would be altogether unlawful. Under this act the half-million-dollar campaign contribution of the United Mine Workers to Mr. Roosevelt's reelection would be difficult.

The British found a basis for national harmonious coöperation in the solution of national problems. At a time when, in a score of European and Asiatic countries, the people were forced to go through fundamental economic and political revolutions in the course of which they were deprived of their liberties, British Democracy stood firm. Yet in 1926, before this act was passed, Great Britain was actually at the beginning of a revolution. The rôle of the Labor Disputes Act in England has never been underestimated in that country. If it is not adequately understood in America — that is our misfortune.

VII

It is simpler to handle the abuse of power on the part of labor unions in England than in the United States. In the first place, an Act of Parliament is a writ of the realm, and is not subject either to judicial interpretation or to constitutional limitations governing States' rights.

Of course, in Great Britain a process tantamount to the recall is employed, which places restraints upon the government similar to those which arise with us out of Supreme Court decisions. This is the 'vote of no confidence' which forces a government to resign and which forces a general election out

of turn. It is this final independence of Parliament which in England protects the individual from the expansion of administrative despotism. In the United States, such protection of the individual exists only in the Supreme Court, and that complicates our legal problem considerably.

In the United States, it is very doubtful whether the Federal Government is empowered to enact such legislation under the Constitution — or whether it is desirable that Congress should have such power. This is a moot question, with regard to which many sound arguments have been adduced on either side. Nevertheless it is clear from the General Motors strike that, whether it is Federal or state law, there must be law to protect the general community, the individual worker, the less aggressive labor unions, and the employers from the disastrous consequences of labor disputes.

In view of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Schechter case, it would appear that an act similar to the British law is the province of the state rather than of the Federal Government. This is unfortunate from many standpoints.

In the first place, all labor legislation should be national rather than local on general principles, to protect both the employer and the worker from the evil effects of regional legislation. For instance, the New England textile industry was harmed beyond repair by competition with mills in the Southern states where low standards of living and wages prevail. It is absurd and untrue to suggest that there is no child labor in Southern mills, and yet child labor (which is primarily a problem in wages rather than in human relations) has been driven from the New England mills.

Furthermore, varieties of state legislation lead to migrations of industries from one part of the country to another,

causing disasters to communities, leading to obsolescence of building and plant, and producing no particular benefits.

I do not recommend that such migrations be prohibited by law, because that would be a cure worse than the disease, but I am convinced that the fundamental labor law of the country should be national in scope. And if it is unconstitutional for Congress to pass such a measure, then a Constitutional Amendment should be passed giving that right to Congress.

And responsible employers would be inept were they to oppose such a shift of authority from the states to the Federal Government, for it is necessary to clarify labor relations in the United States if we are not to become subject either to a labor dictatorship or to the ravages of chiseling employers. It is wishful thinking to believe that time will heal the present confusion. Nothing will heal it but a clarification of rights and responsibilities.

England and the United States are similar in that both countries are democracies and that the principle of compulsion has never been accepted by any preponderant element in either country. In Russia, Germany, and Italy, — that is, in the Fascist countries, — the principle of compulsion is accepted. In Great Britain and the United States, the principle of voluntarism is binding — that is, a man may join or may not join an organization and the law must protect him in his choice. This is fundamental in a democracy. This principle defines the basic social distinction between a democratic and a Fascist state.

John Lewis seeks to introduce the principle of compulsion in American industrial relations. His insistence upon sole representation without an election, upon the closed shop and the checkoff, and his use of the sit-down strike prove conclusively that he favors

the employment of every weapon, including political arms of the government and intimidated employers, as agencies of coercion and compulsion.

At present, what remedy is available to the employer and to the general public against such a force? Obviously, the remedy must be found in the law if this is to be a law-abiding country.

Lawyers may argue that a remedy exists in the laws governing liability for wrongful damages. But responsibility for damages may be avoided by the costliness and difficulty of proving that damages were wrongfully committed. This becomes particularly true when an unincorporated group commits a damage and it becomes necessary to sue each individual of that group. In the case of the *United Mine Workers of America v. Coronado Coal Company*, Chief Justice Taft said that an unincorporated group was a partnership and that liability 'had to be enforced against each member.' Suppose General Motors had to sue a union of 20,000 members — and sue each individual! And in extending the Sherman Antitrust Law to provide a remedy, Justice Taft called attention to the difficulties of suing 400,000 members of a union.

Now the Wagner Act recognizes the union as a body for the purposes of collective bargaining, but there is no act which places upon the union any responsibility or liability for its conduct. Under this act the employer can be held responsible for his conduct, but there is no reciprocal responsibility on the part of the union. An employer is liable under this law for the dismissal of a single workman, but the union is in no way made liable for wrecking an entire business.

The Sherman Antitrust Act opens a way to a remedy if there is a conspiracy in restraint of trade. In the Danbury Hatters Case, the employers won and there was a recovery, but it was a diffi-

cult and expensive remedy and one that is available only to large employers of labor. In the Coronado Coal decision, it was, however, held that a union could be sued under the Sherman Antitrust Law, and sued as a single entity — that is, as an association. This decision, although leading in the direction of liability, is not satisfactory. The courts have since held that, in order to be sued as an entity, every one of the members of the union must live in a state other than that of the plaintiff, or a Federal statute must be invoked. What is needed, then, is a clarifying law defining such liability.

Under the Wagner Act, a union may represent workers for the purposes of collective bargaining, but does that mean that the union may conduct a sit-down strike and seize the property of the employer? In New York State, peaceful picketing is permitted, but what are the limits to peaceful picketing? Is a mass demonstration peaceful picketing?

A system of mass picketing is now in vogue which virtually makes access to the premises impossible. A large number of pickets stand close to each other, each with a hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him, the whole line moving by half a pace. As long as the line moves, such picketing is legal, but access to the picketed property is blocked nevertheless.

There is no provision under any law governing the collection of funds by a labor union. The United Mine Workers can develop a fund of \$3,000,000 or \$30,000,000 to conduct strikes — or, for that matter, any amount. These funds are held secretly. They are subject to no public scrutiny. Their expenditure is secret. They might be used to win a presidential election.

They might be used to send men to Congress. They might be used in any manner whatsoever. No one need ever account for the expenditure of these funds. No other group of men in the country are in this protected position.

The question naturally arises why any association of men should be in this extraordinary position. This question looms exceedingly large in the face of the evidences of racketeering now being brought to light in the Dewey investigations in New York.

VIII

There can be only one remedy for this, and in my opinion that remedy must be in Federal law, even if an amendment to the Constitution is necessary to effect it. That remedy is:—

1. Let every labor organization be required, like a corporation, to receive a state charter setting forth its rights, obligations, and responsibilities.
2. Let every labor organization be required to file annually with a public authority a statement of accounts, so broken down that the members of the union as well as the public may know how these funds are spent.
3. No labor union should be permitted to expend funds for political purposes without the personally confirmed consent of the membership, and all such expenditures should be made public.
4. The checkoff should be forbidden by law, and both employers and labor leaders should be made liable for its practice.
5. The workers' representatives should be elected annually, with the right of recall, at a secret, democratic election held for each plant, on the basis of proportional representation. Strict regulations concerning these elections should be incorporated in the labor law. The rights of majorities, minorities, and individual workers should be made clear and should be fully protected.

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

BY DELLA T. LUTES

I

THE Larrabees lived two miles or so from where we did, but on another road. They had a big farm, much of it in wheat, oats, and corn, for farmers in those days grew the grain for their own stock and a considerable amount for their own eating as well. They had a large house which sat well back from the road, with two rows of rounded maples marching up to it and shading the drive. These Mr. Larrabee's father had set out when he took the land from the government at a dollar and a quarter an acre. There were also huge barns, wagon sheds, tool houses, corncribs, and an orchard across the road. Beyond the orchard was a little lake where the boys swam and fished. The garden was behind the house.

There were eight children in the Larrabee family — the two oldest, Caroline and Phillip, married and living on their own farms not far away. The rest of the children were laddered two years apart as regularly as if arranged according to chronological scale. They were all older than I except Janey, the youngest, who was of my own age, and as they went to a different school from the one I attended there was but little intimacy between us until I was about ten. Mrs. Larrabee had, however, frequently invited my mother (and me) to the Ladies' Aid meetings and the Sewing Circle, and we went to the same church. Mr. Larrabee bought

plants of my father in the spring, and occasionally hired him to do a little carpenter work, this having been Father's trade in younger years.

Sometimes Janey or one of the other children came to our house with their father, or I accompanied mine to the Larrabee place, but the year that Janey and I were both ten saw what had been a neighborhood acquaintance grow into a real friendship.

One Saturday afternoon in early winter my father went over to help Mr. Larrabee repair his sheep shed, and I went along. Janey and I had a great time playing in the haymow and watching the hired man run a grist of buckwheat through the fanning mill — such a good time that when dusk came on and my father called that it was time to go home I hated to go, and Janey set up a howl for me to stay all night. Now I had never stayed away from home in my life except once at my Cousin Adelaide's, and I was not only skeptical of being allowed, but a little reluctant. To be thrust suddenly into the midst of this big roistering family for *all night* was a prospect somewhat overwhelming to a shy only child.

Mrs. Larrabee, who came to the door, added her plea to Janey's, and further stipulated that my father and mother should come after me Sunday evening, after the chores were done.

To this my father instantly and vig-

rously demurred. He said he could n't come out after dark because he would n't want to leave the fires burning. Mrs. Larrabee thought the fires could be safely banked. He said my mother would think that was too late for me — she'd probably scold anyway because he had left me, and, come to think of it, I had better go along home with him.

At this I broke into violent despair and begged to stay, supported by Janey's tears. Well, then, I might stay, but he would come after me right after dinner, maybe before. At this moment Mrs. Larrabee, apparently overcome with belated hospitality, remembered that she had a fresh gingerbread just out of the oven. Would he come in for a moment so that she could send some of it to my mother?

He could hardly refuse such a request — and perhaps he did not want to, warm gingerbread being a weakness with him.

We went in. Mrs. Larrabee's kitchen was a beautiful room with a shelf of flowers in the middle of a sunny window, and it was so full of the spicy aroma of molasses and ginger as to invoke a spontaneous flow of eager juices.

There, on an oilcloth-covered table, was the gingerbread — *two* gingerbreads, one of which Mrs. Larrabee proceeded to wrap in an immaculate towel while my father and I stood near the door waiting. Tildy, the hired girl, was taking a pan of cookies from the oven.

'I know this gingerbread won't be as good as Mis' Thompson makes,' Mrs. Larrabee said apologetically, putting a second towel around it. 'I've had some of hers and it can't be beat; but anyway this is fresh. I made it myself — Tildy's bakin' pies and cookies. Tildy, you get a plate and put some of those cookies on it. And get a pitcher of cider. Mr. Thompson, you

set up here and have a cooky and some cider.'

My father mumbled a feeble objection, but Mrs. Larrabee had him in a chair — with me in another — before his hesitancy could take lingual form.

'This is new cider,' said Mrs. Larrabee, busily filling glasses. 'We just got it home this week.' She set cookies before us, and then, as a climax, brought a huge wedge of fresh mince pie and a generous chunk of yellow cheese and put these before my father.

'I'm not giving Delly any,' she explained kindly, 'because I don't want to spoil her supper.'

'No danger spoiling *my* supper, I s'pose,' chuckled my father, neatly fitting a slice of cheese to a piece of the pie with his knife. 'Not with mince pie, anyhow.'

Mr. Larrabee came in and they exchanged salty quips in country fashion — a waggy which I was in no humor to appreciate, for as yet no decision had been reached as to my immediate future. My father's weakness where good food was concerned, however, seemed to have traveled beyond the confines of the family circle; and when, his palate flattered, his heart warmed with neighborliness, he rose to go, Mrs. Larrabee held me within a possessive arm and said, 'Now you and Mis' Thompson come over after Delly tomorrow night, won't you? The family will all be home and we're going to have a reg'lar Sunday night supper. We want you both to come.'

Under the circumstances, with a still-warm gingerbread in his hands and his stomach milling the grist of hospitality, what could the poor man do?

II

To an only child brought up with grown relatives, — mostly nieces, nephews, and cousins in varying degree, of my father's, — the Larrabee house-

hold, with its good wholesome noise and constantly flowing activity, was a never-ending source of delight.

For one thing, they were all what was called 'musical.' Elizabeth, twenty and through with school, 'took voice' and went twice a week to Spring Arbor Academy for lessons; Charlie, sharing the farm work with his father, played the fiddle — by ear; and young Henry could wangle a tune out of a mouth organ that would set even the preacher's solemn foot to beating time.

And sing! Why, they all — including the father, the mother, and even the hired man — sang as naturally and almost as tunefully as the song sparrows that nested, summers, in the trees across the road. Even Tildy lifted up a rhythmic if resonant voice when the family joined in melodious praise to the Lord after morning prayers on the Sabbath. Hester, eighteen, had a really lovely voice, and little Janey caroled like a thrush. So the humming activity that constantly emanated from the Larrabee farmhouse had the same pleasant euphony as a hive of bees or a cote of birds.

My father was not of a gregarious nature, nor inclined to leave his own fireside for any social occasion whatever, much less one that took him out at night with encroachment upon his early bedtime hour. This time, however, he had been outgeneraled, and so on Sunday night he appeared at the Larrabee door properly appareled in an old long-tailed coat with satin revers, and fine cloth-topped calfskin boots, his short, stubby beard and fringe of white hair glistening like the snow he brought in on the old coonskin cap which protected his bald head.

My mother — younger than he by twenty years and more social by nature — met her hostess with a gleam of anticipatory excitement in her eyes, and a smile. I ran to her surging with delight and a new sense of appreciation.

How *pretty* she was! How black her hair! And how glad I was to see her! If she had asked me then and there to get my wraps and go home I would have gladly gone. And yet I had never before even been conscious of her appearance, and I know now that she was quite plain of face.

But she did not ask me to go home. She smiled at me, she patted my arm. My father gave me a comradely glance, and they were off to lay aside their things in a spare bedroom. I, being one of the younger fry, returned to the position of spectator at what to me was a gorgeous pageant of color, sound, and odor.

Largely, it seems to me now, this all had to do with food. There was, of course, the fanfare of noise — voices, young voices, children's voices, tender voices, shouting voices, frivolous, gay, commanding, fooling; the voices of serene, contented, assured people having a good time; voices that would never become ribald, because ribaldry was unknown; voices that would not thicken or blur as the evening progressed, because the beverages that were provided neither stimulated nor benumbed the tongue; voices of sane, happy people who would not wake to remorse on the morrow, nor become calloused beyond the reach of regret. Simple, uncultivated people, as culture is deemed to-day, but with a code of decency, not to say morality, and a few ideals of chastity and the sanctity of marriage and the home to which, in the main, they religiously conformed. If deluded, they enjoyed their delusions, which is more than can be said of those whose so-called modern nude realism offers neither enjoyment nor content.

III

We did not stay long that first Sunday night at the Larrabees', although even so my father's restless feet were

held longer than either my mother or I had hoped. Nothing, however, — neither the comparative strangeness of his surroundings nor his avowed reluctance at being there, — could keep him from the kitchen. A kitchen, and the odors that emanated from it, were to my father's nose what the earth was to the Newton apple.

Ostensibly he came looking for his small daughter, who was, with Janey, happily engaged in picking meats from a pan of butternuts. At sight, however, of the number of youngsters milling about the kitchen and into the dining room beyond, hands laden with platters of cold ham, pans of beans, plates of biscuits, he would have attempted retreat, but they were upon him.

'Come on, Mr. Thompson,' Elizabeth Larrabee called, 'I want someone to open this bottle of pickles. None of these boys are strong enough.'

To my dismay and amazement she was thrusting the jar into his unwilling hands, laughing, pushing him farther into the room while others paused to laugh. My father! Shy, and ever fearful of his dignity because of that shyness! Father, who hated all that he called capering and cutting up, surrounded and playfully badgered by this gay hilarious crowd! It served him right for poking his inquisitive nose into the kitchen, but I could not bear it. It made me think of a woodchuck I once saw cornered by some boys and a dog.

Springing to my feet, — and so scattering the nuts in a dozen ways, — I ran to him, grabbed him about the knees, and sobbed, 'Oh, Pa! Pa!'

Unintentioned as this panicky release was, it gave him reason for escape. He thrust the jar of pickles into the hands of some astonished bystander, took me by the shoulders, and shook me.

'Stop it!' he ordered. 'What's the matter with you? Ain't you ashamed

of yourself? Come along!' Ingloriously he dragged me, not back through the crowded rooms, but out the kitchen door and through a woodshed.

'Don't believe I blanketed the horse,' he announced with utter irrelevance to the occasion. 'Better see to it.' My hand warmly held in his, big and hard and full of assurance, I trotted beside his striding legs to the shed, where the horse was found, properly protected and sociably greeting us with velvety nicker.

By the light of a flooding moon he hitched the blanket here, hiked it a little there — and then we went back to the house, entering unperceived, or at least unnoticed, by the front door, and so into the parlor, where instantly my mother's eye, piercingly suspicious but unquestioning, fell upon us.

In a few minutes the call to supper came, and, closely shepherding each other, we took our way to the long dining room.

Not every Sunday night, of course, in the Larrabee home, — as a later and more intimate acquaintance proved, — saw the long table stretched to its utmost, or its cloth laden with a plethora of food. On days when special company or a family gathering had occasioned a heavier and later dinner than usual, the evening's refreshments consisted merely of apples, cider, and doughnuts, popcorn or a taffy pull; or, on a very cold night, of hot soup and crackers, with cake and coffee to top off with. But, often enough to become a legend in the memories of those who have only memory upon which to make like feast, the Sunday night supper in that hospitable home was a memorable affair.

In the first place, there was the table. Since there would be no knowing just how many would eventually draw around it, no attempt was made to *set* it properly, but it took time to prepare — and it took a lot of hands. No one

sat off in the parlor waiting to be called to supper except Father and Mother Larrabee and their own guests. This Sunday night supper was the young people's affair.

Laying the cloth, which would measure considerably over three yards, took two to four pairs of hands to manage. The centre decoration called for deliberation. When flowers were scarce, a handsome cake often had the place of honor — a cake made specially for the purpose by one of the girls on Saturday; perhaps a round layer cake, oozing rich dark chocolate, with a smooth glazed coat of the same; a moist and velvety bed of cake resting on a high-posted dish of glass with a slightly rolled edge to keep the cake in place.

The matter of ornamentation settled, a pile of plates or two were placed on the table with silver beside them. Huge pitchers of milk — or, in season, sweet cider — and a pot of tea or chocolate went at one end, with sometimes, on a cold winter's night, a huge tureen of oyster soup at the other, and a dish of cold slaw at the side.

There would be, perhaps, a large pan of baked beans, lightly browned and with a slight exposure of the piece of scored salt pork that lent savory flavor to the dish. Beans for Sunday night, even if there had been beans for supper the Saturday night before. Michigan people did not easily tire of beans. They formed a sort of stabilizing background to the diet, as the oak groves did to the scenery.

There would be cold meat, — cold sliced ham smokily reminiscent of hickory stick and corncob; or headcheese smelling pungently of sage and spice; or a roast loin of fresh pork, the white slices rivaling in appearance and flavor the breast of turkey, — the kind of meat depending upon the season and the relative importance of the occasion. There would be plates of bread: bread

baked in the huge oven of the old iron stove that had held more good food in its time than all the proud white beauties of to-day will ever boast; bread baked on Saturday and kept moist in a crock, its color suggestive of the creamy ears of wheat of which it was made, not too finely milled; bread made with 'east, and salt-risin' bread. And butter: butter in pound pats — one at each end of the table, stamped with a sheaf of wheat and placed in a silver dish with its accompanying knife properly slotted at the side.

There would be pickles — peach and pear pickles, glazed with the rich red juice which had preserved them, and bristling with cloves; watermelon pickle, ripe cucumber pickle, crab-apples or currants spiced. Not all of these at once, naturally, but varying throughout the year.

Sometimes there were salads — the girls were learning newfangled ideas in town; salads of apple chopped with celery; potato salad in a dressing made rich with cream; chicken or salmon salad.

There were cookies, and always there were cakes — not only the one cake in the centre of the table, but other cakes as well. Devil's Food, and Angel's Food, pound cake for Father Larrabee, Lady Baltimore cake for Mother Larrabee, whipped-cream cake for Henry — and so on, week after week, until it seemed as if variety were never staled.

And no one person in the family felt the burden of preparation, not only because of the pleasure it brought both in anticipation and in realization, but because it was shared. Mother Larrabee allowed no one to attempt competition with her in the making of 'riz' biscuits. She made a batch three times a week and counted an hour over the stove as only one of the cheerful contributions of her time to the pleasure of her family. Tildy cooked the

beans and defied the whole county to equal the results, although my own personal opinion was that my mother's beans were, as my father would have said, just a *lee-tle* mite tastier — owing, I think, to the fact that, in addition to the pork with which they were cooked, she always gave them a generous touch of butter.

IV

We were frequently invited to be present at Sunday night supper after this. In fact, the Larrabees and my own people became quite intimate friends. But *obdurately* my father held to his refusal to go capering over there at a time when folks ought to be going to bed. Think he's going to chase off two miles just to *eat*? What think he is? A *pig*? And as for staying around till all hours the night to hear a lot of yawping around the organ — no, sir! He's going to stay home and go to bed — providing, of course, he can get anything to eat at home.

And so, much as I yearned to be one of that gay, noisy throng, and much as I knew my mother would also have enjoyed a little of the festivity, we stayed at home and went to bed.

Until one Sunday night just after Christmas. Mrs. Larrabee and Elizabeth drove over during the week to invite us. There was a whole huge roasted turkey, they said, and it would take the entire neighborhood to eat it up. My father was noncommittal as they left, but after they were gone he gave his ultimatum. No, sir! He was not going! He was n't going to have no ten-year-old daughter of *his* gaddin' off into that crowd Sunday nights. What, he'd like to know, was my mother thinking of? First thing *he* knew she'd be traipsin' her off to a *dance*!

'So,' said my mother, blandly, going about her work, 'you think you won't go.'

'I *know* I won't go,' he stormed. 'No "think" about it. Biggest tarnation-fool thing I ever heard of!'

'Well,' interrupted Mother calmly, 'I'm going. You can stay home and take care of Delly if you don't want her to go.'

'Huh!' he said, smugly incredulous, and went out to milk.

Panicky, I crept to my mother's lap. 'Oh, Mother,' I wept, 'I don't *want* to stay home with Pa.'

'Don't you worry,' blithely admonished my mother, 'till the time comes.'

I had not much faith in her confidence, although I had seen my father weaken once before in the matter of a church supper, and even follow us upon another occasion to a Sunday School picnic under cover of a ruse too patent to fool a goose. But that he would ever change his mind, once asserted, about going out in the *evening* was too much to hope for.

The week wore on and Saturday came. My mother made her usual batches of bread, friedcakes, cookies, and the pan of beans for Saturday's supper.

My father, going about his own work, paid little attention to the usual routine of cleaning, cooking, and general preparation for the Sabbath. He was engaged in splitting up some nice dry pitchy tamarack logs that would snap and crackle when put in the stove, and I helped him. Armful after armful of the prickly, odorous sticks was carried into the kitchen and piled in the old wood box beside the stove. When this would hold no more we laid it in the woodshed. It was a mild winter's day, snow falling gently upon a ground already white. Shep officiously gamboled before us as we walked. Odors, spicily sweet, floated out upon the sparkling air: odors that reminded me — but seemed to stir no like anticipatory reflections in my father's mind — of the invitation that

was ours for to-morrow night, and of my mother's assertion that she, at least, would accept.

Nothing had been said during the entire week, so far as I knew, regarding it. Once, after ridding my arms of their load, I stood before my mother where she was sprinkling pink sugar on round, scalloped cookies and ventured to ask in tones muted to an open door, 'You going over to Janey's to-morrow night, Ma? Won't Pa go?'

'I could n't tell you,' said my mother, breaking the whites of eggs into a bowl and whisking them vigorously with a fork, 'whether he'll go or not. The less you say about it the better.'

Saturday night saw the usual rituals performed. We ate our supper, we had our baths — at least my mother and I held rendezvous with the wash-tub in the kitchen. My father had already been closeted behind a door with much sound of splashed water and stentorian grunts.

We put on our clean nightgowns and crept into our clean, cold beds.

V

On Sunday morning there was the sound of my father's razor slipping, *slap-slap-slap*, against the strop a little earlier than usual. 'You like to go over to church this mornin', 'Miry?' he asked genially. 'S good sleighin' — and 't ain't cold.'

My mother glanced quickly at him — breaking golden islands of egg into the crackling fat of roseate ham. 'No,' she said, blandly, 'I guess I can't. I'm goin' to bake a cake this morning.'

'*Cake!*' my father echoed, staring at her as if she had declared an intent to cook a whale. 'What you want to bake a *cake* for? Did n't you bake yestiddy?'

'Yes,' she said briefly, 'I baked — but I did n't bake a cake.'

She did not look at him. For a mo-

ment he stared after her, then drew his chair to the table. We ate.

After breakfast he said, 'I guess I'll go over to Bouldrys' — see how his apples is holdin' out. You want to come, Delly?'

It was a poor excuse, but my mother made no remark. He hitched the horse to the cutter and we went over to Bouldrys', sleighbells tinkling to the slow jog of a horse too fat for his own good.

When we came back, several hours later, dinner was ready. So also was a perfect mountain of a cake. Indeed, as we later learned, it was called a White Mountain cake. A white miracle of a cake, four layers high, each layer matted with a thick frosty pudding of sweet crystal snow, befeathered, befluffed with flakes of coconut white as milk; and over it all an argent thatch of shaggy glacial white spurtling over the edges like freshets caught and held by fingers of the Queen of Snows.

'Ho!' said my father, sniffing, bending, staring. 'A *coconut* cake! When's that for? Dinner?'

'No,' said my mother blandly. 'It's for supper.'

'Whew!' said my father, whistling softly. 'Jiminy! Seems's if I never saw a pertier cake. Why don't we have it now?'

'Because,' explained my mother breezily, 'we've got pie for dinner. Mince.'

'Well,' said my father, with what upon mature reflection I am convinced was false assurance, 'I guess I won't fill up *too* much on pie.'

'I would n't,' said my mother, 'if I was you.'

I felt sorry for him, for I knew that he liked coconut cake particularly, and I wished my mother would give him some.

To this day I do not know whether my father *had* forgotten the forthcom-

ing crisis or whether he and my mother were matching wits. All I know is that the afternoon wore away in restlessness. Old Man Covell, our next-door neighbor on the east, came over to borrow a go-devil with which to split a stubborn log, and he and my father spent some time at the barn — a longer time than my father was wont to spend with his shiftless, borrowing neighbor, whose ways he thoroughly disliked. Then Covell went home and my father went about his chores.

Evening approached — and dark. With no explanations, my mother set the huge beautiful cake in a big basket and threw a towel over it. She called me into the kitchen, brushed my hair, and helped me change my dress to my very best, a dark blue cashmere with fine red braid and bright buttons. My mother had on her brown alpaca and gold brooch with red coral in it. My heart quaked so that I could not speak. Questions were beyond me.

My father came in, set the milk on the table. My mother tied an apron about her waist, took the milk into the pantry and strained it. Shivering and prickly with apprehension, I watched my father. His blue eyes looked dark, his lips were thin.

'Where you goin'?' he asked, with some feeble attempt at lightness, as she came out.

'Me?' Mother looked at him brightly — but her voice was like slivers of ice in the horses' tracks. 'Oh, I'm goin' over to Larrabees' to supper. Delly's goin', too.'

My father walked over to the stove, lifted a lid, poked the fire. It was almost out. The teakettle barely steamed.

'Well,' he said, finally, 'how you goin'?'

'Oh, I'll drive,' said my mother, her voice still clinking. 'I thought maybe you'd hitch up for us.'

'You mean to tell me,' he turned upon her sternly, his ruddy cheeks almost pale, 'you'd drive off over there *yourself*, after dark?'

'Why, yes,' said my mother, still tinkling brightly, 'I would. I'd have to — unless you come along. Don't hit that basket — the cake's in there.'

The look he gave her was that of a stricken boy of fourteen whose baseball bat has been taken away and given to a rival.

'You takin' that coc'nut cake over there?' he demanded. But it was more of a suspicion confirmed than a question asked.

'Why, yes,' said my mother, busy with hoods, coats, and arctics, 'of course I be. That's what I made it for.'

He stood, immobile as the big black stove beside him, for what seemed to me, at least, an unconscionably long time. What *might* he do, his brows thundering, his eyes reproaching?

Then slowly he went to his bedroom. In a little while he came out, the cloth-topped, calfskin boots on his feet, the old long-tailed coat on his back. He put on his shabby overcoat, picked up his coonskin cap and his knitted mittens, and at the door turned an accusing face toward my mother.

'Come to a pretty pass,' he said stonily, 'if a man's got to get out *bed-time* and go to the neighbors to get anything fit to eat.' He went out and shut the door.

But my mother only laughed. 'Put on your scarf,' she said to me lightly, 'and come along. Chances are he's got the horse all harnessed.'

EVENING ON A CORAL ISLAND

VOICES are about me everywhere:
Ghosts of sound that form and substance seek
In vain; and earthly music that would break
The spell that binds it, wanders in this air.
May heaven be thanked! No means have I to snare
A ghost among them. Not a voice may speak.
Time marches on unheard, week after week;
I only guess his harmless passage here.

Granted that news of highest consequence
I miss, and feast of wit, and flow of soul.
I do not care. Mid-ocean solitudes
Offer, as of old, a recompense,
A gift that every lesser gift includes:
Silence, in a brimming silver bowl.

JAMES NORMAN HALL

HOLLYWOOD

THREE cars, two country clubs, a boat, a stable:
Sometimes he wonders how it all began.
But only sometimes — he's a busy man.
It takes some work to keep the same old fable
In quarterly repair for Hays and Gable.
What if he *has* forgotten how to scan?
He has a right to make it while he can.
His critics would, themselves, if they were able.

They would indeed. And yet when it is night
He locks the doors and keeps the windows barred.
For sometimes he still hears the echoing flight
Of hoofs that clatter far above his yard,
And shivers as he waits the morning light
To single-foot on Sunset Boulevard.

WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

SONNET

O THORNY stem from which the flower is broken,
You that I love, come back, hear what I say.
No need to fear, I swear to leave unspoken
Heavy hot words burning my tongue away.
Twinkling phrases in luminous, fragile tissue,
These will I weave for you and from my eyes
Drain the shadows that darken the issue
You would have always bright and soft with lies.
Here are my tears, shallow and easy-flowing,
All for your grief with never one for mine.
Only be near me, close while the wind is blowing,
Your eyes above me hiding the stars' cruel shine.
I forfeit truth of woman and of art
To touch your hand and lie against your heart.

ESTHER DETTE

INTIMATE VISION

SHALL we regret the lost and lovely spring
That woke while you and I were yet apart?
And must we mourn because a bluebird's wing,
Unseen by me, was thrilling to your heart?
What radiant constellations crossed the sky
While I was witness and you lay asleep!
Such countless gifts, beloved, you and I
Have separately received and separate keep.
Yet, though the star and migrant bird were fair
And we were young, — such benefit is proved
But dust to the munificence we share
Within a world awakened by our love.
We had no intimate vision of the land
Until we watched together, hand in hand.

JOSEPHINE BATES

THE GAMBLE OF HOME OWNERSHIP

BY CLIFFORD B. REEVES

I

No one is more aware than I of the happiness that home ownership can bring. As a member of a large family, I lived for twenty years in the home owned by my father; and no investment ever paid any family more handsome dividends than we received in contentment and comfort. As a result of this experience, I began my adult life thoroughly prejudiced in favor of owning a home.

I now have a family of my own. We live in a modest but attractive suburban house. But we do not own it. We rent it. Many of my friends whose income and net worth are smaller or no larger than mine own houses of a similar character. They seem somewhat scandalized by my persistent refusal to buy a house. In fact, they are so anxious to initiate me into the joys of home ownership that many of them have confidentially offered to sell me their houses, subject to large mortgages already on them. Such universal willingness — for a small cash consideration — to part with the joys that home ownership is supposed to bring somehow gives me pause.

My reason for not buying a house is simply that I do not feel I have sufficient means to pay a really substantial part of the purchase price on the sort of house I should be willing to live in for the rest of my life and still have sufficient remaining assets of a liquid character to meet all possible family contingencies. Only under such cir-

cumstances is home ownership an investment that brings happiness and freedom from care. Under any other conditions it is merely a speculation in real estate that is all too likely to bring only worry and grief.

In the days when I was a boy in the house of my father, people really owned their homes. To-day, because of the ready availability of the modern, streamlined mortgage, most people are lucky if they own even the bathroom faucets.

There has been too much sentiment involved in home buying in the past generation, and not enough simple arithmetic and economics. I maintain that the purchase of a home should be regarded as a hard, businesslike proposition, just like any other investment. What room is there for sentiment in the assumption of liability for \$10,000 or \$20,000 worth of illiquid physical assets? For most people the purchase of a home represents the biggest financial transaction of their lives. If it is not to end in disaster, it should be appraised coldly and sanely.

I realize that this is an extremely unorthodox point of view. Home and hearth are usually spoken of only with reverence. Criticism of home ownership is likely to brand you as the worst sort of iconoclast. It is almost as reprehensible as an attack upon the Deity or a denial of the sincerity of mother love. This probably accounts for the striking

absence of realistic discussions of the subject. There are many good reasons for owning a home. Most of them are sentimental reasons, and they have been well publicized. The purpose of this discussion is to point out some of the strictly economic phases, which have not been nearly so well publicized.

Any financial counselor or sound business man will advise an individual whose net worth is \$2000 that he would be extremely unwise to buy \$10,000 worth of common stocks on a 20 per cent margin. In fact, public indignation at this sort of financial *hara-kiri* has resulted in regulations by the Securities and Exchange Commission requiring at least a 45 per cent margin for the purchase of listed securities. This properly protects a man from his own folly. But that same man with \$2000 is urged — nay, exhorted — to ‘invest’ it on a 20 per cent margin in a \$10,000 home.

At this point the average reader will say that the comparison of these two transactions is not a fair one; that one is a speculation for profit whereas the other is an investment in comfort and security with no thought of profit. I grant all that; but purposes and intentions do not alter the economics of the case. An unsound financial transaction is still unsound regardless of the purposes for which it is perpetrated.

II

As soon as an individual, contrary to all sound business and financial principles, has entered into a real-estate transaction of the type just described, he is immediately hailed as a pillar of the community. He is a home owner — a taxpayer. He acquires an aura of increased respectability, and in the eyes of his fellow citizens takes on a more substantial stature than before. Why he is any more of a taxpayer than the man who rents the same house is some-

thing no one has ever been able to explain to me. Why he is a more substantial fellow, now that he is trading on a thin equity in real estate, than he was before, when his assets were liquid and he had no debts, is something else I have never been able to understand. Adversity is the test of the substantial citizen. And I will wager that in hard times such a home owner will be on the relief rolls much sooner than if he had rented a home and kept a liquid reserve for emergencies.

I am aware that no one is supposed to be willing to die in defense of a boarding house. And I suppose that this derogatory remark applies to rent payers as well. But I submit that neither is anyone willing to die in defense of a home that is about to be taken away from him by the sheriff. If my observations have been correct, insolvent home owners have been one of the greatest causes of social unrest in recent years. A dispossessed home owner nurses a greater grievance against society than does the rent payer whose adversities have forced him into a less expensive establishment. It is a dangerous and unsound state of affairs when a large proportion of our property owners can become, during a period of adversity, the chief disgruntled element of a community. There were more than half a million home mortgage foreclosures in the United States during the years 1932 and 1933, and another half million in the three following years.

The same general conditions that would have shown the weakness of the stock speculation our hypothetical individual was advised against also reveal the unsoundness of his real-estate transaction. The values of all forms of property usually decline or advance together, under the influence of alternating cycles of prosperity and depression. When the trend of values is down, the shoestring home owner encounters the same difficulties as the

shoestring stock speculator. He can't protect his position, and is usually forced out when prices are lowest.

My observation has been that the purchase of a home almost invariably results in a final loss, whether taken or untaken. Of the scores of people whose experience has come to my personal attention over a long period of years, only one man I have known ever made profit on the sale of his home, and retained it by virtue of the fact that he did not reinvest the proceeds in a new home.

The reason for this condition of affairs becomes fairly obvious on further consideration. In the first place, the average home owner usually buys his house when times are good, for the simple reason that that is when he is most likely to have the necessary funds. Unfortunately, that is also the time when real-estate prices are likely to be the highest. A comparison of the rate of residential building for 1928 and 1932 shows clearly that the bulk of home building takes place when the real-estate market is high. The relative activity in the real-estate market in good times as compared with bad shows the same evidence with regard to purchases of houses already built.

Even if the home owner is one of those who buy when prices are low, and the value of his property subsequently increases, he rarely takes advantage of the situation by selling and realizing a profit, because of sentimental attachment for his home. Of those less sentimental, who seize the opportunity for profitable resale, the great majority promptly reinvest their money in new homes — often larger and with a heavier load of debt — and thus expose themselves again to future losses.

The pressure to sell, on the other hand, almost always comes during times of economic stress, when prices are most likely to be considerably lower than at the time of original purchase. Real estate, moreover, is a notoriously

illiquid form of property, and the need for immediate sale usually requires an offering at sacrifice prices.

All of this, of course, applies only to the man who resells his property. What of the man who buys and has no later need or wish to sell? His probable ultimate loss comes through the usual tendency of residential neighborhoods to deteriorate, rather than improve, as they grow older.

III

Now I am not arguing that the probabilities of loss on residential property make the ownership of a home an unsatisfactory investment for those persons who are in a position to assume such risk of loss. The man who buys a home he can well afford and who lives in it happily for twenty or twenty-five years can afford to give it away at the end of that time. It will owe him nothing. But I firmly believe that it is an economic crime to entice people to expose virtually their entire net worth to losses they cannot afford, through purchase of a home on a thin equity that they cannot protect in times of adversity.

What are the reasons that so many people who buy homes come to regret it? Again, I will draw only on my personal knowledge and observations. A number of people I know, who purchased houses in boom times on a thin equity, lost their homes by foreclosure in the first wave of hard times. Most of them never should have been home owners, of course, because they did not have sufficient means to protect their positions. One man I know had to give up his life insurance when his income dropped, in order to protect his equity in his house. Fortunately he didn't die, but he exposed his family to a foolhardy risk.

Another family I know found many of their neighbors to be objectionable and had to sell their house at a sacrifice

in order to move away. Another man of my acquaintance who bought a house early in life had his family outgrow it and sold it at a heavy loss in order to buy a larger one. Another had his office transferred to a different city. Still another changed his business, which necessitated a change in working hours that made the location of his home unsatisfactory.

Such things as these are likely to happen to anyone. They do not, in themselves, constitute reasons for not owning a home, except when those involved are not in a position to take the losses that usually accompany such developments. The point is that, for one reason or another, most people do not remain in one home as long as they think they will. Residential properties in the United States change hands on an average of once every seven years.

Many surprised home owners found out only in the last few years the meaning of the phrase 'deficiency judgment.' They thought that their possible loss on a house was limited to the amount of money they had invested in it. They found, to their sorrow, that when the property at forced sale did not produce the amount of the mortgage, they were still liable for the balance.

In the business world, there is no parallel for the sort of overborrowing that characterizes the field of residential real estate. In corporation finance, the purchase of assets in an amount equivalent to five times a company's capital has been demonstrated to be thoroughly unsound. Four dollars borrowed for every dollar invested is a dangerous and topheavy arrangement. A few railroads and utility companies, suffering from delusions as to the stability of their income, undertook such a ratio of borrowing, but nearly all of them came to grief. Yet the employees of these and other companies blithely get their personal affairs into a similar

tangle through the dollar-down-and-dollar-a-week purchase of homes.

During the past six years the home renter has enjoyed obvious advantages over the home owner. Rents in many cases have been substantially below the actual carrying charges on property. This situation, of course, cannot last indefinitely. There will be later periods in which ownership will be more economical than rental.

But when rents increase substantially, general conditions are usually improving to the point at which the income of the average man is somewhat greater. This means that he can probably afford the necessary increase in rental without undue strain on his personal finances. Likewise, when conditions are bad and incomes are reduced, rents also tend to fall, so that the home renter gets a downward adjustment when he needs it the most.

As compared with this more or less flexible situation, the expenses of the home owner are fixed. The situation may be likened to that of two corporations, one with preferred stock outstanding requiring dividends to be paid only when earned; the other with bonds outstanding, on which the first inability to pay interest results in default and foreclosure. The corporation without the fixed charges is obviously in the better position to weather economic difficulties. But it is likely to have to pay a dividend rate somewhat higher than the interest rate would be on a similar amount of bonds. The bonds are more economical for the company whose earnings are large and stable and whose surplus is large. If these conditions do not obtain, it is obviously more conservative to resort to the method which requires no fixed charge. The problem of home owning versus home renting shapes up in much the same way. The individual with substantial surplus and assured income can show a saving by assuming the fixed charges of

home ownership. The individual not so situated will do better to adopt the more flexible method of renting.

IV

But how much saving does home ownership make possible? I have heard people say that they are planning to buy a home because they are 'tired of paying rent.' It is difficult to believe that such people can be so naïve and unsophisticated as to think that their regular out-of-pocket expenses will be substantially reduced merely because they hold title to a house, subject to a large mortgage, instead of a lease on it. But I have known a few who were not actually aware that their payments of 'rent' continue in surprisingly similar amounts even after a home has been bought.

An actual case that recently came to my attention clearly shows the small difference in continuing cost. The house involved was offered for sale at \$20,000 and carried a government-guaranteed mortgage of 80 per cent, amounting to \$16,000. Annual interest and 'service' charges on this mortgage, at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, amounted to \$880. Taxes were approximately \$300 per year. In addition, there was a premium for FHA insurance of \$80 a year. If insurance at \$30 per year and a \$300 allowance for annual upkeep and repairs are added to this, it becomes clear that the necessary cash outlay of the owner would be \$1590 per year. This makes no allowance for interest the owner could have received on his \$4000 investment in the house, which pays him no income. Figured at 5 per cent, this represents another \$200 annually in lost income, bringing the total cost to \$1790 annually. This takes no account of the possibility of tax increases, special assessments, or other unexpected expenses that often work such hardship on the house owner who is working on a close budget. More-

over, it takes no account of amortization charges. It is not fair to include such charges, because they increase the owner's equity by a corresponding amount and do not represent a true expense.

The same house was offered for rent at \$2040 annually, or \$250 per year more than the cost of owning it. At this rental, the landlord would have shown a net return, after all expenses, of better than 11 per cent on his \$4000 investment, which indicates that the rental figure was not unduly low.

Thus in this case, which is a fair example, the man who rents this house pays only \$21 per month additional. If this is considered as the cost of insurance against the risk of loss on a \$20,000 investment, it seems rather cheap protection. If you don't believe this, just try to get anyone to insure you against loss on property any time you want to sell it, for an annual premium equivalent to 1.25 per cent of the value of such property.

Despite its obvious fallacies and the agony and unrest it has caused, real-estate speculation under the guise of home ownership remains hallowed. Individuals who suffered losses on other forms of property during the depression received only sympathy. But the plight of the dollar-down home owner was recognized officially by the government, and the Home Owners Loan Corporation was launched to effect a rescue. This was undoubtedly a sound venture under the circumstances for social reasons, and because it checked the downward spiral of real-estate values by preventing further foreclosures and forced sales. But unsound practices of the past forced HOLC to utilize \$3,000,000,000 of Federal credit to refinance insolvent home owners, many of whom had no economic justification for owning the property they did. Uncle Sam is now discovering this to his sorrow, as witness the fact that more than 70,000

HOLC mortgages have already been involved in foreclosure proceedings, while new foreclosures are being instituted at the rate of about 5000 monthly.

Because the government has guaranteed the obligations of HOLC, any losses resulting from this gigantic salvage operation will eventually have to be met by the taxpayers. So we may yet be treated to the spectacle of rent payers putting up additional taxes to make good the losses caused by home owners who should have been rent payers. Who will be the more substantial citizens in that case?

With billions of dollars of government-guaranteed debt standing as mute evidence of the weakness of the dollar-down system of home ownership, you might suppose that something would be done to prevent a recurrence of such excesses in the future. The evils of security speculation have been duly impressed upon the public, and drastic steps have been taken to discourage it. But in the field of real estate what do we find? We find that the government, far from discouraging excessive borrowing, which has been the primary cause of past difficulties, is instead actually urging people to increase their debts against real estate. Government agencies are coöperating with private lenders who advance loans up to 80 per cent of values, and who receive from a government agency a guarantee against any loss on the principal. The government is not merely making these accommodations available. It is showing the lenders new methods of promoting their business and furnishing them with advertising material intended to attract borrowers.

In fairness to the government's programme, however, it must be admitted that one extremely bad feature of former mortgage practice has been corrected. In place of the usual short-term, unamortized mortgage that had to be renewed at regular intervals, the Federal Housing Administration has substituted the long-term mortgage with a definite schedule of amortization calling for complete retirement by maturity. Such mortgages, if they come into general use, should prevent in the future the many foreclosures that used to occur when borrowers were unable to obtain mortgage renewals during periods of money strain. Moreover, the amortized mortgage forces the borrower to increase his equity steadily.

In addition to relaxing credit terms for the purchase or building of homes, the Federal Housing Administration is also offering present home owners — many of whom are already overextended — additional credit for improvements and additions to their property, thus further increasing their debt burden. The current plethora of credit, coupled with the trend toward more liberal mortgage terms, seems destined to foster a wave of speculative home building. With the average home owner more undermargined than before, and with the government already liable for billions of real-estate obligations, what will happen when the next downward spiral starts?

In view of the record, is it not time that the financial hazards of home ownership were frankly discussed and recognized, so that those financially unqualified can be deterred from entering prematurely into a transaction that may bring them heartbreak and disaster?

THE SOLDIER'S SONG

BY L. A. G. STRONG

I

It happened a few seconds after the lorry full of troops had roared its way by. The shock of the explosion staggered Farrelly. For a moment the pavement rocked, and silhouetted house-tops swayed and ducked as if the whole street were collapsing. Then all was solid again, and it was Farrelly whose knees were giving, whose breath seemed unaccountably to have left him.

Before he could fall or recover his balance, a hand shot out, grabbed him by the arm, and pulled him sideways. The street, badly damaged in the Easter Rising, had not yet been repaired. Its sky line was jagged, like a huge row of broken teeth, and many of the smaller holes had simply been boarded up, against better times. It was into one of these holes that the hand pulled Farrelly.

Dazed still, he began to splutter and struggle, imagining that explosion and seizure were all an organized attack upon him. His assailant held him tight, and peered anxiously in his face.

'Are ye hurted? Are ye hurted?' He began feeling assiduously over Farrelly. 'Ah, no, glory be to God. I think ye're all right.'

Thinking this was a device to pick his pocket, Farrelly struggled free, hugged himself, and pressed back against the broken bricks and mortar.

'Easy, easy, sir. Sure, you're all right. Sit tight here for a minyit or two. Sure, it's safer than the street.

There's plenty of room for the two of us.'

He grinned reassuringly, and Farrelly, recovering his senses, saw that he had nothing to fear. His companion was unshaven and exceedingly dirty, but there was nothing but amiability in his face.

Farrelly moistened his lips. His voice would not come. He coughed, and cleared his throat.

'Thank you. It's very good of you. I was — taken by surprise. I did n't know where I was.'

'Small blame to ye, sir. Small blame to ye. Sure, we none of us know where we are, these days.'

With the rush of returning faculties, Farrelly felt his indignation mounting.

'It's thirty years since I was here,' he said, 'and I did n't expect —'

Thin and sharp, puny almost after the other noise, a rifle went off rapidly twice; then again. Farrelly heard the sound echo down between the line of houses like the crack of a long whip-lash.

His companion hunched up his shoulders.

'There the' go again!' he ejaculated. 'Always too late. Always at the heel of the hunt.'

He and Farrelly looked at one another. The tramp's expression, with all the light on his teeth and the whites of his eyes, was half apologetic, half comical. Farrelly felt his own face move in

a rueful grin, then reflected angrily that there was nothing to grin at.

The tramp, after a minute's silence, turned, and, pulling aside a loose plank, very cautiously stuck out his hand.

'Careful, man.'

'Ah.' The tramp's voice expressed a vast contempt. 'Shoot and run. That's their motta. Shoot and run.'

He remained for a few seconds, turning his hand this way and that, then removed the plank, and stepped out. He looked up and down the street, and beckoned to Farrelly.

'All clear, sir. Ye may come out now.' And as Farrelly, blinking and apprehensive, stepped out, 'Ah, they're too free with their bombs. Too free altogether.'

Farrelly stood, awkwardly feeling in his pocket.

'Thank you very much,' he said. 'I — er —'

'That's all right, sir.'

And, with a last brilliant grin, the tramp turned and shuffled off quickly in the opposite direction. Farrelly stood irresolute, took out half-a-crown, made to call after him, then, with an impatient cluck of his tongue, put it back in his pocket and turned toward the theatre.

The street was empty, and the next street after it. He felt conspicuous as a lighthouse as he hurried along. Every window was a potential menace. Every doorway might disgorge a bomb. It was all he could do not to run.

Then, quite suddenly, he came to a populous street, slowed his pace, and breathed more easily. Here life seemed to be normal. People were going about their business as usual. They wore, perhaps, when one inspected them closely, a slight air of strain. A few looked subdued, or furtive, but most of them seemed, by an exaggerated naturalness, to be ignoring something. Their voices were a little too loud, their laughter too nervously ready — as if

they were talking so as not to hear. A young man, a student by the look of him, met a couple of girls. They greeted one another with exaggerated pleasure, and stood talking, where ordinarily they would have said 'Cheerio' and passed on. They dawdled, so as not to seem in a hurry. Farrelly, with his trained actor's eye, saw and deduced as he went along. His indignation was rising again. He looked accusingly at the people coming toward him on the pavement. What did they mean by all this nonsense? Inviting him, Paul Farrelly, to come at long last to his native city, and then behaving in this outrageous fashion?

By the time he turned in at the stage door, he was hot with anger. He barely nodded in answer to the doorkeeper's greeting.

'No letters, sir.'

There would n't be, in this damned place, Farrelly thought, and plunged down the antiquated, dimly lit passage.

Boyne, the actor who shared his dressing room, was already seated, dabbing his cheek. He saw Farrelly in his glass, then turned to look at him.

'Hullo, Farrelly. What's wrong?'

'Wrong? Nothing. Why should there be?'

Boyne turned back to his glass. He leaned forward, the better to see himself.

'You look a bit yellow about the gills, that's all.'

Farrelly made no reply. He hung up his overcoat and hat, and sat down. His native city had not only inconvenienced and scared him. It had humiliated him — and he did not easily forgive humiliation.

Paul Farrelly had left Dublin with his parents at the age of nine.

Now, at thirty-seven, he had an English and American reputation. After various exploratory starts, he had specialized as an Irish character actor of the obvious kind. He showed just as

much of the comic Irishman as the Englishman and the American would wish to see. And, by eliminating from the parts he played all that might seem discordant in the national character, he grew to resent any discord in that character itself. It was too bad of Ireland to go on like this, just when he, Paul Farrelly, had taught his audiences what to think about her.

And now, crowning outrage, bombs were thrown in the very street along which he was peaceably walking to the theatre, in order to give the performance which they, damn them, had invited him over to give!

Leaning forward, putting in the comic wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, Farrelly decided that next time they should invite in vain. He thought of the distinguished Irishmen who had elected to live out of Ireland, and decided to add himself to their number.

II

The show went well that night. The house was scanty, but appreciative. Confused bangings sounded once or twice in the streets outside, as if someone were letting off fireworks, but Farrelly was too intent upon his work to notice them. There were five curtains at the end; two for the whole company, one for the four chief players, one for Farrelly and the leading lady, and one for Farrelly alone. Not bad, he thought, as he went along to his dressing room; but what houses we'd have had if those idiots would only let up their nonsense and behave themselves! He enlarged on the point to Boyne, as they were cleaning off.

'They're only spoiling everything,' he said. 'Trade, shops, everything. They can only do harm, and you'd think, by this time, they'd have had the sense to see it.'

Boyne grunted. He did n't seem to care much one way or the other. Mid-

dle-aged, not very successful, he did his work and drew his salary. That was all there was to it, as far as he was concerned.

Farrelly sighed, and combed his hair. No artist, Boyne. A decent, capable fellow, but no artist.

He began to contrast his own career with Boyne's, and drifted off into a pleasant reverie.

'Ready?'

Boyne was standing by the door, in his overcoat. Farrelly came to himself with a start.

'Not quite.'

'I'll go on, I think. 'Night.'

'Good night.'

Farrelly went on leisurely with his dressing, still recalling the past. Ten minutes or more passed before he was ready to leave.

The streets were dark and empty. A chill wind was blowing. Farrelly buttoned his coat collar across. A damned uncomfortable town — not even properly lit. He grumbled to himself, and set off for home.

A wild whirring, in a street parallel to his own, did not disturb him. He knew it to be a lorry full of troops. So much the better. If they were about, he would be able to get home in safety — provided no one threw a bomb at them. He hesitated, reaching the street where the bomb had been thrown. A sharp dislike for it rose in his mind. Nonsense, he reflected. All the less likely — on the principle of lightning never striking the same place twice.

There was another wild whirl. This time it did not recede, but checked, accelerated, checked again, and with a shriek of brakes came out sideways into the street where Farrelly was. With an uproar of voices and mechanism, it bore down on him, and stopped.

Farrelly gazed bewildered, as in a nightmare. Voices were shouting at him, shouting incomprehensible commands. A revolver went off. Some-

thing smacked into the wall behind his head. Figures in trench coats leaped down from the lorry and apprehended him. A revolver was thrust into his belly. Before he had time to realize, he had been backed against the iron railings of an area, and his hands were above his head.

'See if the —— has a gun on him.'

They were feeling all over him, patting his pockets. To Farrelly's dazed brain, from their voices, from the unsteady hands and the smell on the air, came the message, 'They're drunk.' Immediately, in clear, small type, as it were, he saw words warning him of his peril, telling him how to play them. His mind was alert, superior to this, looking to right and left, as a stoat might, pressed against a wall by a lot of enthusiastic and inexperienced puppies.

'What are you doing?'

'Going home from the theatre.'

'Going home from the theatre! That's a good one!'

A roar of confused voices arose, jeering at him, loud, breathy, inimical. The man with the revolver waited for them to die down.

'Theatres all closed half an hour ago.'

'I'm an actor. I had to clean up and dress.'

'Take you half an hour to clean up and dress?'

'Longer, sometimes.'

'Well,' interrupted another man, 'it bloody well is n't going to take you longer any more.'

There was a laugh. Farrelly saw one of the men, who had been eyeing him coldly, take his interlocutor by the arm and mutter something in his ear. His stomach turned cold.

But the man who was speaking shook his arm free. He seemed soberer than the rest. Farrelly concentrated all his powers on him. In him alone lay his chance of salvation.

'You say you're an actor. What's your name?'

'Paul Farrelly.'

'Never heard of it,' put in the man who had interrupted before. Farrelly's enemy once more leaned forward to the one who was questioning him.

'There's no actor of that name here,' he said. 'I know them all.'

'I don't belong here,' said Farrelly. 'I have just come over from London.'

There was a pause. Farrelly looked from one to another, trying to read the expressions on their faces. He realized that the fact that he was sober gave him an immense advantage. It became clearer as the man with the revolver hesitated. When he spoke again, his voice was less decided.

'You're on tour, are you? Only just come?'

'Yes. It's the first time I've ever acted here.'

'From London?'

'Yes.'

'How's good old Piccadilly?' asked a voice from the back of the group. Farrelly turned toward it, but not too eagerly. He dared not risk offending the man he judged to be the leader. With an almost deferential glance at him, as if apologizing for having to humor this irreverent interruption, he replied, 'Bearing up very well.'

'Wish to God I was there.'

'Leicester Square. That's your mark.'

'Speak for yourself.'

They began to wrangle among themselves. They were wavering, forgetting him. The leader prodded Farrelly in the middle again.

'Actor or no actor, you've no business in the streets at this hour. Don't you know that yet?'

'I'm sorry. I've only just come, as I told you. And, in any case, I've come straight from the theatre after cleaning off.'

'That's no —'

'Here.' A big fellow from the back

of the group pushed forward. 'Can you get us an "intro" to Cora What's-her-name? You know. The girl in the beads, who does that dance.'

He lifted his hands, and waggled his hips. A shout of laughter went up.

'I'm afraid I can't,' Farrelly replied carefully. 'I'm not working at that theatre. I'm at —'

'You're no bloody good, then.' He turned to the leader. 'Let the — go, Symes. He's no bloody good.'

The leader hesitated.

'Where are you staying?' he asked Farrelly.

'Nolan Street. Next turn but two.'

'Very well.' He stood away, and put his revolver back in its place. 'Get back to Nolan Street. I'll give you three minutes. If you're still about after that, it will be the worse for you. Get on.'

'Here.' The big fellow caught Farrelly by the shoulders, and ran him along a few paces. Farrelly struggled. 'That's the wrong direction!' he cried. 'It's the other w—'

His voice broke off, as a well-aimed boot caught him from behind. He all but fell on his face, recovered, and ran on. The street echoed with laughter and coarse shouting.

As he turned in at the next side street, to double back toward his lodging, he heard the whir and clatter of the lorry starting up again.

III

The effect of this incident was to increase Farrelly's indignation, and to generalize it. Hitherto he had been angry with the malcontents among his own countrymen. Now he was angry with the whole place. He had had a bad fright. His sense of actuality, never quite stifled, told him that he had been unpleasantly close to danger; but he did not care to dwell upon that side of the matter. More serious was the hurt

to his professional vanity. He had been insulted; and the insult outweighed the lucky escape. That it was the English who had insulted him was another point he preferred to avoid. The inadmissible things had happened to him here, in Dublin, and the sooner he got out of Dublin — never to return — the better.

He walked the streets warily the next morning, keeping to populous places, and took his cup of coffee in Grafton Street with distasteful glances at the apparently lighthearted crowd around. His landlady told him, at lunch time, that there had been wild goings on in the city the night before. Then the rain, which had been threatening all the morning, came down in earnest. Farrelly stayed in, reading, and writing letters in which he alluded darkly to occurrences which he would tell his correspondents later on, since it would not be safe to commit them to paper.

The rain ceased at about six, and veils of cloud, softly torn apart, revealed a clear-washed sky. The rent widened, the clouds, flushing faintly underneath, withdrew from above the city, and the sun, perilously low, seized its last chance, leaped out, and filled the streets and sky with brief transfiguring glory. Farrelly, roused by a splash of light on the wall, flung up the window, sniffed the wild, sweet air from the mountains, and decided to go out for a walk and have his meal at a place close to the theatre. He took his hat and coat, called down the back stairs to his landlady, and slammed the door on her lamentations.

Some instinct took him toward the river. When he emerged upon the cobbled quayside, he caught his breath for joy. The old miracle had happened again: the dirty, muddy, beloved Liffey had become a thoroughfare of light. And, while he stared, there was a second miracle. A confused roaring filled

the air, sank to a murmur, swelled, rose triumphant, matching in sound the sun's last gleams as he struggled with the clouds that were swallowing him up. Then, from a side street, a great concourse of people broke and poured out upon the quay, as if driven by some irresistible force. They came sideways, some running, others in dense masses, staggering, obeying the pressure of the rest behind. But, as they came out and filled the wider space, they rallied, formed up automatically, linking arms, and advanced down the quay, turning their rout into victory. At the same time, guided by the same impulse of solidarity, their confused voices checked, found unison, and rose in a fierce splendor. Five hundred men and women marching along the quay, singing 'The Soldier's Song,' their anthem of defiance. The song rolled in a wave, crashed against the walls of the houses, broke, and was flung back across the river in a delirium of broken light and sound.

Farrelly cried out, and caught at the wall. Something broke loose inside him. The tears started to his eyes. He tried to cheer, tried to sing. The first line of the marchers reached him. A girl, disheveled, her hair down over one eye, her face shining with sweat, reached for his arm as she sang. He fell in, and was borne along, part of the rejoicing and the glory. His heart rose and rose in an exultation no triumph on the stage had brought him. He was back again, back in the land of his birth, with his own people.

IV

Farrelly was carried half a mile with the procession. Then, remembering his evening's work, he slipped his arm loose, and dodged up a side street. It took him some time to find where he was, but, in his uplifted state, he did not worry. In any case, by keeping roughly parallel to the river, he could

find his way back to the centre of things. He was too excited to eat, and he had allowed himself plenty of time.

The excitement of the scene of which he had just been a part increased with each retrospect. He grew breathless, and trembled afresh as he thought of it. What had happened he could not yet tell; but it seemed to him that he had never known himself till now. Something had been liberated in him — or rather, *he* had been liberated. His true self had burst out. He was one, passionately one, with that marching, singing throng.

Then, even as he felt it, his second self, the trained dispassionate observer that on the stage watched his every movement, began to comment from the wings of his soul. He — or it — watched Paul Farrelly rediscovering his patriotism and the land of his birth. For the first time in his life Farrelly cried out against the observer, cried out desperately, claiming his sincerity, his rights, his very existence as a man. 'No, no,' he muttered, and hurried forward, striving to escape from that merciless professional onlooker — Paul Farrelly the actor, whose mockery would destroy this newborn entity, Paul Farrelly the patriot. But, even as he struggled, despair grew in his heart. The chill of night, darkening the sky above, fell on his spirit. You've never been able to stick anything yet, said the cold watcher, and you never will. Why pretend to be what you're not? Acting is your business: stick to it.

Hurrying in his agony, trying still to shout down the chill voice, Farrelly turned a corner. Single soldiers were in the street, prowling along on each pavement, a few yards apart. Without consciously giving them a thought, Farrelly kept on his former course, avoiding the street where they were. The next turn in the direction he wanted to go was a mere alleyway, dim and unluring. It was short, however: he could

see the other end; so he plunged in.

The houses leaned close overhead. Farrelly realized that he disliked the alleyway very much. He stopped. The houses seemed to be listening to him. Grimacing to himself, he hurried forward on tiptoe.

Suddenly he stopped again. He had heard a murmur of voices. It resolved itself into two — a man's, thick and self-satisfied, then a woman's, breathless, with a note of fear. Farrelly peered ahead, and saw them. They were standing just in front of him, in a narrow space between two houses.

'No, sir. I never done it. I swear —'
'Hush. Less noise.'

Farrelly crept noiselessly forward. His eyes at last made out what was happening. A Tan had a girl cornered against the wall. He stood, prodding her in the ribs with his revolver. She cowered back, almost speechless with terror. Patrolling the streets, he had caught her in this obscure corner, and had her at his mercy.

The professional spectator in Farrelly said something to him warningly. Farrelly set his jaw. 'Am I, though?' he said to it grimly. 'I'll show you.'

Before he or the spectator realized what he was about, Farrelly had tiptoed up behind the Tan. The man, his voice thick and soft, was close against the girl. He heard nothing. Farrelly set his teeth. His muscles were so tense that for a couple of seconds he could not move. Then something, some movement of the girl's as she caught sight of Farrelly, arrested the man's attention. His voice broke off; he was about to turn his head. Instantly Farrelly, released, was upon him. Flinging his arms round the man's neck, he jerked his head violently back. A strangled shout broke from the Tan. He staggered, arched over backwards, and began clutching at Farrelly's hands. Farrelly, without a plan, conscious only of a wild exultant anger,

shook him from side to side. Then, letting go with his right hand, he clenched his fist and bashed it savagely into the Tan's ear, knocking off his cap. The Tan uttered another shout, and began to struggle to some purpose, trying to bend forward and drag his assailant over his head. Farrelly, apprehension rising in his mind, caught a glimpse of the girl, crouching against the wall. His eyes met hers in appeal. She made a vague movement, anxious to help, but helpless. Then the Tan began thrusting his right hand backwards. It held the revolver. He was trying to shoot. Panic strengthened Farrelly. With a convulsive sideways jerk, he swung the Tan almost off his feet, and lugged him to the wall. The girl jumped aside. Then, shifting his grip, Farrelly banged the head against the wall, once, twice, thrice, with all his might. The revolver dropped to the ground, and, with a groan, the man sank down, clasping his head in his hands.

Farrelly looked down at him stupidly; then he turned to the girl.

'Quick!' he gasped. 'Run!'

Pulling her shawl about her, she darted up the passage, and Farrelly, without another thought for her, ran the opposite way. Coming out into the street, he looked quickly to left and right. Nobody! With a gasp of thankfulness, he hastened along. His right knuckle was hurting. Looking down, he saw in amazement that it was broken and bloody. There was a street lamp just ahead. He stepped under it, to inspect the damage. Then he stiffened. Voices sounded, and a clack of boots. Two of his victim's colleagues came out from another alleyway, and came toward him. Thrusting his bleeding fist into his pocket, Farrelly hurried on to meet them. His first sick spasm of fear sharpened to an ecstasy. You are in danger, he sang to himself, danger, *real* danger. This is n't the stage. No. It's

real. Something real at last. If they stop you, if the man recovers and calls out, if they see your smashed knuckle—

They had gone by. A suspicious, hostile look, but no word. They had gone by. He was safe. He hurried on, glanced over his shoulder, and, as soon as he reached the corner, began to run. Terror was clutching at him again, but he did not care. He had done it.

He was early at the theatre, glad of

the empty dressing room. He bathed his knuckle, and covered it with flesh-colored plaster, that it would not show. His hand shook, his muscles ached; but there was something inside him which kept bubbling up, making him want to sing and laugh aloud. He had done it. For once in his life, he had been a whole man: one, instead of two.

As he sat down to make up, he was humming 'The Soldier's Song.'

THE HEALTH OF THE NATION

BY ESTHER EVERETT LAPE

I

THE innocent bystander can hardly be blamed for not knowing what the fight on 'state medicine' is all about. A battle of words has been noisily waged, even high-school children during the past year debating the subject as if it were a question still to be answered. Yet every doctor and every intelligent layman must admit upon reflection that we already have a sizable degree of state medicine, and that extensions of it are constantly being proposed and carried through without shocking the most rugged of the individualists. The press reports that the Republican State Committee of New York has petitioned the legislature for funds for three more cancer hospitals. It has not been many years since cancer was regarded as a purely individual affliction, belonging in the bailiwick of the private practitioner. Now it develops that cancer is endowed with a public interest and that the state is concerned. And the Republican State Committee, whose

history does not suggest a disturbing degree of radicalism, does not seem to turn a hair in recognizing the situation.

No, 'state medicine' is, on the lips of the alarmists, a conveniently inflammatory phrase, but state medicine is not the real issue. The issue is, to put it sharply, whether government shall more properly concern itself with the relief of one group of the population, the underprivileged, in illness, or whether it shall concern itself with better health for all groups of the population, the privileged and the underprivileged alike.

This is the dominant question in connection with the Federal legislation on health and security to be expected in the not distant future.

Up to the present, proposed national legislation has been rather in the first of these two directions—the social welfare or, colloquially, the 'uplift' approach, doing something for the needy, preoccupation with their 'nega-

tive' health rather than with 'positive health' for all groups of the population, a higher standard of physical and mental health for the individual citizen, greater industrial competence and more continuous employment, greater personal enjoyment of life.

It is no secret that when the Social Security Act was being drafted a few years ago a number of the advisers were of the opinion that 'social security' ought to include insurance not only against impoverished old age and unemployment, but also against the 'hazards arising out of illness.' It was proposed to include in the Social Security Act a compulsory health insurance programme. ('Health insurance' is the term used, but it is in a way a misnomer, for the real stress is on relief in illness.) In view of present constitutional limitations, the compulsory health insurance proposal was dependent upon legislation in the several states, involving, however, the principle of Federal grants-in-aid to the states that appropriated funds and passed the necessary legislation. The proposed health legislation, in short, brought sickness within the province of social security motivation — extending the power and funds of the Federal Government to give the underprivileged security in misfortune arising from old age, unemployment, or illness.

The compulsory sickness insurance part of the social security proposal was vigorously resisted by 'organized medicine.' There is no question that an organization group fought it narrowly, making no constructive counter proposal. They fought it not on the ground of difference in philosophy, in conception as to *how* government should meet the problem, but on the ground that government should not act at all. They fought, in other words, 'state medicine.' At the clarion call, '*Aux armes, médecins, formez vos bataillons,*' doctors in every hamlet ran forth with their mus-

kets to line up against state medicine, government interference with their livelihood, the socialistic programmes of swivel-chair social economists.

The compulsory sickness insurance proposals were not included in the Social Security Act as passed; but the possibility of including them was not considered closed. The Social Security Board was given a mandate to study further the subject of the 'economic risks arising out of illness.' Moreover, as the old-age pension and unemployment insurance provisions of the Social Security Act have been put into operation, they have emphasized how often old-age pensioners are also ill and how great a factor illness is among the unemployed — and the unemployable. The emergence of these truths is considered to point the need for complementing the Social Security Act by extending coverage to 'economic risks arising out of illness.'

There is, obviously, more to come. While well-known prophets do not seem to anticipate decisive action on any far-reaching health legislation at the present session of Congress, pressure for action still continues — and so does misunderstanding.

II

The American Foundation, whose dominant interest is to relate the result of accurate studies to confused present situations, felt that a large problem that concerns all of us has been falsely narrowed into a controversy, not between doctors, but between organized medicine, regarded by the other side as a guild of reactionaries defensively protecting a vested interest, and the social-welfare group, carrying the banner for the underprivileged. A difficult, complex, and delicate question has been distorted into a shallow debate: 'Shall we or shall we not have state medicine?' And from the whirlwind of superficial

discussion the only harvest is a collection of clichés and slogans for and against state medicine.

To the Foundation there seemed to be three other parties in interest: first, leaders in scientific medicine who on a broad question of national need certainly would not take a narrow guild point of view; secondly, the public, privileged and underprivileged alike; thirdly, the government.

Ultimately the government will be the umpire. The Administration will be in the best position to strike a balance between the intransigence of a certain group of doctors on the one hand, and on the other the intransigence of those so obsessed with the needs of the underprivileged that they conceive of the government rather as a continuous relief agency for certain economic groups than as the initiator and guardian of better standards for *all* groups — *including* the underprivileged, but without limiting the government's functioning and its vision by their needs.

It seemed desirable to broaden the base of discussion, summon the other parties in interest, and break down the false alignment of medical science against social science. With the idea that a disinterested outside organization, assuming its capacity for integrity and for impartial procedure, might be able to perform a work of notable clarification, the American Foundation, as a first step, addressed to a selected list of leaders of scientific medicine in all parts of the country, who have been in practice or teaching for twenty years or more, the following questions: —

Has your experience led you to believe that an essential change in the organization of medical care throughout the country is needed?

If so, in what direction? If you do not consider that radical change is indicated, what, if any, evolutionary possibilities would you stress?

A similar letter was sent to a young group, as a control — graduates of the past five years recommended by deans of sixty-six 'grade A' medical schools. The theory was that these young men have been exposed to a vastly revised system of medical education, and have also come into their medical maturity in a period of great social changes. Their views as to the proper relation of government and medical practice have not been tested by experience — but by the same token they are not inhibited by it. Included also was a smaller group of men who have been in practice for approximately ten years. There was no questionnaire; the doctors' analysis of the situation was not restricted.

In our judgment the three following conclusions may be fairly drawn from the results of the inquiry, consisting of approximately 5000 full and frank letters from doctors in every state: —

First, leading medical scientists of the country are almost unanimous in recognizing that modern scientific medical care is not available to a great majority of the population, and that the problem must now be met.

Secondly, while medical scientists agree with social scientists on the existence of the problem, they state the causes very differently.

The social scientist thinks the problem is largely reducible to terms of cost. The medical scientist thinks costs are too great, but that there are two other important reasons why good medical care is not available to most of the population: namely, the fact that much of the public continues to prefer patent medicines, quacks, and cultists, and — most important of the three causes — the fact that there is not, as yet, enough scientific medical care of first grade to 'distribute,' even if (as he does not agree) it were distributable.

Thirdly, the medical scientist opposes to the social scientist's programme of

compulsory insurance a programme that involves at least as much 'state medicine' as does compulsory insurance, but in very different ways. The medical scientist's programme, an integration of an expanding degree of state medicine with private practice, rests upon two principles: *evolutionary* extension of the participation of government in public health services and medical care, and retention of the private practice of medicine. It 'socializes' certain medical services, but does not socialize the doctor. It may be called, synthetically, 'limited state medicine with private practice.' It will be described more fully hereafter. For the moment it will be enough to say that the programme in support of which scientific medical leaders from one angle or another seem most nearly to converge involves *direct* use of tax funds for the development of public health services, Federal, state, and local; partial tax support of hospitals in proportion to amount of care given to the indigent and near-indigent; extension of public laboratory facilities to make the scientific aids to diagnosis generally available at low units of cost and free to the indigent; admission that the medical needs of the indigent and the near-indigent are a fair charge on tax funds — as fair as their need for corned beef and doughnuts and a bed.

III

Let us consider the first of the three conclusions — the doctor's estimate of the need. The social scientist has felt that the doctor's realization of the extent of the social need has been deficient. It is quite true that some doctors are satisfied with the situation in their communities, but this is not the 'net' of their testimony. The realized experience of years in these 5000 letters — from not only the Old South and the wide agricultural stretches of the West,

but also cities with million-dollar hospitals — seems to us a more current, straighter, and vastly more moving record than voluminous surveys. 'Facts,' as one of our correspondents points out, 'keep no better than fish.' The practitioner's daily life is a direct social experience. He constantly sees stark pictures not merely of tragic physical illness but also of sharp economic pressure, of social inequality at its most unequal. He is daily brought without ceremony into the heart of the individual and the family life. Not often in these days does he perform operations on the kitchen table and help mop up the kitchen afterward, but he still sees the picture of human need in more direct perspective than do most of the rest of us. Why not ask him what he thinks — from what he has seen?

One correspondent, who happens to be a member of the public health service of a Western state, presents the following picture: —

In this state approximately one third of the people die without consulting a doctor even in their fatal illness. The death certificate says 'no medical attendant' and cause of death is 'unknown.' In six of its thirty-one counties, less than one quarter of the mothers have medical care in childbirth. In seven of this state's counties more than three quarters of the babies that die have had no medical care.

No one has ever tried to calculate what it would cost to provide adequate medical care for these thousands that receive no medical care at all. But there are a few considerations which suggest that the cost is far beyond this state's ability to pay.

Many of our families live twenty miles or more from the nearest physician. Under the present system, the doctor charges one dollar per mile for country calls. It is possible that a socialized system could be devised which would reduce the cost of calls into the country, but under *any* system each call would mean many dollars. And to-day adequate care means several calls. Twenty years ago the doctor might call once and pronounce pneumonia, and that single visit

might be considered adequate enough. But to-day the sputum must be 'typed,' the appropriate serum selected and administered. Perhaps the next day more serum will be required. Oxygen may be needed, and a skilled attendant to administer the oxygen. To provide such service at twenty miles from our base will cost, under any system, well into three figures. . . .

A conservative estimate from a health survey of this state made two years ago places the number of cases of active tuberculosis at not less than 15,000. At present there are no free beds for tuberculosis and very few of these patients can pay for sanatorium care. There is no provision for surgical treatment to save the patient's life and stop the spread of infection. The same survey proves that there are in the state 20,000 people whose blood shows the presence of syphilis. Only one thousand are under the care of a physician.

The infant mortality in this state is the highest in the union. It was 126.1 per 1000 live births in 1935.

It is clear that the bill for adequate care will be a large one. What resources has this state to meet such a bill?

Health insurance can hardly be the answer in a state that has scarcely any industries. There is already an income tax and a two per cent sales tax. Taxes on property cannot be increased without a change in the state's constitution; they have reached the maximum allowance of twenty mills in the dollar. If this state cannot afford to guarantee to its children life as well as liberty and the pursuit of happiness, what does the national government propose to do? How many states are there like this?

The first step, surely, is to define 'adequate medical care,' and the next step is to employ cost accountants to estimate its cost. Neither step has been taken at the present time.

A general practitioner in a South Dakota town leaves no doubt of 'inadequacy' in his state: —

Last year there was not enough raised on many farms to feed one horse or cow, and the price of feed was so high that one had to sign up to pay in the future a large price for this feed.

If we can have a reasonable crop with a reasonable price, we can get ahead considerably, but it seems that year after year we wait for that to happen, but it does not happen. . . .

There is hardly a person living in this county with rich soil who at the present time is able to go to a hospital for attendance.

A surgeon told me the other day people are brought to him just before they die.

The following letter pictures a county about thirty miles wide and forty miles long in a Southern state: —

The population is both white and colored; the natives are dependent upon the soil for a livelihood, the timber has been cut and sold; there is no industry to which to look for a steady payroll. The patients cannot budget, for the simple reason that they depend upon a pay crop; they have no say in setting the price; they must combat the elements, have no assurance of a given yield, cannot judge the future by the past. They have necessary expenses that must be paid first; if there is a surplus probably the doctor also will be paid, but more often the charge must be carried on his books. The physician has no way of figuring his income from year to year. . . .

It is all very nice for the medical fraternity to sit back and oppose state medicine, but for the rural sections I cannot see anything else, and the problem will have to be looked after by the Federal Government. The state, at least my own, and other neighboring states, are just as badly off: the conditions are the same as ours.

Insurance is not feasible, as the clientele could not pay the premiums. I can see only the one solution, for the Federal Government to take over the medical care of the rural sections at least.

An annual report sent through to us, covering the work of the county doctor in a Middle-Western state, reveals industry and accomplishment certainly, but hardly adequate medical care for the poor. He receives \$1400 a year, but out of that he must buy the gas and oil for his car, amounting to \$200 for last year (his calls out of town totaled 2194

miles), and out of it he must also buy all drugs and supplies, costing \$365 for last year. While measles, mumps, and rheumatism make the usual demands, surgery bulks large in the year's record, which includes 542 teeth extractions, 55 obstetrical cases, 5 hysterectomies, 72 other abdominal operations.

Nor is most of the surgery minor: to run down the list, there are noted twenty-five tonsillectomies, eleven operations for piles, three eyes removed, one cancer of the lip, one cancer of the stomach, one gall bladder removed, one leg amputated, three cases of paracentesis of the ear, three of thoracentesis, one hernia, one prostatectomy, and all kinds of dislocations and fractures, including a fractured hip.

This county physician never 'refuses' a fence of any height. Whatever the operation, he does it. And what if he did not? Better in some cases, of course, but not in all. At the rate of 8½ cents for removing an eye, or a cancer, or a gall bladder, which sum is exactly what he averages for each operation, this county doctor is not ravening on the poor, but —

Are the indigent sick of the county getting 'adequate' medical care?

A general practitioner in a Kentucky town points out that even when a modern highway brings 'adequate' medical care almost to the door of some of the natives, they will still not build the last mile of road that would connect their cabin with the highway: —

They have lots of idle time, idle teams, and certainly plenty of rock to do it with, but they just don't and they won't. . . .

Not all of these people are desperately poor, as many social workers, calamity howlers, and 'state medicine' advocates would have one believe. Very few, if any, go hungry. Still fewer suffer from lack of proper clothing; and while they are quite willing to pay good prices for rattletrap automobiles, coon dogs, fox hounds, fiddles, banjos, French harps, and mean liquor, almost to the last man of them they are not

willing to pay a doctor's bill, if they can get out of it. . . .

Insurance would not solve the problem of the last muddy mile of private lanes, from the highway to the home.

The above are not horrible examples from the social worker's collection; they are from the doctors' own daybooks.

IV

The Kentuckians who 'just won't' build the last mile of road that would connect them with medical care illustrate the medical scientist's protest to the social scientist that the cost of medical care is not the whole story. We have not as yet, he points out, a public that is asking for scientific medical care. Legislatures backed by uninformed public opinion repeatedly defeat legislation aiming at higher standards of medical and surgical practice. The public kills efforts to control advertising of quack remedies. Congress failed to pass the Copeland food and drug bill last June.

Not only does the negligent public commit the above sins of omission; even the intelligentsia, quite as numerous as the poor immigrants, patronize the quack. If modern scientific medical care were directly available to them, many would still choose patent medicines, quacks, cultists, and old women.

The medical scientist does not think — and this is the very centre of his position — that the task of providing medical care of high grade to the population can be discussed chiefly in terms of cost and availability. Medical care is neither a commodity nor a constant. It cannot be subject to the laws of commodity distribution. In medical science the field of the unknown is still vast, and the number of those fully competent to apply what is known is still very small. Even if it were possible to 'distribute' medical care, there is by no means a sufficient number of ade-

quately trained men to supply it on a broad base. 'The best is not yet good enough.'

'Until the schools have met the challenge,' as one undoubted leader of medical science points out, 'regimentation by the state will only make matters worse. Under a democracy the competent and the incompetent are alike before the law. Socialization and bureaucracy will simply make a whited sepulchre for a dead profession.' The problem of supplying medical care must be solved only in relation to that of developing medical care of high order, and of training and graduating and sending out to practice men who can supply it. Whatever the solution for present problems, the medical scientist maintains, it certainly cannot be making more mediocre medical care available to more people.

This 'adequate medical care' that falls so trippingly from the social scientist's tongue cannot be standardized for distribution — at least not yet. For case A 'adequate medical care' consists in providing bread and milk; for case B it consists in providing an electrocardiograph to determine the presence or absence of a heart lesion.

The medical scientist protests identifying the problem caused by lack of medical care with the more fundamental problem of lack of a living wage. He does not think that anything will be gained by a piecemeal attack on one result of our present economic situation. A man with influenza needs medicine, yes; but of what use is it to give him medicine, and even to keep him in the hospital for a day or two, and then turn him out into the slush again, with no underwear, holes in his shoes, no warm place in which to sit or sleep, and no food? Why, asks the medical scientist, 'regiment' the doctors — the only group with whom it is a tradition to give poor people what

they need whether they can pay for it or not?

Many medical men feel that medicine has been 'picked on' as a particular field for experimentation that should have a more general aim. A professor of medicine in a grade A medical school, a member of the Association of American Physicians, puts it thus: —

Because of its social implications and sentimental appeal, medicine has been peculiarly the victim of promoters. Projects devised in biological ignorance have gained support almost in direct proportion to their fantasticality. There is no good evidence that scientific progress can be accelerated by such methods.

The medical scientist, in short, believes that government must do its planning and make its attack along a broader front.

V

It remains to show the more particularized objection the medical scientist has to compulsory health insurance, and to outline more fully what he proposes in its place — limited state medicine with private practice.

On insurance: the medical scientist of course admits the right of any part of the population to insure themselves as they see fit, as a personal and voluntary act. But since a large part of the population will not 'choose' to insure themselves, voluntary insurance can hardly constitute the general solution that is being sought. European systems that began as voluntary ended, it is observed, as compulsory.

The medical scientist thinks that government, instead of participating as contributor and organizer of a compulsory insurance system on the 'risk' and 'average' basis, had better assume directly the cost of services actually rendered in particular cases. This thesis that compulsory insurance 'distributes the costs' is, after all, regarded

as a fallacy. Compulsory insurance merely substitutes, as a member of the Harvard medical faculty puts it, hidden taxes for direct taxes — a substitution that really 'distributes' nothing. The head of one of the departments at Johns Hopkins conveys the medical scientist's repugnance to the idea that the insurance principle is applicable:

Insurance is a form of gamble, well organized and well intended, but fraught with much carelessness and reduction of the individual share in responsibility. The principle of 'equality' is fundamentally wrong and may give mathematical satisfaction but not a basic soundness.

Insurance, according to the type of medical scientist we have put to the fore in this discussion, is more concerned with 'distributing' the disadvantages of illness than it is in concentrating — in the individual — the possibilities of health. Even hospital insurance, however voluntary, and however applicable to the quasi-commodity value of hospital services as opposed to the less tangible services of the physician, has the fundamental defect of all insurance: a tendency to focus attention not on the possibilities — and the imperative duty — of exercising preventive effort, but on 'accommodations for more illness,' which accommodations, some suggest, *would be used* (thus, perhaps, disturbing the law of averages upon which insurance rests). An assistant in medicine in a general hospital in New England, whose tone suggests a cynical knowledge of thrift in the original colonies, wrote: —

Any form of insurance providing for a possible two weeks' hospitalization yearly per person would result in many provident New Englanders' spending their two weeks' vacation in the bed provided by taxation (and toward which their savings have been contributed) rather than in Florida.

Let the government do directly what it has to do for the indigent and the

near-indigent. Compulsory insurance, observes the medical scientist, except with the government as the *whole* contributor, cannot be made to reach those that need it most. Why talk of 'distributing' the costs with reference to those that have no contribution to make to the cost? The medical scientist thinks of the hundreds and thousands he has cared for with no savings and no salary from which insurance could be paid; he thinks of the thousands of families with an income so small that anything out for insurance means that much out of underwear, food, or coal. With these in mind, it is not surprising that his attitude toward plans that rest upon 'distributing the costs' is sardonic.

Finally, the medical man believes that compulsory insurance — with its stress upon more care in illness (as opposed to stress upon positive health), with its mass therapy, its regimentation both of doctors on the panel and of patients (in spite of devices to save the principle of the personal relation) — subtly and continuously lowers the quality of medical care, the quality of the medical man, the quality of the patient's conception of health.

VI

What does the medical scientist propose? And how — in sum — does his plan differ from the compulsory insurance proposal of the social scientist?

What the medical scientist proposes is first of all the wisdom of depending, not upon a broad new procedure, but upon evolutionary development. The medical scientist's 'plan' stresses preventive medicine — more planning for health, instead of more care in illness.

His programme is directed toward the *health* of the *whole* population rather than toward the *illness* of *one part* of the population. He feels that a national health policy, like a national defense

policy or a national educational policy, must be framed with a view to the needs of all.

His programme includes the privileged and the underprivileged alike.

His programme recognizes that supplying medical care is only one part — a comparatively small part — of keeping people well, that 'the medical problem is only a small part of the general economic problem of the too low living wage of about 80 per cent of Americans,' and that the attack must be made upon the broader front.

His programme involves *direct* instead of *indirect* use of tax funds.

It invokes, as compulsory insurance does, the leadership of the Federal Government. It would interpret the 'general welfare' clause of the Constitution to mean that the Federal Government may and should assume responsibility for ultimately making accessible to every citizen the full benefits of medical science, not only to protect the population from epidemic and the social consequences of individual disease, but also *to ensure to the individual citizen a new level of industrial competence, a new capacity for personal enjoyment.*

VII

The first 'item,' then, in the medical scientist's programme is *emphasis on prevention by the marked expansion of public health services, Federal, state, and local.*

The medical scientist knows that those of his colleagues who are still trying to build up the fence between curative medicine (reserved for doctors) and preventive medicine (public health officers will please keep over on their own side) are engaged in a hopeless task. Preventive medicine is now coming into the doctor's office — where it has as true a place as it has in the office of the public health service. The

doctors themselves grow weary of the negative conception of their task. A physician whose work includes both the research that makes preventive medicine possible and curative attempts to deal with desperate cases in a great city hospital recalls early days on a Southwestern cattle ranch to illustrate the scientist's chagrin at concentrating on reparative labor rather than creatively ministering to the vitality of the race: —

In driving the huge herds overland, the best of the cowboys were stationed at the front of the herd, where the wild-eyed Texas steers were always on the point of 'going places.' Tenderfeet, like myself, followed after the 'drag,' the weak cows and forlorn 'dogies' needing constant prodding and encouragement to keep them in the herd.

Doctors are traditionally working on 'the drag,' pulled along by public opinion as it relates to the social aspects of medicine, rather than shaping public opinion. Or they are kept in an idealistic sanctuary, thinking only the circumscribed thoughts Æsculapius and sentimental Americans would have them think.

In one of our hospitals, a poliomyelitis victim with paralyzed muscles of respiration would have died at once but for the Drinker respirator. In it he has lived for more than a year — and has used up all that his family had saved and could borrow and some \$10,000 of hospital funds. The child cannot live without this mechanical aid. How long is it our duty to keep the breath of life in him?

By a contraption which prevents bladder infections we keep paralyzed patients alive in our public wards for months or years instead of, as formerly, for weeks. Illustrations could be multiplied.

This writer would use the \$10,000 of hospital funds for research designed to make control of disease more and more possible.

The conception of governmental responsibility moves steadily on. Nobody's 'views' are going to stop it. Statutes against evolution have not

greatly retarded it. For many years government limited its responsibility to the insane. Later tuberculosis was assumed. Now, year by year, one disease after another is discovered to have a claim upon public interest that brings it under state functioning — either because it threatens the health of society as a whole, or because it involves treatment too long and too expensive for the individual to compass. Massachusetts takes hold of cancer; New York takes hold of pneumonia. Arthritis, cardiac diseases, rheumatism, are now under consideration as diseases endowed with a public interest.

People begin to see that if the state does not deal at an early stage with the *disease*, and organize and pay for curative treatment, it will end by dealing *later* with the *diseased* as a public charge, paying for dependency what might have gone into a chance of cure. There is at this moment in operation a venereal disease programme stimulated by the United States Public Health Service, based upon recognition that institutions of all kinds are full of the end results of syphilis, and that venereal disease is indeed a *social* problem, with which other governments, notably Sweden, have been able to deal.

When the list of diseases with a 'public interest' is finally complete, how long will it be?

VIII

The second proposal of the medical scientist's programme is *tax support for hospitals*.

This proposal is based upon recognition of the fact that the hospital has become the centre of medical practice and of medical education, and that as such it cannot logically depend upon private philanthropy — already failing. The proposal is that tax funds should be allocated to private hospitals in direct relation to the amount of care

they give to the indigent and the low-income group — in the hospital or in the dispensary or in the home. On the basis that the indigent sick have a logical call upon tax funds, Federal grants-in-aid to the states are proposed to cover payment both to hospitals and to private practitioners for care of the indigent in hospitals, dispensaries, and in the patients' homes. The cost would be met by local tax funds to the utmost possible degree, but with state aid generally, and with Federal aid under certain conditions and for certain types of communities.

The third proposal is *extension of the facilities of tax-supported laboratories* to make the scientific aids to diagnosis and treatment (urinalyses, blood counts, metabolism tests, X-ray, vaccines, and so forth) available to physicians generally, and thereby to their patients at low units of cost, and free to the indigent and near-indigent.

The fourth proposal is recognition of the principle that the *medical care of the indigent and the near-indigent* (or 'medically indigent') is a *logical charge upon tax funds*, local to the greatest possible degree, with state aid, and with Federal aid under certain conditions and for certain types of communities.

Most of the public has no conception of the astounding amount of free care doctors now give to the indigent — in hospitals, where every agency in the service except the doctor and possibly the pupil nurse is paid; in dispensaries, where young doctors devote most of their day to unpaid service; in the doctor's office, and in patients' homes to which the doctor sends no bill because he knows there is no money. Most of the world wants to end this highly illogical forced contribution of doctors' service — in order, if for no other reason, that the costs of medical services to other groups may be put upon a more even base.

Federal grants-in-aid to the states, on

the basis of care for the indigent, would permit a desirable national standardization of principles and procedures in medical care, always recognizing the necessity for local variations and adaptation to local conditions.

The fifth and last recommendation in this programme of limited state medicine and private practice is a *Federal coördinating authority*, a ministry of health for this country, a Department of Health with a medical Secretary of Health in the President's Cabinet.

Medical men, however, do not like the Department of *Welfare* which the President's message on reorganization several months ago proposed, and which would include the Social Security measures, Education, the Women's Bureau in the Department of Labor, and so forth. It is not good 'reorganization,' the medical scientist submits, to bundle the above administrative unlikes together just because they all touch in some fashion upon the 'welfare' of the individual citizen. He does not think a heterogeneous new department of this kind would be a vast improvement over the present system. It would collect the now scattered health functions of the Federal Government, and to that extent would be an advance; but it would still make the critical error of assuming that the same national authorities can effectively administer vastly separate fields, which in fact require different kinds of expertness and experience, different planning, and utterly different procedures.

IX

This summary of the medical scientist's 'programme' will be only inaccurate dogma unless we add that, in

a way, the medical scientist disavows *all* 'programmes,' all charts, all fixed procedures — in short, the whole commodity conception. He is constantly apprehensive lest the 'plan' submerge the work. He favors *no* scheme for extending and distributing medical care that does not recognize the changing, vital, fluid nature of medical science, and that does not provide for avoiding fixation of mediocre standards. The heart of any plan will be national standards for medical education and research — and national funds for both.

To illustrate: he would not establish a single new 'community hospital,' except as it is clear that trained men can be made available to staff it. He would not 'extend' the facilities of tax-supported laboratories until it is clear that every laboratory thus 'extended' has the personnel and the facilities to meet adequately the added demand for high-grade work. He would check *every* scheme for 'establishing,' 'founding,' 'extending,' 'distributing,' by the degree to which it recognizes that the thing being dealt with is not a commodity, not a constant, but a *force*, fluid, vital, ever changing, effective only as it is permitted creative growth.

Will the government call the medical scientist into counsel as well as the social scientist? Under discerning leadership they can be brought into coöperation, for their views are rather different than opposed.

But before the national administration can bring about this coöperation it must itself be clear whether, in planning for health and security, its concern is chiefly with the illness of the underprivileged or with the health of the whole population.

SHAKESPEARE—WITH A DIFFERENCE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

IN an American theatre impoverished in both money and talent by the competition of the screen, its forces largely withdrawn to the last stronghold of Broadway, there has been during the past two or three years a sudden flowering of poetic drama and the pomp of royalty. And riding the crest of this renaissance is a dramatist named Shakespeare. Even Hollywood has discovered him. Artemus Ward once stood at his grave, and pronounced it a success. But Americans have, this past winter, stood at his plays, and pronounced them successes, which is even more remarkable.

John Gielgud, a young English actor, played Hamlet 132 times on Broadway, breaking Booth's old record of 100 times, and John Barrymore's of 102. Leslie Howard packed the Boston Opera House for two weeks, before taking his *Melancholy Dane* to New York. Walter Huston, star of *Dodsworth* on stage and screen, essayed Othello in settings by Robert Edmond Jones. Miss Cornell had already, the season before, played Juliet from ocean to ocean, and the popular Lunt and Fontanne had rioted in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Finally, in February 1937, another young English actor, Maurice Evans (who had been Miss Cornell's Romeo), came forth on Broadway as Richard II, a part not professionally acted here, so far as available records show, since Edwin Booth revived it in the seventies, and a first-night audi-

ence remained in their seats to cheer for ten minutes. The old saw of the theatre that Shakespeare spells ruin is suddenly reversed, and the Bard of Avon has become the savior of our stage, confounding both the realtors and the realists. What does it all mean?

Its meaning in part is to be explained only by consideration of other theatrical events. On one block of West 44th Street at the moment of writing these words three monarchs strut the stage — Victoria of England, Franz Joseph of Austria, and Richard II. Franz Joseph, like Richard, speaks in blank verse, the verse of Maxwell Anderson, who has given us three poetic dramas in this single season. On the same block is a proletarian or 'left wing' drama, relegated to a semi-abandoned roof theatre. Not that all this forebodes the overthrow of Democracy; but it most certainly indicates a swing of theatre-goers' interest away from peephole realism and the drama of 'social purpose,' toward the drama of romantic sweep, verbal richness, and even poetic lift. The presence of so much royalty is unconscious testimony, perhaps, to the wisdom of Aristotle, who declared that exalted drama must deal with characters of exalted rank. How much the motion pictures, which inevitably possess a realistic illusion inherent in the camera, have hastened this swing in the theatre, it is beyond the scope of this article to speculate. But the pendulum is swinging, and as always,

on the poetic side, it reaches Shakespeare.

The theatre never reaches Shakespeare without finding itself confronted by many problems of production, which at various times it attempts to solve in various ways, and with varying degrees of success. To me, an old theatregoer who as a child saw Booth, and Irving and Terry, and as a student fought with Mansfield on Bosworth Field, what has been most interesting in the recent revivals is the fresh triumph of the spoken word and the rededication of the actor to its supreme commands. Few people short of advanced middle age can fully realize how much theatrical production methods, the style of plays, and the style of acting, have changed since Ellen Terry charmed us with 'The quality of mercy . . .' The realistic drama has bred, quite rightly, a school of realistic acting, and that acting has been still further restrained by the camera. Not only has the difficult art of speaking verse been almost lost, but the knowledge of breath control, supported tone, vocal color, clean enunciation, has not been deemed a necessity of the actors' training, any more than the knowledge of romantic style and the assured grasp of exalted emotion.

On the production side, there has been undoubted improvement over the nineteenth-century 'realistic' scenery (which was never truly realistic), though we have progressed at times through a series of fads. Lighting has similarly improved in flexibility and mood qualities. Nearly thirty-five years ago, E. H. Sothorn once played *Hamlet* entire, with realistic sets changed for each scene — and the play finished at 2.30 A. M. A quarter of a century later John Barrymore played *Hamlet* in a single set (some scenes in front of a curtain), and could doubtless have finished the entire play before midnight. Meanwhile we had seen *The*

Winter's Tale entire on an Elizabethan stage, and both *Hamlet* and *The Taming of the Shrew* in modern dress, with Petruchio carrying off Katherine in a Model T Ford, and making her crank it when it stalled. We had also seen a 'futuristic' *Macbeth*, played against black velvet, under searchlights, and turned at times into straight expressionism. (It is remarkable what Shakespeare can stand.) But although most of these revivals were interesting, their life was not long and they left no ripple on our emotional lives. The two Shakespearean revivals which stirred us in the 1920's were Jane Cowl's *Romeo and Juliet* and Barrymore's *Hamlet*, and in both cases that was because of the acting in the leading rôle.

This past winter John Gielgud acted *Hamlet* in a unit set which consisted of a high, raised platform at stage rear, reached by two flights of steps. Between the steps was a kind of cellar door, through which you expected the janitor to appear at any moment with the ashes. A curtain descended in front of this platform, and scenes were played, with properties, on the fore-stage in approximate alternation. The lighting was often bad, because it insufficiently illumined minor figures, and the set, as a whole, had no charm and no particular meaning. Yet Gielgud enacted the play 132 times in New York, because he brought to its leading rôle personal distinction, beautiful speech, and high intelligence. The great and greatly moving play 'came through,' because he gave the Word its way. Leslie Howard, successful in drawing crowds on the road because of his fame as a screen actor, failed in New York, though by general consent his flexible unit set for *Hamlet* was both more fitting and beautiful than Gielgud's. He failed because as an actor he could not measure up to the stature of the rôle or the demands of the poetry. Came *Othello*, with Walter Huston in

the title rôle, in costumes and settings by our most imaginative American designer, Robert Edmond Jones, settings of simplified realism suggesting definite place, but of a style and beauty to comport with high poetic drama. Yet the play failed. Huston, so excellent as Dodsworth, on both stage and screen, simply could not rise on the great emotional wave which is *Othello*, and ride it to its final thunderous fall. No need to have seen Salvini to tell you that here was something unrealized, unprojected, on the stage.

And then came young Maurice Evans, who was still in his teens when Forbes-Robertson doffed his suits of solemn black for the last time in the dressing room at Sanders Theatre — a young man trained in Shakespeare at the Old Vic within the past decade. Acting *Richard II* in scenery patched up from *Richard of Bordeaux* and consisting chiefly of hangings for throne room and tent, with a bit of realism in John of Gaunt's house, and with a projecting forestage which was employed frequently in front of a neutral curtain to indicate any place you wished, — and sometimes you had no thought of any place at all, — this remarkable actor brought to vivid life a drama having in all its length but three or four scenes which are thoroughly dramatic, which are, that is, a conflict built before your eyes.

How did he do it? Primarily, of course, by the firm projection of a vivid character, well conceived and emotionally realized, using the medium of Shakespeare's poetry not as realistic speech but as magnificent magic, of which not one lovely syllable escaped us. In this he was seconded by many in his cast, especially Augustin Duncan as Gaunt and Ian Keith as Bolingbroke, and aided (or certainly not hindered) by what I'm afraid many of our scene designers would consider a shabby production. The unit set for

Shakespeare is a dubious advantage; it invariably looks enough like *something* to make us unhappily conscious that it is trying to be everything. Some varied suggestions of place which will satisfy our long-inbred demand for scenery appear to be best, with a frequent and frank use of the forestage bare of all setting, in the Elizabethan manner, so that the flow of the play can be maintained. Actually, place in Shakespeare is far less important than movement, and than the emotional projection of the verse. The Evans production maintained the flow so steadily and throbbingly that the many passages dramatically arid by conventional standards never lost interest.

The truth is, of course, that Shakespeare, or any other high poetic drama, lives by a deeper realism than that of time or place. It projects its own pictures by the magic of waked imagination, its mood is in its music, and its emotional appeal in the clash of great characters who utter in great speech the secrets of their souls. To produce it successfully the first requisite is fine acting; it calls for players who can speak verse, projecting the meaning in terms of music, and who dare reach for and can attain emotional utterance in the grand manner. In spite of certain happy effects in such a screen version of Shakespeare as the recent *Romeo and Juliet*, the true Shakespeare cannot be put, ever, upon the screen, because the pictures which are his inner core cannot be photographed. They are waked in us by his words, and rise and astonish and dissolve on the stream of his music. They come to us in their perfection, they move us and shake us, only from the lips of a fine actor who is not handicapped by too much or even too beautiful scenery, who has command of the full resources of emotional expression, including vocal clarity, and who is not afraid to pull out

the stops. In the high poetic drama, the living actor is supreme.

I listened recently, at Harvard, to a record made by Edwin Booth in 1889. The mechanical noises were so great in those early days that you have to strain to catch the voice. But, once caught, you cannot escape its spell. Rich, quiet, easy, with a sense of infinite reserves of power, it begins, 'Most potent, grave and reverend signiors . . .' Not a syllable blurred, not a beat of the music escapes; there is the throb of feeling, of passion, yet no rant. Not Gielgud, not Evans, is more natural and easy. And neither has the rich timbre and the reserves.

Gielgud starts too high and later cannot quite cap his climaxes. He overworks his pauses in his effort to suggest the process of tortured cerebration, and occasionally almost lets the flow of the music and action stop. His Hamlet is intellectualized to a point where emo-

tion takes a secondary place. It lacks the sad, princely loveliness of Forbes-Robertson's, as it lacks the bitter humor of John Barrymore's and the haunting, tragic melancholy of Booth's.

The chief reason why Evans's performance (in a much simpler character) seems to me more satisfactory than Gielgud's is that he rises more assuredly to his climaxes. And perhaps why Booth would seem superior to either, even today, would be because he could more surely vary his pace, pass from conversational naturalness to lightning speed of action and word, or unloose the full powers of his magnificent voice in a climax that realized the complete stature of Shakespeare's theatrical conception. The Bard did not write tame tragedies for tame people. The actor who feels ridiculous when he lets himself go in Shakespeare had better let himself go to Hollywood. Meanwhile, let us try to keep Gielgud and Evans in our midst.

OLD REYNARD IN SPRINGTIME

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

It was a pity to leave the garden on this March day, for it was springing with a new, a varied life. All the little spring flowers were singing together, some with their faces just visible above the spears of grass, others swaying on such delicate stems that they seemed at any moment ready to fly skyward.

Their song must surely have been audible to the goldfish in the pond, for they showed a new vivacity in their movements and the largest leapt clear of the water, with a flourish of his spear-shaped tail. There are seven

goldfish, and my children have named them for the days of the week. The one which had just leapt is called 'Sunday,' and so they are graduated down to little 'Saturday Pence,' for Saturday cannot be separated from the thought of the weekly allowance of tuppence apiece.

It needed no sensitive ear of a goldfish to hear the song of the birds. The missel thrush, perched among the glistening buds of the magnolia tree, poured out his heavenly chatter, and the blackbird whistled richly. In the

deep shadow of the trees the ringdove gave forth the sulky sweetness of his call.

How beautiful the trees were in their fine new leafage! Even the pines had a new shine on their needles. The weeping beech trees, which send long trailers drooping to the ground, were forming their thin, satiny leaves. 'Like the leaves of my new prayer book,' said my little girl, and she could pay them no higher compliment.

Ours is rather a grim-looking house, despite the ivy that enfolds it, but it stands on a lovely slope which rises to the mystery of a wood. Up this slope the daffodils were uncovering their golden heads in a brave procession, and in the wood the stalks of the bluebells swelled as they drew up moisture from the deep, rich earth.

Halfway up the slope there is a thatched summerhouse, and an old sundial bearing the words: 'Make the passing shadow work thy will.' They seemed stern words to me on this blowy soft March morning. How could I make a shadow work my will? And I but another shadow! The motto was better suited to that noted engineer who once lived here. He built the Jubilee Drive that climbs the hills to the Herefordshire Beacon, in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee. Just beside the sundial a large, thrice-circling hoop of iron hangs from the spreading branch of an oak. In those days the engineer's servants used to beat on this to summon him from across the valley to his forgotten meals.

I had a fancy to hear its voice speak again. I picked up a stone and struck the hoops sharply. I made them sound their heavy note again and again. Then silence came, and regret. I had frightened the birds. Silence lay thick among the trees. A bloom like the bloom on grapes lay there — silence made palpable.

Then a new sound, as though an echo of the gong, rose from a neighboring wood. Our two puppies came running along the mossy path and looked eagerly up into my face. The Scottie's tail was a tense question mark above his muscular haunches, the Cairn's eyes were luminous under a fringe of mouse-colored hair. 'The hounds!' tail and eyes said to me, as plain as words could speak. 'The hounds are baying and we want to go to the Hunt!'

I had their leads looped over my arm, and before they could run off again I fastened the Scottie's plaid collar round his neck and slipped on the Cairn's green harness. The Scottie lay prostrate, grinning up at me. Little shivers ran over the Cairn. When we set off they trotted so close together that their sides touched — the one jogging like a pony, the other moving with smooth slinky grace.

A rabbit darted across the path and there were two simultaneous tugs at the leads. The rabbit disappeared into the rhododendrons and again that sad sweet music of the hounds came on the breeze. We trotted along the path to the iron gate that stands at the back of the grounds. We followed another path to the public road and climbed the steep hill toward the Wyche, with far ahead the Worcestershire Beacon hunched against the blue sky.

We were not the only ones who had heard the baying of the hounds. When we neared the top of the hill, where there is a scattering of small houses, I saw that out of each women and children had come and were standing fascinated, their eyes fixed on a copse on the steep above. Two youths on bicycles had dismounted; two more had clambered down from the seat of a lorry; a farmer had drawn up his pony and sat looking on from the seat of his gig. A man raking in a garden, a laborer digging a drain, threw down

their tools and joined us others who had gathered by a low stone wall on which we could rest our arms. I lifted the Scottie and the Cairn on to it and all stared at the copse from where the sound of a horn now rose.

Yet, while we fixed our eyes on this small space, a spacious panorama was spread before us, hill upon hill, fold upon fold, embracing the lovely valleys, encircling the fields where flocks of black-faced sheep grazed. And in the distance the sunlight silvered the black mountains of Wales.

'There he is!' cried one of the youths, and 'Yon's the fox!' called a woman, holding up her child to see.

Across a pale-green field he flashed — a bronze arrow of fear. The hounds came tumbling out of the copse after him, in a stream of liver and white, their bellies close to the ground, their throats swelling with the bell-like notes. And after the hounds the horses with flying manes and streaming tails, their riders in pink or brown or gray, stretched their powerful legs across the tender grass.

'Tis the last day of the huntin',' observed an old man at my side. 'If he gets away to-day he's safe till autumn.' The man's voice expressed neither hope that the fox would escape nor desire that he should be caught. It expressed, in its rich Herefordshire accent, only complete satisfaction in the spectacle before him and complete acquiescence in its finish — whatever that might be.

Suddenly the hounds showed bewilderment; they became silent and scattered themselves across the field. The horses slackened to a trot. The fox had disappeared into some undergrowth that fringed a little stream. A bird began to sing timidly. The Scottie and the Cairn became restive; they looked questioningly into my face. The old man gave it as his opinion that the fox had gone to earth. A gentle spring sweetness rose from the land over

which the ancestors of this same fox and these hounds had raced for many generations.

Then a hound raised up his voice and all the pack joined in the clamor. The horn sounded. The Whip shouted. The scent was again strong.

'Look! Look! There he is! By gum, he's coming straight this way!' Excited voices rose all about me. Then I saw the fox.

He came down the hillside toward us, clearly seen by us but still invisible to the Hunt. He came at an easy trot, not spending himself, his head turning warily from left to right as he sought for escape. He showed no fear at the sight of all these people, but drew nearer in his soft, loping trot, his pointed muzzle turning this way and that.

For a moment he disappeared, but again we saw him, now poised on the top of the wall surrounding a cottage garden. A woman stood in the doorway, staring at him open-mouthed. She had been feeding her fowls, which were pecking at the corn, oblivious of the nearness of their enemy.

He hesitated, turning his bright gaze on them, as though he had a mind to pick one up on his way, but the baying of the hounds rose from the other side of the wall and he moved delicately across the vegetable garden. The gate stood open and he trotted through it, like an accustomed visitor, on to the road where we stood.

I have seen foxes in captivity, foxes stuffed, and many skins of foxes, but he was the handsomest I have ever seen. He was large, in beautiful condition, sleek and graceful. His fur was a lovely red russet, and strength and experienced maturity were in every movement.

He gave us a glance, half sneering, wholly self-contained, and crossed the road. I felt the bodies of the terriers rigid against my side. Their hackles rose. The Scottie gave a loud yell of

fury as the fox clambered over the wall near us, and struggled to be after him. The Cairn lifted his lip and turned his pretty little face into a mask of hate.

Now through a farm gate the Hunt poured, in a confusion of hounds, horses, and pink coats, into the road. The sides of the horses were heaving; foam flecked their bright coats. I knew some of the riders, but they passed, seeing nothing outside the chase, excepting one, an elderly man who came last and shut the gate after them. He recognized me and touched his cap with his crop. 'He's a tough old rascal,' he exclaimed. 'He's been hunted a dozen times this season.' He himself looked tough-sinewed and wiry. The skin of his thin aquiline face was weather-beaten and red. The sleeves of his coat were too short — his red wrists protruded; and he had evidently had a fall, for his back was plastered with mud.

Now old Reynard stretched his supple length in desperate need. He flew down the green slope with the hounds baying closer to the red plume of his tail. Their voices had become hysterical, half mad with the lust to tear him to pieces. The horses thundered after the hounds, rising to jump a thorn hedge under which he had slipped. The hounds pressed, whimpering at the delay, through a thorny gap. A young boy was thrown from his pony, but he captured it, remounted, and went boldly after the others.

We, at the top, looked down on the scene, not with godlike impartiality, but heart and soul for the escape of the fox. There had been something in the way he had looked at us. He had taken us into his confidence. 'See me!' he had seemed to say. 'Watch how I will diddle them!'

We could see his russet body flying across a smooth meadow — too smooth, for it meant that the hounds gained

on him. But ahead was a wood, and if he could win that he might have a chance.

'Ah, I do hope he gets away!' cried the woman whose garden he had passed through. 'He came that near me I could have touched him and he'd such bright eyes!'

Now the fox did a strange thing. He turned aside and glided into the sparse undergrowth by the edge of the stream. He seemed to be throwing away his one chance of escape. The hounds ran here and there, muzzles snuffling, tails waving. Then one raised his voice, the others jostled him, and again they were off. They disappeared into the wood.

'T was a master stroke,' said the man at my side. 'He came on the scent of another fox and crossed it to save his own skin! He's thrown the hounds off the scent. I warrant they'll never get him now.'

It was true. Up the hillside to the right we saw the old fox gliding. There was no mistaking his unusual color, his size, the almost studied grace of his movements. But he moved slowly now. He was very tired.

In the valley the tumult went on. It came mysteriously out of the wood, invisible to us except for the occasional gleam of a polished flank, the flash of a pink coat. The silent hills unrolled themselves, fold upon fold, dark green upon pale green, blue upon purple, purple on the azure horizon.

At last beyond the wood we saw the Hunt flash out and stream across the fields. We saw the hounds slither across the stepping stones of a stream, the horses arched above it for a spectacular moment. The horn sounded faintly, the bright colors dissolved into the colors of hedge and mead.

'My goodness!' exclaimed the cottage woman. 'I thought he was for snatching one of my hens! But just the same I'm glad he got away!'

'Him's a noble-looking feller,' said the old man. 'T is to be hoped he breeds more of his kind this year.'

More of his kind to be hunted! More of his kind to strain with breaking hearts to reach the haven of their burrows or be torn to pieces! Little cubs, playing at their mother's side through the summer days — reared for this tragic culmination of their strength and speed!

Was it better, I wondered, to be born for this than never to be born at all? For certainly it is the Hunt which preserves the fox. If it were not for the Hunt the farmers would soon demand his extermination, as he increased in boldness and numbers. I thought of old Reynard, now stretched at ease, his breathing gradually becoming tranquil, the baying of the hounds no more than the faint ringing of a distant bell; his woods, his meadows, safe for the summer. Yes, it was better to be born to suffer in the beauty of this world than not to be born at all.

I had lifted the puppies from the wall. The Scottie was already engaged in digging a hole. The Cairn was submitting coyly to the advances of a woman in a burberry coat. The little group of people was already dispersed. Bicycle, lorry, and cart were continuing their way.

As we went toward home my mind turned to the first meet of the season on

a day last November. The meet had been at Barton Court and we had gone, packed in our car. The children's kindergarten class had been given a holiday; so had the boys of the near-by preparatory school. It was a chill morning, but there was rich color on the countryside. The beech mast lay thick beneath the great smooth-boled trees, the russet oak leaves clung sparsely to the wide branches. Sheep grazed close together on the rimy green pastures. A roan pony drew wisps of hay from a shapely new rick.

When we had arrived most of the Hunt was already gathered at the Court. Plates of sandwiches and plum cake, glasses of cherry brandy, were being passed to those who rode and those who came as onlookers. The children ran to join their little friends. Indoors our host was talking to villagers who were enjoying the unusual treat of plum cake and coffee in mid-morning.

The cobbles of the yard were wet and slippery; the horses sidled on them impatiently, while their riders cajoled or shouted at them. The dappled hounds stood shoulder to shoulder, gently surging, like a gathering wave. A deep undertone of excitement stirred through all.

Now the hunting season was over. There was peace for the hunted.

SCHOOL ON PITCAIRN

BY ROY PALMER CLARK

THE first school-teacher on Pitcairn's Island was Alexander Smith, a hardened and illiterate sailor of *H. M. S. Bounty*. The terrible carnage on this island which followed the mutiny resulted in the murder of all the Tahitian native men, and of all but two of the mutineers, Alexander Smith and Edward Young. The former came to realize that the offspring of the mutineers should be taught Christianity, and to read and write. Not possessing sufficient learning, and feeling incapable of performing this task, he asked the assistance of his companion, a former midshipman who at this time was sick and on his deathbed. Thus it happened that Alexander Smith became a teacher of Pitcairn's rapidly rising generation of twenty-three children.

This was ten years after the landing of the mutineers in 1790, and for eight years Smith taught alone and unaided his limited store of knowledge so lately acquired from his deceased companion. But at the end of these years 'he had the satisfaction of seeing the children of such disreputable parentage growing up around him, quiet, peaceable, industrious, and happy, and with an increasing love of virtue and strict morality.'

Now I will attempt to communicate an eye picture of school life on Pitcairn Island as it is to-day. We will begin with the schoolhouse.

A few yards inland from a fringe of native trees and shrubs, which grow to the very edge of a cliff rising almost

perpendicular from the rocky shore below, the schoolhouse stands, surrounded by sugar cane and pandanus trees. The playground faces the sea, and has an opening leading to the cliff's edge, where the island flagpole is situated. There a small area of gently sloping surface covered with grasses forms an ideal gathering place for the children and teachers in the early morning hours and at recess. From this site one has a magnificent and charming view of our northern coast line, including Christian's Rock to the west and Bounty Bay to the east. Directly below is the island's swimming pool, called Big Pool, and a little distance farther inland is another smaller pool where the little children swim and sail their tiny boats.

In the bright sunshine of the early morning before school begins, it is invariably the custom for a group of children to congregate on the sloping grassy area and sit at the very edge of the cliff overlooking the rocks and the deep blue waters of the Pacific. It is, and always has been, a wonder and marvel to me that none of the children have ever gone over the edge and rolled to their certain death. They come running with laughter and play from the school grounds, past the flagpole, down the grassy slope, and halt so precariously near the edge of the cliff that at various times I have stood spellbound with fear that one or more would topple over. I have witnessed some actually

over the edge clinging to tufts of grass or some projecting stones with not a trace of fear or danger, not realizing that if they once should start rolling they would be mangled upon the jagged rocks some eighty feet below.

I suppose that every teacher has warned, and threatened, and punished the daring ones from time immemorial, but to no avail. The youth and children are accustomed to such dangers, and have some natural instinct of sure-footedness (such as mountain goats have) that appears to warn them just how far they may go without endangering their lives.

In the summertime the first school bell rings at 6.30 A.M.; in the winter months at 7 A.M. The large community bell sends its warning peals throughout the village, giving the first call to the school children. Twenty minutes later the second warning call is rung, and now you may see a few dilatory children come running pell-mell down the winding pathway leading from the village to the schoolhouse, so as not to be late.

After the notice of the second bell has sounded there remain only ten minutes before school commences, and the punishment for tardiness without a good excuse is to 'block in' for twenty minutes. At seven o'clock the head teacher rings his desk bell and calls, 'Ranks up!' At this command the children line up for their calisthenic exercise, after which they march into the schoolhouse in single or double file.

The opening exercises comprise a hymn and prayer. The hymn is selected by one of the teachers or the older scholars. All rise and sing. The hymn over, all kneel in prayer while one of the teachers invokes God's blessing on the school and the lesson study period. Then for half an hour the schoolmaster instructs the whole school in ethics or science (made plain), or perhaps tells an interesting story that

has a moral. At the conclusion of this study period the different divisions separate for their respective studies.

There are four divisions, and a teacher for each division, two women and two men: the kindergarten with ten of the smallest children, the primary with eleven older ones, the intermediate with twelve, and the senior division with twelve more advanced scholars. Because of the disparity in ages we find it necessary to have just four divisions, for among the older scholars there are not more than three that have the identical studies, so that in one division there would be four grades. Besides, none of the school children are ever required to pass an examination. I did try the first term I taught, but the children simply looked at the report cards and then threw them aside, and I do not believe that one was carried home to parents.

As the different divisions are preparing for their respective lessons let us take cognizance of the schoolroom — a building some forty feet long by eighteen feet in width and consisting of sixteen windows, one partially built-in partition not completed, an old locker for books, three tables, three forms, four blackboards (one on an easel and three attached to the clapboard walls), a few disheveled pictures scattered here and there without order, and twenty-odd old and defaced desks.

In the summertime the windows are always open during school hours, and the pure Pacific breeze ventilates the room. In winter, if the weather is cold, the windows are closed and the children keep warm the best way they can. We have no school in excessively bad or cold weather.

The kindergarten teacher patiently and laboriously drills her division in learning the alphabet. In the next division is heard a rather subdued monotone of voices studying the multi-

plication tables by rote. This droning or chanting pervades the entire room, but unless the childish voices are pitched too high the older children are not annoyed or hindered in their studies, as they have become accustomed to this method of learning in their own childhood days.

The scholars of the older divisions are more quiet and study their allotted lessons as if they were the only occupants of the room. Their lessons are as follows: Old Testament Bible history, grammar, the three R's, English history (the lesson they most enjoy), and geography. Usually once a week there is a singing class where the children are taught music and new songs. These are the complete studies of our island school.

The allotted time for recess is from twelve to fifteen minutes, but often when the play is exciting and the boys are at a critical point in a ball game (cricket) a longer recess is allowed.

Immediately after recess the kindergarten is dismissed; shortly after, the next oldest children, and then at 10.30 or 11 A.M. the older boys and girls are free and school is over for the day.

The native teachers use the common island vernacular, which is a mixture of English and the Tahitian language, but as spoken to-day is not nearly so corrupt and difficult to understand as it was two generations back. Probably this is due to the frequent intercourse and mingling with the passengers and crews of the steamers that call here. Many words of the islanders' vocabulary, though, are words they have themselves coined, and are neither English nor Tahitian. All the efforts that teachers and missionaries have put

forth to discourage our 'slang' have been in vain, and it still 'sticks.'

Let me give you a few examples of our idiom: —

Es stolly: 'It's a story,' or, in a more brutal manner, 'It's a lie.'

Bout you bin: 'Where have you been?'

Lebby: 'Leave it alone.'

Can fetch: 'Can't be done.'

Fut you ally come yah: 'Why do you come here?'

Fut you ally comey diffy and do daffy: 'Why do you come and behave that way?'

Two months of the year are set aside for vacation months — January and July, with possibly the last week of December. On 'ship days' — that is, when one of the scheduled passenger boats lies off the island in school hours — school is dismissed. It would be less difficult to control the children and keep them quiet and attentive if the schoolhouse were on fire than to do so when a passenger boat is off Bounty Bay. And why should we blame the children and restrain their excitement and pleasure when teachers and all the men and women on the island are overflowing with excitement and joyful pleasure?

'Ship days' are the only events that give a change to both old and young in their too monotonous existence. Imagine how excited you yourself would be when the long-drawn-out call of 'Sail ho!' sounds and resounds throughout the island telling all within hearing that a steamer has been sighted! You cannot conceive what the sound means to every inhabitant of the island. All secular work is laid aside, and even religious meetings are dismissed or postponed; so, we reason, why not the school also?

PEGASUS IN PRISON

BY HILDA HINCKLEY

I

How significant it is that in prison parlance the term of sentence is known as 'time.' In comparison, we on the outside 'have no time' because we have filled our moments with such a number of things that the luxury of contemplation and the opportunity for creation are often crowded out. In prison, time is something to be 'done,' to live through moment after tedious moment, something which must consciously be turned from present into past. The wrestling with this time often results in unrest and the squandering of emotions, but *Don Quixote*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *History of the World* have enriched our literature because their authors were sentenced to do time. Admittedly, Cervantes, Bunyan, and Raleigh are exceptions; wherever they were found, wonder would grow. The only generalization we can draw from such cases is that the enforced solitude, the reiterative routine, the self-communion which is inflicted in any prison, may be turned into a creative rather than a destructive force, and an individual who possesses talent, latent and unsuspected though it may be, has the opportunity to become an artist.

It was with some such thought as this in mind that I pulled together, out of the three hundred women at the State Reformatory, about fifteen to be members of a poetry club. Interest was the only prerequisite; discrepancies in age, nationality, formal educa-

tion, and I. Q. were ignored. For the past four years the class has met twice a week to read, write, and criticize — not always the same members, of course, for we are constantly recruiting and releasing, but with the same continuity of interest and purpose upheld by young and old, by those doing a short bit of a year or two and those who have long stretches. The reading we do is wide, ranging from Chaucer to MacLeish; the writing may be bad or fair, but we strive to make it our own; and the criticism is spontaneous, both of our own work and of that of others.

Since all judgment is the expression of the sum of one's prejudices, hereditary, environmental, and personal, a consideration of the cultural background of our students gives a better understanding of their approach to art. Formal education left most of them 'between the dark and the daylight,' and thrust them forth into a world in which the literature consisted of tabloid newspapers, confession magazines, and drug-store novels. Where the printed work left off, the movies took up their social education and spread a sentimental veneer of ready-made motives, catchwords, and attitudes over the ugliness of daily, dingy life. 'A mother can do no wrong,' 'Home is heaven,' and 'Poetry is anything that rhymes' are tenets which serve as pigeonholes into which experience must be fitted neatly. In class we stress, not the 'proper' response, but the truth

and sincerity which must be the basis of all art.

A new group I initiate with ballads, for they like something that tells a story, and the simple rhymed stanzas fit exactly their notion of poetry. Classes are never lectures, but round-table discussions, so my students will mention, sometimes recite, the ballads they know, — 'Frankie and Johnnie,' for example, and 'The Dying Cowboy,' — and we will find certain similarities between Casey Jones and that other folk hero who did his duty, Sir Patrick Spens. The romance of literary ballads — 'The Highwayman,' 'The Seal Woman,' 'The Harp Weaver' — appeals to all and stimulates their imagination to see subjects and themes in daily incidents. After the spring flood of 1936 there was a regular deluge of poems of rising water and acts of heroism, with the themes taken from newspaper accounts, letters from home, or vivid imaginations. Class discussions ramble, and the students become acquainted not only with Childe Waters but with new terms: metre, iambic, quatrain, free verse. We define, illustrate, and talk about these technical terms until we have a toehold of knowledge to start our own writing.

At the same time we study a simplified A B C code for apprenticed versifiers. Never can the mere names of technical terms or the knowledge of the work of others make a poet; there is no substitute for inspiration; but a knowledge of the history, development, and craft of verse writing is a signpost directing us along the right road. Just what it is that makes a poet no one can say beyond the vague generalizations of 'talent' and 'sensitivity' and 'perception.' Women in prison have recently been through a tense and terrifying emotional experience; the realness and the bitterness of it are still gashed in their memories. By turning emotion to an expressive form the festering hurt

may be cleansed and the healing started, for the release which comes with sharing an overpowering experience is a well-known religious and psychological fact. A strong, clear, and single emotion forces those who are not used to writing to keep the end rather than the means in mind, thereby reaching the goal in the most direct way; simplicity, achieved by art in a more conscious group, is here achieved by instinct. Nor is it only these subjective factors which aid the prisoner, but the environment of orderly living, the discipline of actions and reactions, and a routine which allows time for thought and solitude.

II

Though these women are amateurs at expression, most of them have had a variety and intensity of experience, and their themes can best be found in their past or in their immediate present. Prison life is serious; the loneliness, the compulsion, the separation from loved ones, the regret, are real, and when put on paper they are convincing. After a strenuous day's work, the door of the solitary room is closed at seven-thirty and a prisoner has time to remember and muse. Thoughts of resentment and bitterness add bit by bit to the tension of unrest until there must be release of some kind — it may come in tears, in a curse muttered or shrieked, in a smashed window or a door kicked down. Once such musings were turned into words, and the words entitled

MEDITATION

Alone — alone.
 Friends — friends no more.
 Loved ones — loved ones no more.
 Home — home a memory.
 Forsaken — forsaken.
 Doomed a hopeless wanderer
 On this burning desert of life.
 Water — water no more.
 Parched lips, fevered brain, tormented soul.
 Abandoned, despaired of, desolate.
 Alone — alone to die on this scorching sand.
 Oh God! Forgive me; offer me Thy hand.

A prison is built on a foundation of tangible facts; not only the bricks and bars, but the sentence imposed by the court which judges 'guilty.' The facts of the life of the prisoner will be written up by the social worker in a case history, the staff will know what she has been and what she has done, her background, her heritage, the 'why' of her incarceration. But none of these stripped facts, nor the results of a psychometric test, will reveal the depth of her imagination or the vagaries of her dreams. Her personality is more than the sum of the facts about her; it is also her thoughts, her attitudes, her ideas.

The social worker may state that the prognosis for a certain girl on parole is poor, the work officer may say she is slack, but if she can express herself as this girl has done, she is, for the time being, an artist, and out of the wreck of her life she has been able to create something living and vital — and successful.

In the corridors the unnatural silence of a line of women waiting to march to meals or the footsteps of a solitary worker returning from late duty in the hospital convey a feeling of desolation that is caught in the following poem: —

WOMAN OF LONG AGO

Oh, ghostly woman of long ago,
What are the things you would have me know?
Did you walk these halls with bated breath,
When you first came in and were scared to death?

Did you double your blanket in another fold,
Pull it closer around you to keep out the cold?
Did you hope and wish and sometimes pray
For loved ones and freedom so far away?

When the weary days draw to a close,
Suffering fades like last year's snows.
Then you pass through the open door,
To merge in the mist and be known here no more.

It is not only the inescapable present but also the remembered past which calls forth the lyric mood.

A HAUNTED HEART

My heart is a place where shadows dwell,
Shadows that haunt me day and night,
Shadows that seem so bright, and yet
They're always fleeing from my sight.

First is the shadow of childhood years,
And lessons learned of schoolday lore,
Then shadows of my older years
Pass through my memory's door.

Then shadows of a silly life
When everything looked bright and gay,
I watch my old self laugh in glee,
Then the door is closed, they fade away.

Who can say which is more real at a given moment — the yard within the prison walls or the 'ringing plains of windy Troy'? Not for all, but in varying degrees and lengths of time for some, the wider world of imagination may be superimposed upon daily life to extend the horizons of thought far beyond the bare walls of present experience. A single plant on the window sill of a blank room is a dramatic and vital force, and as its vivid color is far removed from the monotone, so is the expression of its beauty above the level of the day.

Gay red geraniums on my window sills
Hold golden sunlight in their hearts until it spills
Into my room.
A bold defiance to winter snows it flings
And breathes a promise of the coming spring
Into my room.

Life is as varied and eventful as our natures make it; a unique experience will be commonplace if we allow it to be, while imagination can make memory a lyric force, or turn a daily sight into a delightful simile.

Each of the following three poems is a first attempt at verse. The girls who wrote them are young, have longed for lovely things and never had them, but when they compelled themselves to observe and re-create the beauties they saw they found that for the moment they were no longer poor. It was not the desire for wealth that society had

condemned in them, but the means they took to get it. In class there is no talk of morals, and the values which are stressed are artistic ones, yet these three girls in this first experience of striving for a different kind of success have realized new values.

NEW MOON

The new moon is a curved sword blade
Whose loveliness has pierced my heart.
But for this one thing only have I prayed,
That no fragment of its haunting pain depart.

SUMMER WIND

The soft little breezes flutter
The leaves on the apple trees,
They ruffle the hair of little children playing,
And touch with cool fairy fingers
The smooth warm cheek of a sleeping baby.

IT'S SNOWING

I stood by my window to-night
And watched the snow, bright and silvery,
Come scurrying down with fluffy determination,
And freeze in lacy patterns on my window sill.

And as I watched the moon come hurrying
Across the sky, hiding in the storm,
Her silvery rays turning the snowflakes
To beautiful rainbow hues,
And as the snow fell softly around her,
I was reminded of confetti falling on a radiant
bride.

III

For verse written by class members there is absolutely free choice of subject matter and form, but the suggestion is often made that the students adopt a certain pattern or theme in order to understand more fully the work of others whom we are studying. *Spoon River Anthology* is popular. 'That stuff is real,' they say, because they know that life is not a series of sunsets and springs, but neighbors gossiping, human relations painfully strained, hidden vices, and sordid struggle. Kagawa's *Songs from the Slums* they read with the same understanding, for the miseries of the poor are universal. Parts of *The Uncelestial City* repeat almost too exactly their

own struggles; they too have committed the crime of being 'foolish, young and pretty, and absolutely broke, like Kitty.' Longer poems, *John Brown's Body*, *Conquistador*, *The Dauber*, or a play of Shakespeare they will follow with growing interest week after week, always savoring new themes, new rhythms, and new horizons. As a rule the students remain unsophisticated in their technical appreciation, always preferring simple, direct stanza patterns and modern diction. Sonnets remain too intellectual for the class, classical allusions go over their heads, and the music of words must 'have some sense to it.'

One week the class theme was a dramatic incident in poetry, and the students for several days tried to isolate an incident of everyday routine and give it significance by their interpretation. One student wrote of the lowest form of life in the institution, the 'rat,' one who 'squeals,' and from an incident known to all the members of the class formulated her attitude into this

PRIMER OF ETHICS

My son,
If you should hear
A whisper — through a keyhole,
Through a half-shut door,
Turn your head
Lest you remember,
Lest you speak, and speaking
Sorely wound a burdened heart.

My son,
If anyone bespeak thee,
'Have you heard?' — or — 'Is it so?'
Answer 'Nay, 't was old maids' fables
Told at tea for pastime
And forgotten ere the embers
Of their hearth log smouldered
And a blackened charman
Banked the rest for dead.'

My son,
If only once you're tempted to repeat,
Mute thy ears and slit thy tongue
Lest you tell — and telling
Mingle spice with aloes.
Though remorse be quick as speech,
The harm is done.

Out of the serious stuff of daily life even here there is some humor to be unearthed, as in the song to a pair of worn-out State shoes — plain black oxfords sans grace, sans individuality, sans the pride of personal ownership.

MY OLD SHOES

Farewell, old dears,
You've got to go.
I'm sorry 'cause
I loved you so.

Of all my friends
You were tried and true,
But you're failing me now,
And I'm leaving you.

You carried my burdens,
Of work did your share,
When I needed you
You were always there.

I trod on you
And wore you down,
You did n't murmur,
Did n't even frown.

But now, how sad,
You're falling apart,
And you've got to go
Though it breaks my heart.

Once again, old pals,
I'll say adieu,
So off with the old,
Bring on the new.

Even the performance of one's regular job, the task assigned by the institution, compulsory and unremunerative, is often the burden of song.

DIRGE OF A HOSTESS

'There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip'
And that's what I soon found,
When a hostess in West Wing dining room
Passing the eats around.

'Four on the right and three on the left,'
I'd murmur in sweet refrain,
'No cereal for Ray! Large helping for May!
The bread plate is empty again.'

Oh, why was this greatness upon me thrust?
For days that were I pine,
Ere I reigned in state o'er the festive board,
And was only one of the line.

HOT DAY ON THE FARM

Gosh! It's awful hot!
Rain would cool us off a lot,
Everyone rolled up in a heap,
Drowsy-eyed and some asleep.
No one cares what goes on,
Sinking sun or rising dawn,
The farm tasks must be done
Under this very hot sun.

COUNTING TIME

Most people figure out their time
In terms of days and years,
But the way in which I'm counting mine
Is causing me some fears.

In carefully added figures
You can quite plainly see
How many stockings I must make
Before I'm counted free.

Most of the thinking which goes on in our institution concerns itself with three subjects: freedom (When shall I be out?), privileges (How can I get them?), annoyances (How they irritate me!). I was wrong in calling it thinking; it is rather chasing the tail of a feeling round and round. Sometimes a student will weave the threads of anxiety and hope into a pattern, which is an excellent problem in self-discipline and self-analysis.

LOOKING BEYOND

The day is long until I reach the spot
My heart yearns for, burns for, grieves.
I watch the movement of the clock
And see the turning of the leaves.

The time may be long, the suffering great,
Each trial must be borne with a grin,
Yet beyond it all there's an open gate
That receives me back to my kin.

THIS IS HOW I FEEL TO-NIGHT

Deep night! Here in the gloom, alone in my room,
Only my thoughts to keep me company,
Deep night! Lights are all out, there's no one about —
Gee! But it's lonely, talking to only me.

I'm weary of mind and sick of the game,
I long for the folks who call me by name;
I'm acting a part, I try to be gay,
But down in my heart it's only a play —
I want to go home.

A FRIEND

I wish I had a friend
To sit and talk with me,
But it is hard to find one —
I mean a true, honest friend.

The sun is a friend to me,
For when the clouds are hid
And the day is clean and bright
It seems to whisper 'Cheer up' for me.

When the stars are twinkling
And dancing up and down,
They seem to whisper
'Brace up and twinkle.'

When the snow is falling heavy
I love to watch it from my window,
I get a feeling that it comforts me,
When it is falling heavy.

Now if people forsake me
Because they are better than I,
I still have three friends left.
I'm sure they will comfort me.

FOUR WINDOWS

If my room had four windows,
One toward the dawning day,
I could watch the sun at morn
Drive the shadows away.

If I had one looking north
And one to the southward, too,
I could watch the birds migrate,
To build their homes anew.

And if I had four windows,
The last looking to the west,
I could see each rose-hued day
Sinking at last to rest.
Since I must keep pretending,
Oh God! Let my vision climb,
That I may see these things and more
Through the one window that is mine.

These poems are stamped, as Cervantes's phrase has it, as 'just what might be begotten in a gaol.' None of them would have been or could have been written outside the institution.

Yet when we think of their authors we must remember them as temporarily members of the poetry class, soon to be members of the community. The definition of poetry, as given by Eastman, and the theory of rehabilitation are arrestingly similar; both are 'the consideration of ends yet unattained.'

ROUND THE HORN

BY BILL ADAMS

I

I WAS twenty years old and eldest apprentice on the clipper *Silberhorn* bound for Frisco round the Horn. When I joined my ship at Liverpool, Pat O'Brien was there, and Alphonse and five green apprentices. You would have thought I was at least an admiral, the way those green kids looked at me.

'Come on! Let's go uptown,' I said to Pat and Alphonse, and to the green kids, 'You kids, too. You'll soon be at sea. Make the best of your time. God help you!'

We rode uptown on top of a tram. Alphonse told me he had 'anuzzer meestrees.' Pat O'Brien had kissed his first girl. The green kids stared at them, and blushed. We entered a pub, where there were some apprentices from other ships.

'Tarpaulin muster,' I said, and took off my cap and passed it round. Everyone chucked into it some money for drinks for the gang. And then the door opened and in came a square-shouldered man of medium height, with black hair and sharp brown eyes.

'Where's the third mate of the *Silberhorn*?' he asked. No one replied.

'By God, where's the eldest apprentice of the *Silberhorn*?' he asked.

I said, 'That's me, sir.'

He asked, 'Why in hell did n't you say so? Six times round the Horn you've been, by God! I've heard of you. You're going to do my work for

me. Think I'm going to waste a fellow your size?'

'Suits me, sir,' said I. And was I gay-hearted when I rolled into my bunk that night! My last night in the half deck! To-morrow I'd sleep in the second mate's cabin.

Morning came and I gave my first order. 'Wash the decks down!' The second mate was not yet aboard. And what a sorry sight the old girl was! Her big belly was full of coke, coal, cement, railroad steel, firebricks, pig iron, for Frisco. Grime on her teak-wood, on her paint; her ropes, her gear, all thick with harbor grime. It would take a lot more than one washing even to begin to get it off. I could see the aching of the green kids' arms. All forenoon I kept them busy hauling at her gear. The Old Man came aboard during the afternoon. The mate said, 'I'm going to tell him I want you third mate.' And off he went, and soon came back.

'All right,' said John Martin, 'you're third mate. The Old Man says you're to live in the half deck still. He says you're so big it'd cost too much to feed you in the saloon.'

And *was* I disgusted! For over three years I'd served the ship, served that fat-jowled owner, and now — I was to act third mate, but draw no pay, of course, and still live in the half deck. Oh, well! Being big makes trouble for a fellow sometimes!

The second mate appeared. His name was Alwyn. A big man, bigger than myself, he smelt of drink. Black-haired, black-eyed, muscular — a big bull of a man. The minute he spoke I knew him for a Geordie — a native of the North Sea coast thereabout.

The crew came aboard after dark that night. We pulled out early next morning. A gray day — sea and sky sombre and chill. Five of the crew had failed to show up. So, as we glided past the pierhead, whereon stood a crowd of loafers, Martin called, 'Who wants to make a voyage in a good ship? Five good men here!' And five of those fellows jumped to her deck. 'Pierhead jumps' we called such men. Often amongst pierhead jumps were rattling good sailors, but those five did n't look like much to me. Oh, well, I thought, maybe it was that the booze was n't out of them yet. Once they were sobered up, perhaps things would be all right.

Getting all sail on her, I pulled my arms out, trying by example to get some life into the mob. I heaved, and hauled, and shouted. No response. Alwyn swore at and damned them; but I noted that he did n't do any pulling his arms out.

Everything seemed wrong, and the old girl had a feel in her as though she herself were aware of that wrongness. A ship knows. Ask any sailor.

II

We had not been a week at sea when the Old Man reduced five of the crew from 'able' to 'ordinary' seamen, cutting their wages from fifty to thirty-five shillings a month. One of the pierhead jumps was lately out of jail for robbery; another was wanted for cutting a man with a knife. The knifer's name was Andersen. One jump had come across from Norway as cook in a fishing boat — that was all

the sea experience he had had. There was a hulking great man named Nicholson, who vowed he was an able seaman and had discharge papers to prove it. He'd stolen them, of course, from some drunken sailor whose name he'd taken. He'd been a pugilist. The other jump was a poor little devil of a Negro from Jamaica.

Alwyn was always cursing his watch. I did n't curse my mob. I tried the gentler way. 'Look here,' I'd say, and show one or other how to do some sailor job. But, Lord, there was no response. There was n't a pennyworth of pride in the lot of them. Only in the Dane, Pedersen.

We'd been but a little while at sea when Alwyn began to suck up to me, trying to make friends. He came and sat by me on the hatch one evening. 'Wot koind o' bloodie luck d'ye 'ave wi' the girls, Bill?' he asked.

I replied, 'I'm wondering what kind of luck we're going to have with this old girl, sir.'

'The bloodie owld bitch,' he sneered, and went to talking of his last ship and what a much finer one she was. There was a sort of sliminess in his voice. And then one day when I came on duty he strode up to me and shouted, 'I ain't afraid o' no bloodie mon, not if 'ee's as big as the bloodie mainmast!'

I looked him in the eyes and said, 'That's good, sir. We'll need all the guts we've got when we get down to the Horn.' Pat O'Brien tittered behind me. And Alwyn went off mumbling about a bloodie third mate who thought he was somebody.

With a good crew, you carry sail on a ship till the last minute. You drive her for all she's worth. And when that last minute comes you clew up sail in a rush, and go up and furl it in a rush. But, with the crew we had, we had to take sail off long before the ship was feeling it too much. To try to carry on with a crew who were so slow at every-

thing would have been to risk losing sails and spars.

It was right enough while we were running down the steady trade winds where you carry full sail all day, day after day. There the old girl overhauled and passed other ships in the usual fashion. I kept Pedersen and Alphonse at work in the rigging, getting things into shape for the wild weather we'd meet by and by. The rest I kept scouring the paint work, polishing the brass, holystoning the deck. They were good for naught else. Always I worked in the rigging myself, working my fastest. 'Alphonse, if you ever want to see a mistress again, by God, do your job right!' I'd say. And the little Frenchman's eyes would shine and he would answer me, 'We see ze sheep through, my friend!'

And by and by we came out of the tropics, out from the trade winds, into the windy regions of the south. And then the Old Man, seeing other clippers pass us by because we dared not carry sail, was like an ancient bull whale that has been run out of the pod by younger bulls.

And so we took the old girl southward, the weather growing colder daily, the sea, the sky, ever more sombre; Alwyn forever cursing his mob, and I still trying to get a little sailor pride into mine; and Pat O'Brien and Alphonse, caring not a cuss for anything, yarning each evening in the half deck about the Horn to the green kids, and, of course, making the Horn even worse than it was. So there was a little fun after all. Oh, you can always find something to grin about!

III

There came a night when I was on the bridge with Martin — a bright night with a big round white moon high over the mizzen royal masthead. You could see every rope and block and

ratlin. The wind was light. The sea soughed gently. Glancing aloft, I saw a wisp of cloud no bigger than a handkerchief whip across the moon's orb swift as though fired from a gun. 'Take a look at the sky, sir,' I suggested. And as he looked up another wisp of frayed cloud whipped over the moon's face. There was a sort of faint haze coming in the high sky. So Martin called the Old Man.

'All hands shorten sail!' roared the Old Man. Out came the watches. Alwyn came from his cabin.

'Wot's the bloodie owld fool gettin' cold feet about now? 'E's got no bloodie guts, by Goad!' I heard Alwyn say. And, hearing him, some of the men began muttering about an Old Man who'd call all hands on deck to take sail in on such a fine bright night.

There was no fooling that night. Martin came down to the deck. We drove the mob. Carpenter, cook, steward, and sailmaker were called. And Alwyn was oddly silent. Before we had the topgallant sails off the old girl, the sprays were driving over her full length in blinding, stinging sheets. We took in every sail save the main and mizzen lower topsails. It was round ten o'clock by then. The moon was hid in a driving haze. There was no roar, no scream, no howl, no yell, to that wind. There was no roar or thunder to that sea. There was only a long sibilant hiss. The wind was a solid thing, a wall that pushed its way, merciless, steady, never varying in pressure.

'Double lashings, Bill!' the mate yelled in my ear. I could just catch the words. I fetched out more gaskets and led the mob aloft, and we put double lashings round each and every sail. I did n't know where Alwyn was. I did n't for a time, at least. And all that night, despite the double lashings, the sails kept working free. You'd see a tiny scrap of a sail start from beneath

its gaskets, and in a minute half the sail would have worked loose. And sails cost lots of money. So up I went, and down I came, and went up again, leading the mob. I mind I had to mash my fist into the face of one fellow who hung back, afraid of the mast. You can't spare men in times such as that. I mind that in the moon's wan light I saw one rope that had got loose from its pin on the deck in the fore rigging — the longest rope aboard, the jib topsail halliard. It goes from the rail to the royal masthead, maybe a hundred and eighty feet from the deck. It's as thick and half as thick again as a large man's thumb. And that rope stood straight out, stiff as a rigid steel rod, stretching upon the air from the royal masthead, without a quiver in its length — until its end began to fray. Then in a few moments there was no rope there. It was all frayed away, and maybe blown half across South America.

At some time after midnight I went to look for Alwyn. I had n't seen him in some time and thought maybe he was gone overboard. I saw a light in his cabin, and there he was, sitting on the settee, his head bowed in his hands, his face hidden — moaning, I guess, though had a million cowards moaned that night, or bawled their heads off, you'd not have heard a whimper.

Day came at last. It always does, though you may think it never will again. And all that day I led the mob and pointed, and shook my fist in faces, and tried like a fool to make my voice heard.

It was about midmorning when, looking aloft, I saw the windward half of the fore topgallant sail was all worked loose. It was a tight balloon, without flap or shiver. I drove three men up, and followed them, and Alphonse followed me. And in the rigging you could not budge at all when the ship lurched to windward or lay

still. The wind held you, flattened you to the shrouds. And then she'd give a horrid lifeless lurch to leeward, and up you'd dash a little way, till as she came lifelessly to windward again you were flattened once more. We came to the topgallant at last and walked out along its footrope. Five of us — ten fists; and all beating on the canvas together we could not make a tiny dent. And all the time the yard kept clacking — clacking. I knew the mast must splinter and go.

And then I thought of Alphonse beside me. What use letting Alphonse die? I beat my fist on his shoulder. He glanced at me, his wide blue eyes a question. I pointed down to the deck. Only there was no deck — you could not see the ship at all. All you could see was her masts, rising from a white hissing fury. You could not see the sea. There was no sea. All you could see was the whole ocean's surface flying on the air — a hissing haze of tortured spray. Finer than any spray, though. Atomized, the ocean's surface was. There was no sky. There was something low and whitish that went hissing past above your head.

So Alphonse started down, not knowing why I sent him down. And we four pounded bloody knuckles on the sail again. *Clack — clack — clack* the yard went on the mast. At any minute now the mast would go. And I was not afraid — not one bit. There is a time when you forget all fear. There's no such thing. There's neither fear, nor joy, nor hope, nor thought of any sort. You know you're going to die — that's all.

And then I felt someone at my side whence Alphonse was gone. How long it was that he'd been gone I do not know. John Martin had come up. Our eyes met. His held no expression of any sort. And somehow we got that sail gathered up and lashed down, and down we went. All day that wind blew.

No man had slept all night, and no man slept all day. No man had eaten. Night came again, and still the old girl lived. And still the same, on, on, and ever on.

Sometime a bit before the dawn the wind ceased — ceased as though a door had been shut. And sound came back. Why, you could hear a voice again! And you could hear the ship groan as she lurched with a lifeless, weary lurch. You heard her blocks squeak. Her royal masts, her poles, her trucks, were white with salt; from truck to rails she was coated with salt. A gray ship. And the hurricane was done, and you were living! But —

John Martin called the Old Man from the chartroom. He looked at the ship. And I knew what he'd say, and so did Martin. The ship was lying like a bird with a broken wing — far over to one side. She'd shifted cargo. Cargo had slipped. And it had slipped — it must have — just at the last of the hurricane; or she would have been gone. Saved by a tick!

The Old Man said, 'All hands trim cargo!'

We let them eat hardtack and swig some coffee down. Then out we herded them. Oh, a bleary-eyed, weary lot! We took the hatch off the sail locker before the foremast. Alwyn appeared.

'By Goad, the bloodie bitch!' he growled. Oh, innocent as pie!

We dragged all her spare sails up and under the forecastle head, and so got down to the deck of the sail locker. And then we opened the hatches in that deck. Under them was coke. We shoveled coke into buckets, hoisted the buckets, and dumped the coke to the sea. I was at the hoist. No arms so strong as mine. But lordy, was I tired! Well, you forget your tiredness with a ship to save. You shout, 'Yo — ho! Hi — lee — oh!' You shout, 'Oh, can't you get a move on there!'

I'd see the weary shovelers look up, their faces coky-black, their eye whites

showing. They looked like sinners doomed to feed old Satan's fires. 'Shovel, my bullies!' John Martin said. And Alwyn shoveled too. *He* was n't quite so weary. He yelled, 'By Goad! Wot t'ell's the bloodie matter? Can't ye bloodie move?'

When they had dug down to the bottom of the coke they came to pig iron. So then they hoisted pig iron, and bore it, pig by pig, — two men needed to lift a pig, and weight a-plenty for two men, — to the old girl's higher side. Good heavy stuff pig iron is, to straighten a ship up. We shifted pigs all morning. And when we had let the mob go nibble at some pork and gulp some pea soup down we put the hatches on at the bottom of the sail locker, then led them to the quarter-deck and opened the afterhatch. All afternoon we toiled in murky lantern light, shifting great crates and moving railroad steel. And talk about tired!

IV

Two nights later I stood with Martin on the bridge. It was dark, but not pitch dark. There were no stars. I could just make out the dim shape of the mizzenmast maybe some twenty feet before me. The wind was on her port quarter, and she was running under topgallant sails at a good clip — at maybe fourteen an hour. Running for the Horn! A fair wind! Glory! We'd passed, without seeing it, the corner of Staten Land. The seas rolled high, lifted, and dropped her; cried noisily after her, trying to leap over her railing, but not quite able to do so with her running so gayly away from them. With that wind from the east laying its lash on her fearless heel, the old girl was laughing to herself. You could sense the joy in her.

And then came a cry from the lookout man on the forecastle head: 'Light right ahead, sir!'

The Old Man came from the chart-room, and, seeing the light, said, 'A steamer coming home round the Horn.'

And I thought — oh, I did n't *think* exactly; it was too swift for thought — that it was odd for a steamer to be coming home round the Horn, for steamers go through Magellan Straits always. Somehow there came on me again that sense of foreboding. And I dropped from the bridge and ran forward and up to the forecastle head. And I was no sooner there than I was racing back, shouting at the top of my voice. But I need not have shouted, for the Old Man had seen by then what I had seen.

There is, or was in those days, on the east corner of Staten Land a small lighthouse. Chileans who herded sheep on Staten Land tended it. If their ewes were lambing and they were busy, they'd not light it. Only when all was well with their flocks was it lit. And it was a poor feeble sort of light at best, set above the murderous foreshore rocks at the east end of Staten Land. And now the old girl was driving hell for leather, under her bellied topgallants, straight for those night-hid, murderous rocks.

'Down helm! — Let go weather braces! — Lower away topgallant sails! All hands on deck!' roared the Old Man.

Martin dropped from the bridge to the quarter-deck and ran, and I ran after him. And as the helmsman hove the wheel down, and brought the ship rushing up toward the wind and meeting that high wild quartering sea, the seas came crashing over the full length of her railing in a thunderous, shoulder-high cataract. Martin, just ahead of me, was swept from his feet and vanished from my sight. But, grasping a shroud, I held fast till that first crash of water was gone.

The second mate's watch were rushing to the deck, their eyes useless as yet because of the lamplight they'd

come from. I heard a cry of alarm from Alwyn. And then I was throwing the ropes from their pins, to let the sails swing up. With water tearing at my thighs, I rushed from rope to rope, and Martin, on his feet again, raced too, both of us bawling orders. And added to the thunder of wind and sea came the sharp running rattle of halliard blocks, and the thresh of the lowered topgallants high in the dark. You could feel the masts straining, feel the tension of the rigging — you could sense the old girl's sudden fear. And then I saw, down to leeward in the darkness, a long blackness — and, between that blackness and the ship, the ghostly white of the breakers hurling themselves high on the murderous rocks. At the very edge of the breakers the old girl was. And then I heard young Pat O'Brien's voice — Pat, hauling at the ropes with the crew.

'Alphonse, by God, we'll be taking a walk ashore in a minute,' he said, cool as though we were bringing the ship to moorings in port. And I heard a laugh from Alphonse. Oh, there's always laughter where youth is!

And then, in a minute, all was well, and the old girl was running away from those rock teeth that had waited her swift keel's coming. She must well-nigh have scraped the seaweed from those waiting rocks!

And then we hauled her braces tight, and hoisted the gallants again, and that fellow Pedersen sang: —

'It's away down South where I was born,

Oh, roll the cotton down!

Amongst the fields of yellow, yellow corn,

Oh, roll the cotton down!'

The mob was getting to be fair now at rousing a chantey chorus. They were learning the way of a sailor at last.

The second mate and his watch went below again, and to my mob I called, 'All right, boys! Get the ropes coiled!' And I passed here and there amongst them, to see that all was rightly done.

And then, with things as they should be, I sauntered into the half deck. Pat was lighting his pipe. Alphonse, leaning on the edge of his bunk, was looking at the photograph of his mistress. And a little first-voyage lad, not yet fifteen, — Bryant his name was, — was on his knees by his sea chest. Every night since the old girl had pulled out to sea he had said his prayers by his sea chest. A mother's boy — nice little kid. And, of course, never once had Pat or Alphonse so much as smiled to see him praying. And the other green kids were sitting on their sea chests, looking a bit breathless, aware that there had been danger, but unaware of what a close squeak it had been.

Little Bryant rose from his knees, and blinked a bit at the lamplight shining in his eyes. And I set a hand on his shoulder and said, 'Fair wind for the Horn, son! Is n't that dandy, eh?' And he looked up at me and smiled, thinking, maybe, that Jesus had answered his prayer.

When I came on duty at eight next morning, there was the Horn a few miles away in the north. Black old Cape Stiff, staring at the old girl, seeming to say, 'So — you come my way again, do you? All right. Watch out!' Snow on the summit of Cape Stiff. Snow on the highlands behind it. Snow everywhere. And the wind was fallen quite away, and the sea was flat. The ship lay erect, motionless, on a cold gray sea beneath a cold gray sky, with a million sea birds round her, resting on the lifeless water. And presently thin snow began to fall, half hiding the Horn. And then presently the snow came thicker.

All morning it snowed, great flakes, slow-falling. On into the afternoon the great flakes fell. Not a sound, not a motion — just the great flakes falling. And toward evening John Martin said, 'Best have 'em shovel the snow off her, Bill. It'll warm their blood.' So I

called out my mob and they went to shoveling the snow off her. So thick it fell, you could not see her deck's length. And after a bit I missed that big hulking fellow Nicholson. I called him, and had no answer. Again I called. No answer. And then in a minute I found him skulking under the forecandlehead. Well, the forecandlehead beams were but six feet from the deck, and I was six feet three; and he was yet a bit taller than I. So I said, 'Come out on deck. I want to speak to you, and there's no room here.' He followed me out to the deck, to where the mob was shoveling.

'Why did n't you come when I called you?' I asked.

'I did n't hear you,' he answered, lying — and without a 'sir.'

And then I thought, 'Someone's going to get a hell of a licking, and it may be me.' I clicked my right fist to his jaw. Instantly he was at me; and all the mob quit shoveling to watch.

Well, it was all right. Had we been ashore he could have whipped me. But we were at sea, and I was fighting for my old girl. You have to have discipline if you're to bring a ship safe in.

'Go get a shovel and shovel the snow off her!' I ordered.

'Aye, aye, sir,' he replied, and went to work, one of his eyes closed and his lips bloody.

V

Dark fell. A long uneasy swell arose, from the westerly. The ship began to roll and to pitch. The snow ceased. Freezing, it was. And as the swell rose higher and higher she rolled ever more heavily. And presently her bells began to clang — a clang every now and then. *Clang — clang — clang.* Somehow it reminded me of funerals ashore. And again I had that sense of foreboding.

'By God, Bill, we're going to get it, eh?' John Martin said to me.

And I replied, 'I guess we are, sir.'

So I called out my mob and went to getting sail off her. And that chap Nicholson was a grand man! He led them all — first man into the rigging, last man down. I could scarce give an order but he was carrying it out almost ere it was given. And it was n't through any fear of me. It was just that he wanted to show me he was a man. It's queer how you can whip a man and make a friend, eh?

We got it all right. In an hour or two it was yelling from the west, and the graybacks were flooding all her length; and we had her stripped down to two lower topsails.

Ten days we were off the pitch of the Horn. The green apprentices were all sea-soaked, of course, from the first day; all their palms were split, and all their knuckles were bloody. And when I'd enter the half deck they'd look at me as though I were an admiral at least. For the Horn was an old song and dance with me now. My palms were split, my knuckles bloody, and I'd no dry rag anywhere. What of it? And little Bryant would kneel and say his prayers. And Alphonse would talk about his 'meestrees.' And Pat would talk about that first girl he'd kissed. And there was a tall lad named Smith whose sea boots were too tight; so he wore bluchers only, and ever had numb feet. I never once heard him complain, though his eyes were misery if I saw him when he did n't know I was seeing him. Two of the other green lads took things well, with youth's exasperated defiance. They cursed, of course, but what odds? Maybe when Jesus hears a sea-soaked hungry bloody-knuckled green young sailor cursing, shouting His name in the midnight's dark, He smiles.

Oh, well, we drove the old girl hither and thither; wearing her round from one tack to the other again and again; sometimes piling the upper top-

sails on her for a brief while, then having to furl them in a big hurry because of the everlasting murderous wind from the black west. Ice on the rigging; snow flying; always the long decks flooded from end to end. And one night that fellow Pedersen got his right hand caught in a brace block and all his fingers mashed. He refused to lay up. With a bloody old rag round his mashed fingers, he stayed on duty. He'd go aloft and hang on somehow with his mashed hand, and work with the other. And with him and Nicholson to lead them the mob did well enough. Even the little shivering Negro from Jamaica, whimpering about how the sun shines there, did his poor best.

'By God, Bill, we'll have a crew yet, eh?' John Martin said to me one day. And then Alwyn went along the deck, and, looking at him, Martin shrugged his shoulders.

There came a day when I joined Martin on the bridge after breakfast. The old girl had six topsails set, and the foresail. Wind and sea were savage. All morning we stood side by side, watching her fight. Trying to battle her way to the westward, the ship was — and she could n't make it. Steadily, mocking, the wind drove her sideways—crab-fashion. 'Making leeway,' we call it when a ship is in that fix. The wind would n't let her claw her way ahead at all, despite the six topsails and foresail. So at noon we took in the three upper topsails and the foresail. There was a yet darker darkness in the western sky. The wind was bringing up fresh battalions to mock her. When we had the sail off her, we wore her round, brought her on to the other tack.

It was a few minutes to four o'clock when we were finished with that little job. The mate's watch, who should have gone off duty at noon, had missed their rest, and their dinner too. Now

we went for our dinner. There was n't any. A grayback had swamped the galley, flooded the cook's stove. The little Malay cook sat on his coal locker, looking like a frozen tarantula. So we ate hardtack. Taking the sail off her, and wearing her round, I'd shouted and yelled, trying to keep good heart in the mob. It's what a third mate's for. And was I fagged! Soaked to the hide, of course, just as everyone was. And now, since it was four o'clock, the mate's watch were on duty again — on duty till six. It was getting dark already, and I took up a few of my mob to see that all was well aloft for the night ahead. I spent the whole two hours aloft. At six I should by rights have been off duty till eight. Two hours' blessed rest! Lordy, I wanted it! But John Martin came to me as the bells struck and he said, 'You'll have to keep the bridge, Bill.' I did n't ask him why. I knew. Alwyn had gone to pieces again.

Yes, we were getting close to death once more! The old girl was a few miles to the westward of the Hermite Islands, which lie a bit west of the Horn. And the mocking wind was driving her down to leeward, toward those rocks that have taken so many good ships. So on the bridge I stayed till Martin came back at eight. Side by side we stood. Pitch dark — dark as the middle of an ink bottle. Now and then the Old Man came from the chartroom, stared into the pitchy night, and went back.

None of the mob were allowed to go below that night. We stretched a life line along the poop, and ordered all hands to the poop. Men and apprentices, carpenter, sailmaker, steward, and cook, stood behind the life line, between it and the taffrail. Too scared to go to his cabin, too scared to stay on deck, Alwyn went moaning here and there about the poop.

VI

An hour passed, and another. The old girl labored in the mad seas. You could sense her fear. We'd hear the tinkle of her small bell in front of the wheel. We'd catch, faint on the wind's roar, the deep *clang — clang — clang* of the great bronze bell upon her fore-castlehead. Like funeral bells, they were.

And in the chartroom sat the Old Man, and his Old Woman with him; and they held one another's hands. Gray-headed, they were. For thirty years they'd sailed the rolling sea together.

'She's going this time, Bill,' John Martin said. 'The jig is up.'

And later, in the pitch darkness, I felt a hand that grasped my hand. I heard John Martin say, 'She'll strike at eleven o'clock, Bill. The jig's up. Good-bye! *Good luck, shipmate!*'

And I said, 'Good luck, sir! *Good-bye, shipmate!*' Ah, you don't know how much of meaning is in that word *shipmate* if you're not a sailor!

And I could see the chartroom clock. *Tick, tick — tick, tick . . .*

You wonder how it will be, to go down in the utter dark. You'll not be able to see a comrade anywhere. But will you hear their screaming? And will *you* scream? You'll not see the old girl go. There'll be a sudden grinding deep under you, and then you'll feel her drop. You wonder if her masts will go crashing over when she strikes. Maybe a mast will fall upon and crush you. That might be merciful, perhaps. And, if not, how long will it take? You, and your comrades, in the utter dark. And, by and by, the day, and maybe killer whales and hungry albatross. Oh, well! . . . *Sailor, sailor, sailor!*

It takes a lot of things to make a sailor, does n't it? You learn to knot, and splice, and reef, and furl, and steer,

and sing the good old 'Maid of Amsterdam,' and take a landsman's girl away from him when you go strolling on the shore. Maybe you drink two glasses of shore beer, and then you're drunk. And then the lubbers say, 'A drunken sailor,' and look at you with scorn. Oh, well, you're sorry for them in a sort of way. Even to-night, deep down within, you do not envy them! The sea's the sea. A ship's a ship, and you are part of her, and she of you. The world's a sort of star, swinging midst other stars. Who fixed things so? You do not pray. Maybe you shout Lord Jesus' name. Maybe a curse can be a prayer. Who knows?

Tick, tick — tick, tick . . . And now it was a quarter to eleven.

And now there came a sudden little rain flurry. And often when it rains you get a shift of wind. So it was now.

And down I ran, and down John Martin ran, and all the mob behind us, to check her topsails in.

'Haul, lads! Lay back and haul now, bullies!'

And from the weary mob a long-drawn 'Yo—ho—ho—hi—lee—oh!'

For ten good minutes the wind blew from that new quarter, a thin rain falling. And then the rain let up, and that mad wind came back like all the demons hooting. But our old girl was safe. She'd needed but a mile or so more sea room. Now she had it.

So then the carpenter, and sail-maker, and steward, and cook, and all the second mate's watch, went below. And I stayed on the bridge with Martin.

And midnight came, and then, as though frustrated, its venom spent, the mad wind fell. A new wind awakened — a waft from out the south. And we put sail on her. Setting the main upper topsail, that fellow with crushed

fingers sang, hauling with one good hand: —

'So all you young sailors, take heed what I say,
Way, aye, blow the man down!
Don't ever take heed of what pretty girls say,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down.'

Because of ice on the gear, the top-sail went up slowly. So to hoist the mizzen upper topsail we took the halliards to the quarter-deck capstan, and *tramp, tramp, tramp* went the feet of all the weary mob; *clank, clank, clank* went the capstan pawls; and, falling from the frozen topsail, ice clattered on the deck. And Pat O'Brien sang: —

'Oh, who's been here since I've been gone?
A Cape Horn sailor with his sea boots on!
Oh, wake her! Shake her!
Wake that girl with the blue dress on!

And some man laughed, and then a ripple of laughter ran from man to man till all that weary mob were laughing in the pitchy dark. We toiled till almost two o'clock, piling the sail on her, our tired feet slipping on the rolling icy deck. Nicholson sang, and the sail flapped, and the sea lapped, and the blocks creaked, all in tune with his song: —

'The boys and the girls went a-huckleberry-hunting.'

And the little Negro asked, 'Wot's dem huckleberries?' And he added, 'Boy, de sugar cane grow in Jamaica!'

And as we gave her sail on sail the old girl gathered speed, and when at last the mate's watch went below she had the bit in her teeth. 'Fair wind for Frisco, bullies!' someone cried.

We'd beat Cape Horn once more. And turning into my bunk I thought, 'Next time I come this way I'll be second mate.' But I'd not stay in the old ship; I'd find another ship to serve. And then sleep took me.

THE
END OF ALL
THINGS

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

COMFORT THAT TURNED COLD

WE had come out of the town not far
As wheels turn now and distances are;
And my friend, who drove, stared straight
ahead

Where an oily thing called a highway led,
With never a turn that I could see
From the town behind to infinity.
A small sleek cell, of enormous power,
Measured it seventy miles per hour.

Yet not so fast that I missed the sight
Of something as right as a wood is right;
As a slope of beach or a river bend,
Right forever, world without end:
An old dirt road that climbed a hill,
Winding up at its own sweet will.
I muttered, 'The Lord be thanked for that!'
My friend inclined his head. 'For what?'
'For something more than the breeze we've
burned,'

I said; 'for a road as wheels once turned.'
'Oh, that!' He grinned. 'Give thanks while
you may.

Next summer they're taking the hill away.'

I turned for a parting glimpse, too late.
We were miles beyond, in another state.

JAMES NORMAN HALL

ON BROWSING

MODERN educationists say that browsing is a valuable part of a general education, and they recommend their students to wander at will in private or public libraries, reading here and there as fancy chooses.

Some educationists do not condemn skipping; very wisely, they say that to get the essential facts from a book 'skillful skipping' is necessary. I think — but I am not sure, so please do not write to correct me — I *think* it was Dr. Jowett who advised Mrs. Asquith — Miss Tennant she was then — to skip. 'And oh, the sunsets I have skipped since then,' she remarks. In many

books one really ought to 'cut the cackle, an' come to the 'osses.' I dare not give instances, for they are to be found in the books of note that our ancestors adored in the beginning of last century. You can easily fill in the gaps for yourselves, and nobody's feelings will be hurt.

There are two ways of browsing. The first has nothing to do with conscience; one just sits down with a pile of books, or one long book, — a dictionary will do, — and turns the pages, dipping in here and there, with time, and a background of more time. It is not browsing to turn the pages of a magazine, looking at a picture here, reading a story or a bit of an article there; one cannot browse over a newspaper; there must be a book, a *big* book, — the more books the better, in fact, — and there must be no search at the back of the mind, no fact to find out, nothing to verify, no quotation to run to earth. That kind of browsing is really a rest-cure-in-reading. I advise a wet afternoon, a Saturday by preference; a fire, of course; a pipe or a cigarette, and a cup of tea, according to the whim of the browser.

Once my professor and I were looking for a house in London, and we were given an 'Order to View' card for a house where the occupants were in the very pangs of moving. At least so we thought; but were they? Movers to right of them, movers to left of them, moving vans in front of them, dashed about and thundered. No trace of the family — until we opened the door of a room that was described by the agents as 'useful as nursery, schoolroom, boudoir, playroom, smoking room or dressmaking room.' It had not been touched by the movers; there we found the whole family, sitting, mostly on the floor, browsing. The floor was strewn with letters, dance programmes, concert and theatre programmes, photographs, newspaper cuttings yellow with age, just thrown into the heap. They were so absorbed in their browsing that nobody looked up when we entered. Father,

mother, grown-ups and children, there they were, perfectly happy, and indifferent to the racket outside; one glance at all their blue eyes — for they did raise them when a servant came in to ask some imperative question — showed us that they were all Irish, and that every eye had 'bin putt in wi' a durty finger.' Somebody answered the question, and back again to their browsing they all went. I feel sure that everything, including the yellow newspaper cuttings, was swept into a clothesbasket and taken along with them, all ready to be browsed over at the next upheaval.

But the perfect browser must have one possession. To begin with, of course, he must have a library; call it what you will, — library, study, bookroom, cubbyhole, smoking room, den, Daddy's room, gun-room, 'my own bit of the house,' anything you like, — only it must be his, and it must be lined with books. And by *lined* I mean that there must be shelves, and more shelves, right up to the ceiling. And the man must be a bookman, one who knows where his books are, one who can find his quotation in a minute, and he must be always adding to his library. In his secret heart, he is not content. There is *one* thing he wants — a *ladder*; a library ladder. His books have finally become Browningsque; the reach must have exceeded his grasp — else what's a ladder for?

First, he rearranges his books, just where and as they ought to be, and he knows where every one of them is. He sets his ladder very neatly in its corner, running it there on its dear little noiseless wheels; and for a day it stays there, just to be looked at. Then, he wants to reread a book; top shelf, west end, left-hand corner, third from the middle.

With a trace of ceremony, but no pomp, — your bookman is never pompous, — he runs his ladder along, and mounts it. His hand is just falling on the book he wants when he sees another; he has always wanted to glance at that book. Dear reader, may we tell the truth? It is nine-thirty on a Sunday morning; already his family know he has 'the beginning of a cold'; when the luncheon bell rings and he heeds it not, and his family storm his library, there he is, stiff and coldish, balancing himself on the ladder, one hand on a shelf, the other hold-

ing a book — books all round him, amazingly, recklessly displaced, a pile precariously on the top of the ladder. Another real browser has been born.

Watch a bookman's attitude as he carelessly brings his new ladder into action; see the look of bleak envy as a ladderless bookman takes note. Some modesty is expected from the owner of a Rolls-Royce, but never expect any from a bookman with a ladder. After books comes the passionate desire for a ladder. I once knew a man who built his house round a library ladder. He was, and is, a bachelor.

NATURE'S SMILE

SINCE earliest days, flower arrangement in Japan has been closely interwoven with national art, literature, and religion — particularly with pictorial art in form, composition, and spirit, from the time of Yoshi Masa (1434–1490). Two different schools had developed. One followed the academic painting of Kano Ha, established by Kano Masa nobu (1424–1520) and upheld by the nobles of the court and the celebrated Buddhists at the monastery Nishi Yama. It was headed by the renowned So Ami (1450–1517), both in painting and in flower arrangement. This highly enshrined group eventually degenerated, through the usual steps of tyrannical formalism, affectation of dignity, to 'art for art's sake.'

The other school followed the technique of the old painting, Wa Ga Ryu (native style), of the eleventh century, and the Yamato-Tosa school of the thirteenth century, being free from affectation and academic intricacy. It gave birth to the 'Nageire' (which means 'unpretentious') through the genius of Rikyu (1520–1591), and later developed, along with Korin's and the Shijo Ha school of painting, the Hokku poem of Basho (1644–1694) and the poems and paintings of his follower, Buson (1716–1783).

It is interesting to note that while the invention of the piano in Europe opened the way to limitless composition, orchestration, and variety in Occidental music, Japan's limited range of orchestration and instruments had its effect upon her music and flower arrangement. The early invention of a painting brush with round bamboo

stems definitely directed Japanese art toward the domination of line, with a delicacy of calligraph over color — just as the technique of the woodcut developed the line rather than the half-tones or color. So in Oriental art all distance, perspective, and color were subservient to the drawn line. Hence form dominated Japanese art and flower arrangement — stressing shape and grouping and composition, always governed by important fundamental principles intimately aligned with pictorial art.

The natural form of plants is principally symmetrical, because of mechanical impulses of growth, so when we say 'a perfect tree' we mean one most symmetrically branched and geometrically shaped. The necessity of landscaping impressive buildings and tall colonnades with tall and symmetrical trees gave rise to the formal school in gardens. But, owing to the struggle of most earthly plants against the outer forces beating upon them, few achieve perfect form naturally. When we see a tall and perfect tree we greatly admire its sublime and majestic power — partly because instinctively we realize its victory over the gigantic forces which have worried and distressed every moment of its long life.

Perhaps with similar subconscious sympathy, born of our own weary struggle against the vicissitudes of life, we see, in the uncanny shape of some crooked and twisted tree clinging to a rocky cliff, a parallel to our own struggle against the storms of life, and such a plant acquires a picturesque and romantic value in our hearts as well as in our eyes — more so than if it were perfect. Such sentiments as these permeate the Nageire's sketch of Nature, — the romantic, the picturesque, — and this fact I wish to bring to Occidentals who have been misled into believing that Japanese flower arrangements are Buddhistic temples of occult and mysterious religious wonders. They are more human. At one time in early Japanese history, flower arrangements were given to fierce warriors to humanize them.

Mr. Okakura writes in his *Book of Tea* that 'true beauty can be discovered only by one who mentally completes the incomplete. The virility of Life and art lay in the possibilities for growth, in which perfection is sought, rather than the perfect itself.' And

in Mr. Noguchi's book on Japanese poetry we read, 'The silent worshipers of the imperfect will congregate for the holy exercises of ritual to their imagination.' Thus have I tried to study the perfect and imperfect, reality and sentiment, realism and idealism, West and East, only to bring us to think as man and Nature: to dissolve our thoughts into the universal infinity and see ourselves, not as a part of Nature, but as Nature itself — the aim of Japanese art, and hence of the Nageire in flower arrangement.

Who of us has not been enchanted by the smile of a single bright little flower posed against a rock, only to find that when we have plucked it, removing it from its setting, it is a very ordinary little flower? To grasp this trick of composition (the Nageire sketch of Nature), to bring out this bit of Nature's flashing smile, to stir the imagination and sentiment — surely this is more precious than grouping many blossoms, rare only because of their market price.

Artistic, interesting flower arrangements that cause the beholder to cry out with delight, that awaken romance, sentiment, and our individual imaginations, cannot be achieved by endless study of diagrams, rules, and dimensions — each must be unique in itself, expressing only what you draw, which is the song of your own heart.

The old master Seki shu, follower of Rikyu, once made an arrangement with a picture of a flock of geese flying above a marshland, and some water plants in a flat dish. Sho ha, a master of the tea ceremony, composed some wild seashore plants in a vase, beside a hanging calligraph of beautiful poetry and a bronze incense burner in the form of a hut — deeply impressing the guests with the suggestion of the heralding of autumn and solitude.

These things appeal to the inner soul, and are the lamps to lead us to the higher culture which belongs to art and civilization. They are the language of culture; and to him who knows that language they are eloquent with drama and the poetry of life, going to the heart like a warm handclasp. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin' — and lo! East is West and West is East.

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By

ARTHUR POUND

CLEAR TRACK

The New Spirit in American Railroading

BY ARTHUR POUND*

I

A CENTURY ago about fifty short, unconnected steam railroads carried passengers over rough roadbeds at rates up to ten cents a mile. Most of them were adjuncts of water transport surveyed to connect canal with canal or river with river. Only a few seers believed that the rails would soon become the chief transportation medium, replacing stagecoaches, canalboats, and river steamers with a swifter, cheaper, and more dependable service which would bind all the corners of the continent together.

Infant-like, the pioneer railroads crept from the seaboard to the Mississippi. Gradually they established interconnections. Because of faulty engineering and insufficient capital, and because they were built as pioneer enterprises in advance of population and trade, many of the projects failed, only to be reorganized and come into better times as population and trade increased. The fight for railroad service welded communities together, providing the first incentive to local public spirit. On a broad front the rails penetrated the West, catching up to the old frontier, pushing on and on into Indian country on their way to California. When the golden spike united the east and west sections of the first transcontinental

railroad, America knew that it was a nation in command of a continent.

Then railroading rose to full stature as a young giant to whom nothing seemed impossible. Railroading became the driving ambition of American youth; the term itself took on this color of power, fortitude, loyalty to the collective endeavor of moving men and things on the face of the earth. Mileage multiplied prodigally; every county seat must have a railroad. Optimism frequently overdid itself. Rails were laid in areas where profitable operation proved impossible. Competition for new territory sometimes duplicated facilities. When reduced traffic and depressions clamped the screws down on easy credit, railroad receiverships became commonplace and mergers took place for mutual protection. Gradually, out of the jumble of myriad small roads emerged great systems of main trunk lines and branches — the Class I railroads of the present, 143 in number. Giants though some of these are, it is worth noting that none of them spans the entire country from East to West or from North to South.

The third phase — from roughly 1900 to the present — is marked by intensive development of existing mileage rather than by territorial expansion. Laying of new track decreased, slowly at first, but so rapidly of late that

*Second in a series of advertisements on the Transportation and Communication Industries.

track abandonments have exceeded new mileage. But the rising trade of the country called for intensive development of main lines and chief feeders. One-track roads were double-tracked, double-tracked roads were four-tracked. The heaviest traffic arteries into great cities were electrified. America's growing industrialism called for more and larger sidings, its increasing tonnage for better roadbeds and more powerful locomotives. As the tempo of life grew faster, railway schedules improved for both freight and passengers.

II

Down to the end of the century, railroad stocks and bonds were the chief securities available in American markets, the premier investments for banks, insurance companies, trustees, and thrifty investors. This primacy resulted in wide ownership. The railroads are owned by stockholders and bondholders of various classifications. While many of these names are duplicates, the indirect ownership of railroad securities is so broad as to be incalculable, nearly every insured person and savings-bank depositor having a stake in railroad solvency.

In 1887 the Federal Government entered the railroad equation with regulations which, mild at first, have since become increasingly binding. Except for the war period, when the Federal Government operated the roads at deficits chargeable to the general taxpayer, improvements had to be made by the roads under all the risks of private operation and with rates rigidly regulated. Under this system, taxes and costs tended to rise faster than revenues, and more efficient operations of the last fifteen years could not always take up the slack.

Highway competition — trucks, buses, and the private automobile — thrive on ever-improving roads built and main-

tained at public expense, for which the railroads as taxpayers had to pay their share. Even before the depression began in 1929, the railroads were ailing to an extent which cast doubt upon their ability to remain solvent under such rigid regulation. Would the Federal Government, in order to preserve the keystone of the national transportation arch, be forced to take over the twenty-six-billion-dollar railroad structure? The depression was to prove the acid test.

Car loadings register promptly and completely the impact of unemployment, reduced industrial activity, declining payrolls. Nevertheless railroad-
ing is relatively a stable industry; it must go on and does go on against all obstacles and under all conditions. The bottom was reached in 1932, when only 28,000,000 cars were loaded with revenue freight as against nearly 53,000,000 in 1929, a 40 per cent drop. Revenue passenger traffic went off even more, nearly 50 per cent. Since the trough of 1932, the railroads, as will be detailed later, have made a substantial recovery, well up to the average for all industries, which, unlike the railroads, have free opportunity to fix their own prices and standards of service. Everything considered, 1937 may be as good a year as 1931. Having gone so far in redressing losses and gaining public good will, the whole industry is heartened and encouraged for the long pull ahead.

III

Railroad revival can be measured accurately by the yardsticks of safety, speed, comfort, operating efficiency, and economy. Some of these register directly on the public mind — for instance, safety. While the hazards of other forms of travel are daily advertised in headlines, the safety record of the railroads makes an impressive contrast. In 1923, only seven passengers

were injured in train accidents per 100,000,000 passenger miles; in 1929, 5.7; in 1935, only two. Employee safety rose equally, reportable accidents per million hours worked declining from 30.9 in 1923 to 13.8 in 1929 and 6.8 in 1935. These figures cover the whole range of accidents down to a mere scratch requiring medical attention for passengers, or a certain loss of time for employees.

At the end of 1935, 130 of the principal 142 American railroads had a clear record of no passenger fatalities for five or more years, 114 had a clear record for ten years or more. Risk of life and limb for passengers has been reduced to negligible proportions; ask your insurance man for a rate for insurance against accident on an all-rail journey, with no other common carriers involved, and you will have a business rating on railroad safety.

The gain for safety is equally impressive in freight. Each year since 1922 your freight shipments stood a better chance of reaching destination on time and undamaged. Average freight loss and damage per revenue car loaded declined steadily year by year from \$1.11 in 1922 to 55 cents in 1935, a social loss cut squarely in two by increased efficiency, with corresponding savings to the railroads and the greater convenience of shippers and consignees. In a fast-moving country like America, a service gain like this soon becomes pyramided into massive profits for industry and savings to consumers.

IV

Gains in speed are even more impressive. Twenty years ago a mile-a-minute train was a curiosity; to-day it is a commonplace. Mile-a-minute trains, which from start to stop maintain speeds of sixty miles per hour or more, number 644. These trains clip off nearly 30,000 miles daily. In certain

parts of their runs, some of these crack trains reach tremendous speeds. Top speeds of more than one hundred miles an hour, average speeds of more than seventy miles an hour over long distances, are not uncommon. These speeds are reached and maintained by various sorts of trains — streamlined or of conventional design, powered by steam, electric, or diesel engines.

In striving for speed, the railroads, needless to say, must consult safety as well as the stop-watch. The limiting factor is never motive power, on which there is practically no ceiling under modern engineering practice. What counts is the conditions surrounding the application of motive power. To attain high speeds with safety requires heavy rails on smooth roadbeds, wide curves, and an exquisitely coordinated system of traffic control along every mile traveled by a crack flyer.

To some extent all these crack trains are maintained to catch and hold the custom and attention of a people keen on speed. All have definite advertising value as a daily demonstration of prowess to a people that responds quickly to demonstrations of progress in efficiency. Every part of America likes to feel that it is being served by an up-and-coming railroad eager to win patronage. In the changing railroad picture, the new passenger trains, with their modern designs, increased speeds, and greater conveniences, have been the spear points which cracked the ice of public sympathy. Under their impact America suddenly roused to a new appreciation of the drama of modern railroading.

But after all the steady, dependable railroad wheel horse is freight traffic. Freight meets the payroll, foots the bills, earns the dividends. Of more moment to the investor in this matter of speed is the rate at which freight rolls across the country. You may not have noticed it, but freight trains

travel faster than they did. Not only do they make better mileage on their runs; they also spend less time on sidings and in yards. Cars are sorted out more rapidly and new trains are more quickly assembled for their journeys. Counting all stops for switching, picking up, and setting out cars, and so forth, the average speed of American freight trains has increased 45 per cent in fourteen years, from eleven miles per hour to sixteen miles per hour. This is a stupendous achievement, unmatched by any other nation at any time in the history of railroading. Door-to-door pickup and delivery of freight, recently begun, will still further speed up service and decrease costs to shippers and consignees, by cutting delays in tracking and handling.

Speed of freight service would not be an unmixed blessing if to achieve it trainloads had been reduced, but volume has kept pace with speed and gone far beyond. With their passion for accurate statistics, the railroads have reduced this to what they call 'ton-miles per train-hour,' a measure of average freight-train service. The average 1935 freight train, for example, turned out service equivalent to hauling 11,718 tons of freight for a distance of one mile in an hour, while its fellow of 1922 did roughly half as much. Longer trains moving faster at less cost is the key to railroad recovery.

V

Off the rails it is broadly true that the faster you travel the more risk you run and the less comfort you enjoy. Neither is true of railroad travel. In comfort, as in safety, the gains have kept pace with increased speeds. The new trains which have attracted so much favorable attention from travelers make concessions to comfort beyond all previous standards, and these

improvements run all the way from coaches to Pullmans. Thought has been given by designers to all the sovereign goods of life — rest, relaxation, reading, health, refreshment, conversation, entertainment. Forty-three million dollars has been spent on air conditioning and additional millions on improved ventilation. The new air-conditioned cars, with deep-cushioned, adjustable chairs, provide really luxurious travel, which is rendered even more attractive by the existing low rates.

The drop in rates, now in effect for nine months, stimulated rail travel, but its net effect on rail revenues over the whole country remains to be demonstrated. Some roads are clearly gaining by the change, with the prospect that increase in passenger volume will offset both the rate reduction and increased operating expenses to cope with that volume. Others are not equally optimistic. The experiment will not be conclusive until the novelty of the new rates has worn off. It is clear, however, that the effect of passenger rate reductions, by themselves, would hardly have revived rail travel to its present point; fortunately they synchronized with other constructive achievements which caught and held popular attention — the speed and comfort factors described and the recognition by the public that these represented an earnest railroading desire to improve everyday service.

VI

Since passenger traffic is only the show window of railroading, it is too much to expect that any change in the passenger situation will materially change the ratio of cost to price for overall operation. What does change this ratio is operating efficiency, the skill with which railroaders use their \$26,000,000,000 plant and 1,100,000 employees to produce revenue. The stern test of efficiency comes when in-

come declines in a business with large fixed charges, for dollars must somehow be squeezed out of the enterprise if insolvency is to be avoided. The sharp traffic drops of 1930-1931 found the railroads in this position.

Wages could not be slashed deeply or promptly; a single cut of 10 per cent, obtained after long conferences, has since been restored. The rate structure could not be altered, either up or down, except with government consent. In spite of these handicaps, three quarters of the Class I railroads reached 1937 in a solvent condition, though some of these required RFC loans on the way. Not a bad showing, considering that from 1927 to 1933 Class I railroads as a whole lost more than half their annual gross revenue, taking in \$3,184,000,000 less in 1933 than they did in 1927. Incredible as it seems, the depression set the comparatively steady-going railroad business back some twenty years in point of annual revenue and some thirty years in volume of traffic. Under this millstone of adversity, bankruptcy could be escaped only by effecting economies on a grand scale.

Corporate management simply had to save money or quit. For years operating efficiency had been increasing steadily; now it had to be pushed faster and harder in the face of traffic declines. The record shows that the Class I railroads reduced expenses in the five years from 1931 to 1935 by more than ten billions of dollars, as compared with the 1929 level. Thrift was one line of attack — putting off work not immediately necessary to service and safety, closing unprofitable stations and abandoning trackage, using the best equipment in hand and letting the rest lie idle.

These gains of precaution were more than matched by the application of new and better methods of operation. Among these innovations were the

wider adoption of the assembly-line system in shop repairs on cars and locomotives; new chemical treatments for ties, bridges, and water used in boilers; increased use of modern alloys in shop tools and machinery; wider acceptance of the internal-combustion engine, laying of longer, harder, and heavier rails destined to longer life, and use of electric welding for building up the ends of worn rails, a process which prolongs the life of the rail by one third. Additional use was made of machines for laying and surfacing track, with savings running as high as two thirds over old methods. Overhead was cut by increasing the trackage in divisions and sections, increasing train runs, and decreasing shop time for repairs and overhauls. Millions were saved by reclaiming freight and engine parts, renewing them, and using them to replace worn parts in other assemblies. Under this pressure, the roads discovered ways of doing work cheaply and serviceably which will produce benefits for years to come.

The yardstick by which this extraordinary effort in organization may be measured is the unit operating cost of moving a ton of freight a thousand miles. This was \$10.78 in 1922. In 1929 it was \$7.44. To hold this pace became increasingly difficult as volume of freight declined, but it was done, and another dollar chopped off by 1935. For 1936 the comparable figure was \$6.33. Few old and stable industries can show as great gains in efficient operation. By holding this gain in operating efficiency as traffic returns to normal, the resulting gain in net revenues should be substantial.

Railroad interest in research, always keener than is generally known, became more intense under strain. Air conditioning is being studied in a joint laboratory maintained by all the Class I roads. Special research is being done with railroad backing on draft gears

and couplings at Purdue University and on rails at the University of Illinois. Rails in tracks are being tested for hidden flaws by special electric 'detector' cars. All the important railroads maintain research staffs, busy on special problems of their own, and also in close touch with the laboratories of large manufacturers supplying railroad equipment. An example of these developments through the joint effort of railroads and suppliers is the steel mills' new method of slow-cooling steel rails to correct internal strains and stresses in the interest of long life, a practice long in vogue in glassmaking.

Beyond question, the railroads, as one of their presidents recently said, 'are coming out of the depression with a new reputation.' In their century of effective existence they had never been tried as severely by any preceding slump. By meeting the situation intelligently and as vigorously as their peculiar legal status permits, they have advanced on three fronts — in competence of service, in methods of maintenance and operation, and in prestige with the public. Every railroad man from top to bottom is convinced of this, takes pride in the record, and, with that self-reliance which has given a special meaning of fortitude and skill to the very word 'railroading,' is looking upon the near future as a steady pull toward prosperity.

VII

Railroading in the forthright, 'do or die' spirit reached a new peak in the recent Ohio-Mississippi floods. With the usual means of transport swamped, stations flooded, and rails deep in water at every crossing between Wheeling and Cairo, the railroads battled night and day with the elements to save the stricken population. Deeds of railroad heroism and endurance under strain have already

become part of the folklore of the flooded region. In dozens of out-of-the-way corners, railroad men, disciplined to meet emergencies coolly, took charge of situations in small hamlets, established order, found food, distributed it, and kept heart in the people through long days and nights of weary waiting. From the surrounding country, volunteer trainmen from other areas were rushed into the flood zone to take over operations as fast as they could be resumed.

Dramatically the great interlocking rail system of mass transport stood revealed in all its strength. Nothing but the rails could have handled the masses of persons or the mighty bulk of goods to be moved. Train after train, until the tracks were congested, pulled out from the improvised railheads for the higher country, where the refugees could find food, shelter, and safety. From all quarters of the compass, train upon train converged upon the flood zone bearing food, tents, medical supplies, clothing. Red Cross cars, filled in thousands of hamlets and hundreds of cities, were yarded at convenient points, made up into trains, and sent free of charge toward the Ohio-Mississippi trough. Fortunately for the country, the railroads, in spite of their own losses through the flood, had ample reserves in motive power and rolling stock. Emergency traffic clicked through the yards in record time, with right of way over other freight. America's superb and closely articulated rail system, tirelessly manned and efficiently directed through weary hours of strain, proved itself the tireless wheel horse of aid to humanity through those disastrous weeks.

To many thousands of Americans moving in and out of the devastated regions came a new vision of American railroading. They saw its systematic coolness under fire, its essential unity of operation. Probably few of the hast-

ily recruited physicians, nurses, Coast Guardsmen, and police, rushed to the scene of action from other parts of the country, knew or cared what railroads were carrying them to the great task. They stepped into trains on the Atlantic seaboard, in the Great Lakes region, or elsewhere, and in due course were set down at the very edge of flood-water, all unaware that perhaps a dozen railroads had cooperated in bringing them there, by performing operating feats and delicate traffic adjustments which will be discussed for years wherever railroad men meet. That these special trains moved safely on congested tracks without interruption by a major accident is the latest triumph of American railroading.

On the money side, the railroad contribution to flood relief runs into untold millions. Hundreds of thousands of refugees were evacuated without charge by train for distances up to two hundred miles from their homes. 'No charge' trains and cars poured into the flood zone from a radius of fifteen hundred miles. The whole relief organization, local, state, and national, was geared to the rails in instant recognition that the railroads would do their duty. They did — but it cost them a pretty penny and a desperate amount of grueling work, much of which remained to be done after the floodwaters subsided.

VIII

Now for the other side of the picture. The railroads function inside a rigid frame of regulations which do not apply equally to the competing factors in transportation, an inequity which is a heavy handicap to long-range railroad prosperity.

First, there is the steady pressure of taxation. Taxes consume nearly 7 per cent of the revenues of Class I roads, at the rate of approximately \$650,000 a day. In 1935, when the total tax bill

was \$237,000,000, taxes exceeded earnings by \$111,000. In the flush days, while taxes were higher, they were less burdensome. Now taxes are again rising.

Of course the railroads, in common with all other corporate and individual properties enjoying the protection of government, must pay their just share for that protection. All they ask is that taxes be reasonable and that competitors for traffic contribute on the same scale. At present the railroads pay enormous taxes on their roadways, built and maintained at their own expense, while the roadways used by competitors in highway and waterway transport have been financed out of general taxation. The sums paid by these competitors, even though they may be called 'taxes,' are in reality payments, more or less adequate, for the use of right-of-way values which they have received without other cost. Actually railway taxes go in part to build and maintain rights-of-way for their competitors.

The only excuse offered for this favoritism is that cheaper rates result; but are costs less merely because they are hidden in the general tax pool? Can canal transport be truly cheap when \$336,000 per mile of public money has gone into the New York State Barge canal since 1903 for construction cost alone — besides nearly \$6000 per mile per year in maintenance and operation? Can truck and bus transport be cheap unless the operators pay fair rent and repair charges for the use of public highways? As a matter of fact only railroads and pipe lines pay all the costs of their own rights-of-way, and both of these transportation means are taxed for the benefit of other interests. Equity requires that government should establish equality of burden and opportunity for all forms of transport, so that each can stand on its own feet. Not until that is done will the railroad future be reasonably secure.

IX

In the broader aspects of regulation, it is worth remembering that everything essential to public control of railroading had been written into law by 1906. By the end of that year Congress had clothed the Interstate Commerce Commission with power to prescribe maximum rates, had prohibited rebates, required all rates to be published and adhered to, and had prohibited the exaction of rates deemed unreasonable.

These regulations fully protected the public and established the quasi-public character of the industry, but under them scope was left for vigorous competition in the quality of service, for financing based on true worth and established credit, and consequent improvement in fixed property and rolling stock in line with each railroad's ability to borrow and repay.

Since 1906, however, regulation has been broadened in scope and made increasingly rigorous in application until many of the natural incentives of competition between the roads have been lost. Once the railroads had been effectively harnessed, they were seized upon as a fertile field for political and social experiment. This culminated in the fiasco of government operation during

the Great War, an experiment so expensive that the nation gladly returned the roads to private operation. After a short period of hesitation, the railroads surged forward again by investing another seven billions in plant and equipment. That huge investment, after being some years in jeopardy during the depression, has now been salvaged by drastic economy—made possible in large measure by the facilities created by this new investment—and by improved service and better operation, to the profit of millions of persons and the benefit of the whole social order.

The railroads to-day are in a better position with the people than they have been in years. A change, evidenced by widening good will, has come over the public mind. Apparently the public is ready to give private ownership full opportunity to realize on the fruits of recent achievement. The railroaders hope, too, that their situation is becoming so well understood that inequities of taxation and opportunity as between the rail services and other transportation will be gradually wiped out in the interests of fair play. In this hope and belief, the railroads of America move forward into their second century of serviceable achievement.

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Let's keep the throttle open!

ONE of the brightest records of 1936 was the progress of railroads toward recovery.

Freight tonnage registered a notable advance. Passenger travel stepped ahead. Railroad purchases of new equipment were greater. Employment increased. Payrolls increased.

In part, credit for this improvement goes to the upswing of general business conditions.

But in part this advance of the railroads comes as the reward of hard work and resourcefulness of the roads themselves—their determination to go ahead.

Thus they went after and won increased freight with faster schedules, and such special services as collection and delivery of less-than-carload shipments. They attracted greater passenger traffic with faster schedules, courteous service, a steady improvement in comfort, as well as lower rates.

From these betterments in service and economies in operation everyone benefits—the railroads, railroad employees, travelers and shippers, other industry—the public at large. For prosperous railroads mean a prosperous nation.

One hundred thousand railroad men have been put back to work within the past twelve months, with the average earnings per hour of railroad employees at their all-time peak.



Thoughtful Americans must welcome these signs of recovery after so many lean years. To insure the continuance of this progress they will study carefully all proposals affecting transportation—supporting those which give the railroads freedom to meet competition on an equal basis—discouraging those which will add to the cost of rail operation, impair the standard of service or reduce efficiency.

Let's give increasing business a chance to bring more jobs, as well as better service and fair earnings.

Let's keep the throttle open!

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF

American Railroads
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

As a foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, **John Gunther** (p. 385), now in his thirty-seventh year, has seen the world reshape itself since the war. Beginning in 1922, his dispatches have 'covered' Paris, Moscow, Berlin, Rome, Scandinavia, Geneva, Spain, Vienna, the Near East, and the Balkans. In 1936, a year momentous in English history, Mr. Gunther was in London keeping his finger on the national pulse, and incidentally watching the success of his book, *Inside Europe*, which has been more widely read by the British than any American volume since Mark Twain.

Many are the important clients who consult **Margaret Dana** (p. 397), a merchandising counsel with headquarters in New York, who has a long list of surveys to her credit. It should be pointed out in connection with her article that representatives of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs recently formulated a plan urging their fellow members to request stores to mark their sales checks with the fibre content of the merchandise they purchase, the checks to be forwarded in turn to the Federal Trade Commission.

Painter and sculptor, **Eric H. Kennington** (p. 406) was a close friend of T. E. Lawrence and the art editor of that great book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. He designed the bust of 'T. E.' now in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His knowledge of the original was at once profound and sensitive.

Albert Jay Nock (p. 416), the most quizzical and independent of *Atlantic* philosophers, spent his Christmas holidays contemplating the warmer portions of America. 'Roosting on top of the equator,' he wrote, 'is an interesting experience — once — but once is enough. Hereafter I shall not venture south of the Caribbean. Jamaica is all very well if one has to dodge the cold weather temporarily, and no doubt Haiti also, but nothing below that. I got as far as Trinidad, have seen all that is to be seen in those regions, but as the Potash puts it, I seen enough already. My ship touched at half a dozen Venezuelan ports on the way. There's a country for you! I saw and heard enough to convince me that . . .' But we must not anticipate.

Twenty-three years old and weighing a hundred and thirty-five pounds, **Gene Richard** (p. 424)

is a living part of one of the most extraordinary developments in industrial America: the assembly line of a huge automobile plant in Michigan.

Writer, lecturer, and, more recently, a Monday morning columnist in the *New York Herald Tribune*, **George E. Sokolsky** (p. 429) keeps his files in New York City but hangs his hat in every state in the Union. His constant travel, his association with labor leaders and industrialists, his talks with citizens of every persuasion, give him a perspective which is anything but local.

Beloved by those who love good food, **Della T. Lutes** (p. 440) is the author of *The Country Kitchen*, which American booksellers have recently voted 'the most original book published in 1936.'

After a winter in California, **James Norman Hall** (p. 448) has returned to Papeete, Tahiti, where, in double harness with his friend and collaborator, Charles Nordhoff, he is now engaged in writing a new novel.

William Wister Haines (p. 448), of Philadelphia antecedents, is a novelist and short-story writer who knows at first hand the stimulus and temptation of Hollywood.

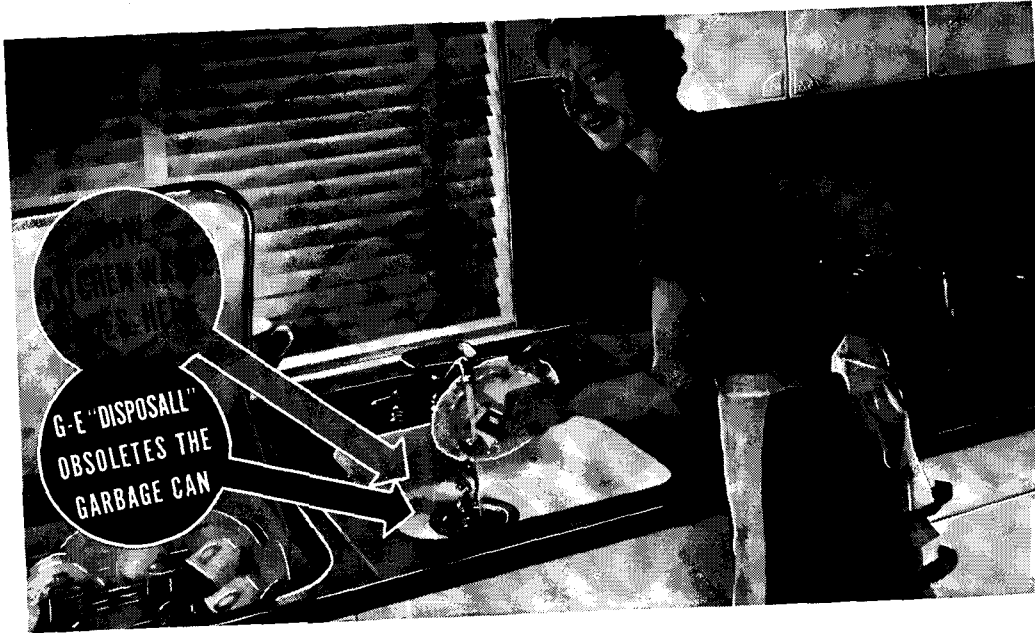
A Cambridge poet, **Esther Dette** (p. 449) crosses the Charles for her daily bread.

From Fredonia, New York, **Josephine Bates** (p. 449) sends us her first sheaf of verses for the *Atlantic*.

His long training in a New York bank has given **Clifford B. Reeves** (p. 450) a level view and a keen sense of economy. In the letter accompanying his manuscript he sounds this warning: 'Some of your readers are going to regard me as a cold, inhuman fellow, without a spark of sentiment, who runs around jotting figures on his cuff with a pencil stub and reducing everything in life to percentages. Actually I am a sentimental cuss, particularly about my home and family. In fact, I am so sentimental about them that I want to be sure never to get them into trouble. Can there be a higher degree of sentimentality? Moreover, I yield to no man in the matter of caprice in such momentous affairs as the transplanta-

Stop

SAVING GARBAGE !



Garbage Disposed of Instantly Right at the Sink!

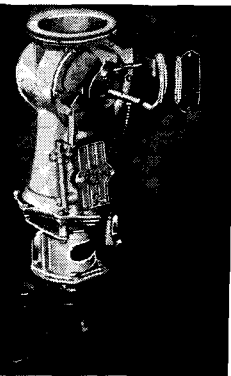
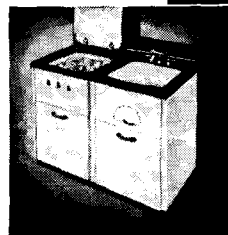
SWITCH to better living! End the messy accumulation of garbage in your home. Banish forever unsanitary, unsightly garbage receptacles. Install the amazing new General Electric Disposall in your present kitchen sink.

No Odors—No Clogged Pipes

Kitchen waste—everything from peelings to bones—goes down the sink drain where it is quickly and quietly reduced to a pulp by the General Electric Disposall, and flushed away like water. The Disposall cleans itself. There is no odor. Pipes will not clog. And the operating cost is less than a penny a day. Easily installed in any sink.

Convenient terms are available. See a demonstration at your General Electric appliance dealer's showroom, or send the coupon for full details. General Electric Co., Sec. DJ-3, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

New complete
G-E Electric
Sink with both
Disposall and
G-EDishwasher.



Disposall is completely concealed. Can be readily installed in any sink.



GENERAL  ELECTRIC
"Good Riddance to Bad Garbage" *disposall* Electrical Garbage Disposal Unit

General Electric Co., Sec. DJ-3,
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send full information regarding
☐ G-E ☐ Disposall ☐ Dishwasher
☐ Complete Electric Sink.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The COLUMN

tion of lilac bushes at will, or the planting of an apple. I simply want to feel sure before I start that I shall also be there for the benefits of the harvest as well. Otherwise 't is love's labor lost.'

Descended through his father from the kings of Connaught, **L. A. G. Strong** (p. 456) is an Irish bard and story-teller whose novels and short stories have been widely acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic.

Esther Everett Lape (p. 463), the member in charge of the American Foundation Studies in Government, has organized and directed as elaborate a survey of the medical profession as has been made since the days of the Flexner report. The complete report of this survey comprises 1500 pages in two volumes and will be obtainable early in April.

Author and dramatic critic, **Walter Prichard Eaton** (p. 474) divides his year between his beloved Berkshires and his professorial post at the Yale School of Drama. When duty summons him to Broadway, he takes with him a sense of humor and a knowledge of plays and players remarkable among theatregoers.

Mazo de la Roche (p. 477) lives in Worcestershire, England, with her two adopted children, Esmee and René. But her thoughts are never far from those legendary acres in Canada, the Jalna country. The London production of *Whiteoaks*, the play taken from her second novel, has passed its 325th performance and is still packing them in.

Roy Palmer Clark (p. 482) is to-day the school-master on Pitcairn Island.

Hilda Hinckley (p. 485), a native Californian and a graduate of Pomona College, reversed Greeley's famous advice by coming East. In the Massachusetts State Reformatory for Women, Miss Hinckley has developed in less than five years a course in English Composition, with results which will, we believe, be appreciated by teachers everywhere.

Well known for his short stories of the sea, **Bill Adams** (p. 491), at the *Atlantic's* request, wrote down the experiences of his early years as an English apprentice in the clipper fleet. His autobiography, *Ships and Women*, will be published in book form on April 5.

Arthur Pound (p. 505) is an economist well trained to interpret an industrial age in human terms. His book, *The Iron Man in Industry*, is a standard reference for those who study the methods of American production.

The *Atlantic* is old enough to enjoy a joke at its own expense. The story of the schoolgirl who traveled with the *Atlantic* as her chaperon (and inside the orange covers a copy of *True Confessions*) has been going the rounds for twenty years. In his series of *Industrial Crises* the artist Rea Irvin, if memory serves, once depicted the effect of a split infinitive in the *Atlantic's* office. We should like to begin a collection. Will those readers who know of stories, cartoons, sketches, or references, however derogatory, however scurrilous, be good enough to send or lend us their clippings or suggest where the reproductions may be found? For each story or drawing accepted for our collection we will pay a dollar. But not, of course, for duplicates. To the reader sending in the largest assortment we will award a five-year subscription to the *Atlantic*.

/ / /

It was to be expected that **Bernard M. Baruch's** advocacy of a 'cash-and-carry' system of neutrality, as outlined in the *March Atlantic*, would arouse considerable comment. Not least interesting of the varied response to his article was that of the Chairman, Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read Mr. Baruch's article with great interest. He has great knowledge of the subject derived from his studies and a broad experience in international matters.

The amendments which I proposed to the existing Neutrality Law, and which were to-day approved by the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, have little to do with so-called neutrality. These proposed amendments constitute legal restraints upon our own citizens in the hopes that they will avoid unnecessary controversies that may lead to war.

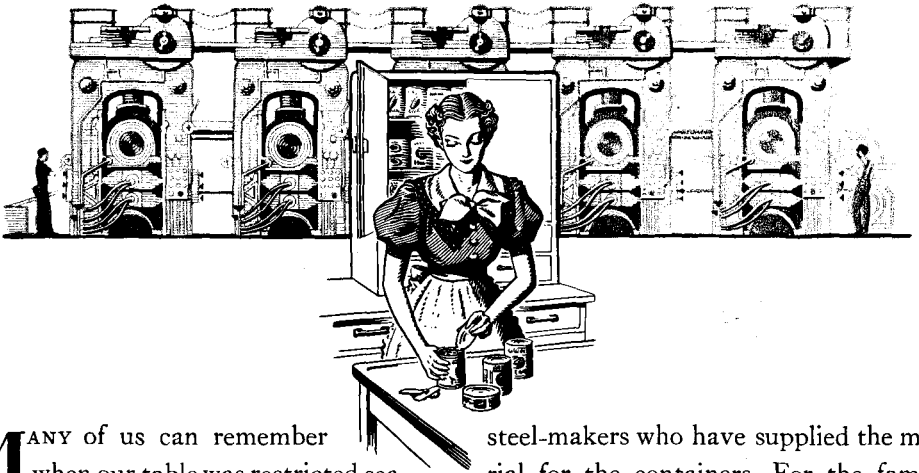
I agree with Mr. Baruch that our people 'want to keep out of war at almost any cost — except invasion.' I agree with him in that we cannot close our markets to belligerents, but we can compel the title to be transferred to the belligerents before it is transported from our shores. This I also favor and my resolution so provides.

Neutrality is divided as to the rights of belligerents and the rights of neutrals. In times of peace the respective rights have never been agreed upon to any great extent. In times of war belligerents demand every privilege they deem necessary to their self-defense and to victory. Neutrals in such times attempt to determine what privileges demanded by the belligerents are just or in accordance with ancient customs. Such controversies nearly always result in the loss of the lives and property of neutrals, and are not settled generally until after the wars are over. Neutrals must either accept such procedure to obtain the remedy or they must go to war to protect their rights.

I am in entire accord with Mr. Baruch's statement with regard to the rights of neutrals on the high seas when he says, 'That vexed question remains as uncertain now as it was in 1919.'

KEY PITTMAN

For a better-balanced diet



MANY of us can remember when our table was restricted seasonally and the last dull days of winter were made even more drab by monotonous fare. Fresh produce was scant, tough and stringy. The fruits and vegetables put up in the fall had just about given out. Commercially canned goods were limited in variety to a few insipid, uninteresting vegetables.

Today pantry shelves are laden with an almost endless variety of tinned fruit juices, succulent vegetables, meats, fruits, fish—and may include exotics like passion fruit, guavas, rice birds, bamboo sprouts, artichokes. You can even buy canned rattlesnake meat for canapes and green turtle soup complete with sherry.

Great credit is due the packers and canners for their enterprise in broadening the variety of canned foods and putting an end to purely seasonal restrictions on our daily fare. This diversification of our winter diet has been facilitated also by

steel-makers who have supplied the material for the containers. For the familiar tin can is not really tin. It is made of steel—steel strip rolled down to a thickness of 5 or 10 thousandths of an inch and then plated with tin.

Small though the amount of steel in a can is, the total steel consumption of the container industry is impressive. Last year seven per cent of the total tonnage of steel produced in the country went into tin plate. This is greater than the tonnage of structural steel used by the construction industry during the same period—it is equivalent to the steel in 20 Golden Gate Bridges.

Bethlehem has long been one of America's leading producers of tin plate. Now, since the opening of a new tin plate mill at Sparrows Point, Maryland, this organization is in an even better position to keep fully abreast of the steadily increasing demands of the canning industry.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

Prose Writers, Attention!

THE prize of fifty dollars for the best essay on 'Hot Water' has been awarded to Ralph Rutenber of Danbury, Connecticut. A total of 1149 essays was submitted; the judges gradually reduced this field until but two finalists remained, the prize winner and the second choice, written by Elaine W. Cogswell of Chapel Hill, North Carolina. We print them in order.

'HOT WATER'

A Marxist Interpretation

It is symbolic of the decay of capitalist culture that one of the outstanding bourgeois magazines has been able to think of no weightier subject for a prize competition than 'Hot Water.' With great themes lying all about us — such as the Economic Interpretation of History, Marx's Debt to Hegel, and Stakhanovism — it is significant of the palsy of liberal thinking that its disciples are content to exercise their intellects on so feeble a concept as this.

However, it would be a great mistake to assume that because so trivial a subject was chosen the motive behind this contest was trivial. The careful Marxist, trained to discover fascism in the most innocent-appearing schemes, will easily see through the pitiful camouflage of this newest attack on the Soviet Union. For the *Atlantic Monthly*, backed no doubt by powerful industrialists, is endeavoring to shatter the hardihood of the American worker and lessen his revolutionary zeal by centring his attention on the enervating comfort that is symbolized by hot water.

Hot water is most often associated with the Saturday night bath, which is counter-revolutionary in its implications. It is not a Group Activity. One bathes alone, in the privacy of a single room, in a bathtub designed with capitalistic ingenuity to prevent more than one person from occupying it with safety or comfort. Sharing the bath is almost impossible. In the cold communal water of the ocean one can bathe with one's fellow men, rejoicing that others are privileged to be clean. If this is not feasible because of climate or location, the loyal Marxist may use a private bathtub, but he must do the task quickly, with cold water, to show that his purpose is cleanliness only, with no thought of selfish gratification.

The Comrade who is beguiled by this hot-water propaganda is taking the first step away from the fold — *facilis descensus Averno*. While he lies back drowsily in the hot luxurious water, is he thinking of the *Communist Manifesto* and the Eighteenth Brumaire? As he fumbles lazily for the soap, is he endeavoring to master the theory of surplus value? Is he humming the martial strains of the 'Internationale'? Does he rise from his hot-water bath ready with clenched fist to loose his chains? Alas, is he not rather enervated, sleepy, comfortable, thinking of cool sheets and a soft pillow instead of the class struggle and the dictatorship of the proletariat? Is he not more inclined to reach for the *Daily News* or the radio than plunge into the theory of rent, interest, and profit in *Das Kapital*? And the song on his lips is not the clarion call of 'Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!' but the degraded romanticism and base profit motive of

Baby, what I could n't do
With plenty of money and you!

Workers of the world, beware of hot water. Do not be caught on Der Tag, bathing while Rome burns.

RALPH RUTENBER

'OF HOTTE WATER'

Of divers wayes whereby Men doe gladde their Senses melikes none better than to lie a-soak in a Tubbe of Hotte Water. Hee say'd truly in the line of Poesie:

. . . Till taught by Pain,

Men know not what goode Water's worth.

In especial Hotte Water. It hath befall'n me whilst endenized in Tobago to bathe in a Hotte Tubbe, a wonderful curious contrivance in some sort Comicke. Yet was its commodiousnesse much commended to me in retrospect when fayring thence to Guadeloupe it hap'd that for four daies I needs must wash mee in Vichy for want of any other kynde of water soever hotte or colde. In such fashon hath Fortune ever belaboured my insensibilitie.

For I am of a sottishe humour and do much remynde mee of a Catte. I love to be warm and solitarie: and no vegetarian I. Red Meate I love and commonly take it and other delightsome things both of the Bodie and the Soule nor question whence they come. Nathless a thankfull Man meseemes a marvellous civill wight.

I speake not of Gratitude, a word I much mistrust: a fool's word (the Cinick say'd) found in the Dictionary but not in the hart of Man. And Bonaparte: Harder to beare than the reverses of Fortune is the base, hideous ingratitude of Man. A great Simplicitee (in my poore Judgment). In such wise commonly speake back-scrachers. Æsop beleev'd even a Mice hath Gratitude, but loe that is a meere fable.

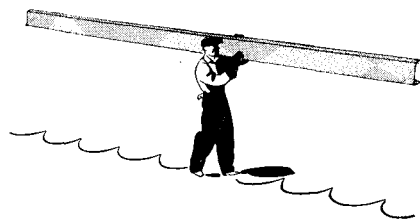
What? Doe wee not know Men who would liefer bee shott with an Harquebuss than except a favour? It is an Humiliation which the sooner forgot the better. But it is no Humiliation to thank a dead man or an unknown, or the Bridge that takes us crosse the Streeme.

Such is thankfulnessse: a gentle, worshipful affection of the Minde which renders Men sensible of their dependence on universell Bountie. A moitie (as I perceeve) animal joie, and a moitie cognizance that we have not ourselves but an infinite many of Men dead and alyve to thank for those goodes, phisickall and spirituall, deem'd necessary to a prop'r lyfe. A great civilitie (in the Greekes conceit) the Mother of all Vertue.

An I could give an accompt saies Goethe of what I owe my predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a smal remaynder. And Einstein: My inner and outer lyfe are built on the labour of my Fellowes. So doe such geants owne their Cosmick Dette: in large coyne they paie.

Now returne wee to our theame. Sithen I am in everywise a seely, slothfull creature, I shal never paie my universall dette: wel I wot. Yet an I did what coyne would I chuse? Why that genial commodotie of which wee speake. For cold doth spight and quaille the Fleshe, alike (I doe thinke) of Noble as of Hind.

ELAINE WARD COGSWELL



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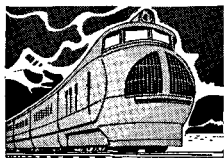
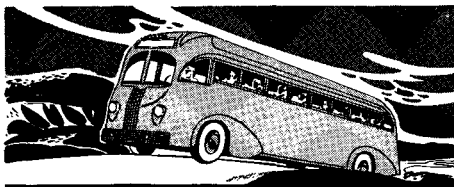
The result has been an improvement in the usefulness of aluminum which has earned public confidence and which has increased business. We are thus enabled to attack the job of further improvement with the finest research equipment, the most earnest group of men,

the most efficient plant we know how to assemble.

While this company is large by some standard of comparison, hundreds of American companies are larger by the standard of the amount of capital employed, the rate of earnings upon capital invested or by any measuring stick you care to use — unless it be by the standard of opportunity.

After all, size is essentially important to a business such as ours because research and development, at present levels of scientific attainment, is very expensive. In a highly competitive world, an exhaustive program can be maintained only when its cost can be budgeted against a consistently large volume of business.

The one big thing about this business in the year 1937 is the opportunity in the job yet to be done: developing new chapters of usefulness for aluminum to write in the book of better living.





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Another member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations elaborates his point of view regarding American neutrality.

Dear Atlantic, —

Neutrality ought to mean taking neither side of a controversy. Such a stand practically is impossible because doing nothing means helping the stronger of two combatants; doing something, if done impartially, also means helping the stronger; it is seen that doing something which definitely helps one side is not a neutral act.

The above generalizations can be said quite as much in regard to the cash-and-carry idea as to any other kind of neutrality, because the cash-and-carry idea gives all the advantage to the side which has the money or the command of the sea. To the extent that our neutrality acts of 1935 and 1936 had for their objective the keeping of America out of war, they, of course, had my support. They were temporary acts. I was glad to see American duties stressed rather than a firm stand for American right.

In the present proposed legislation I am opposed to the mandatory type. I am opposed to the mandatory principle simply because a mandatory law in its practical effect is weaker than a discretionary law, because action under the former must await the happening of the actual events described in the law. I am opposed to mandatory neutrality also because no one can see either the size or the place of the next war, and there may occur many wars wherein no action is necessary to keep us out.

The author of the present proposed Resolution in the Senate wants it called the Peace Act of 1937, instead of the Neutrality Act.

With his aim I am in hearty accord, but I do not believe the present proposal is entitled to that definition. An act which fails to condemn war as such, at least to the extent to which it has been condemned in our international agreements, can hardly be called a peace act.

An act which does not recognize international obligations and does not make it possible for the turning of our domestic unilateral law into international multilateral agreement, as was hinted at in Buenos Aires, is not as broad an act as I should like to see.

ELBERT D. THOMAS
Washington, D. C.

And from a lawyer who has had much experience in the conduct of international affairs:—

Dear Atlantic, —

I agree with Mr. Baruch as to the danger of undertaking, in advance of war, to renounce rights to trade with other neutrals and belligerents.

Broadly speaking, either our policy should be designed to help get the world away from the war system or it should accept and face the realities of the war system. Neutrality proposals which incite to economic self-sufficiency merely impress more surely the war system upon the world. They put a premium upon the purely national aspect of control of raw materials and sea power and they ensure competition for dominion.

I should prefer to see us work for international



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MARTIN JOHNSON

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conditions where less, instead of greater, importance attached to sovereignty over raw materials. If, however, this is too idealistic, let us abandon the sanctimonious pretext that our policy is or should be one of 'neutrality.' In a world where the war system prevails, no nation as rich as our own can expect to be left permanently at peace. Under such circumstances we should keep our economic power available to help nations which are friendly to us and whose ideals are sympathetic to our own. Any other policy pledges us to become the silent partner of that belligerent in the next war which possesses the maximum sea power. If we are to have partners in a war-system world, I should prefer to see us choose them for ourselves rather than have them thrust upon us by circumstances beyond our control.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES
New York City

Many there were who entered the lists in the battle raging around Gertrude Stein's 'Butter Will Melt,' which appeared in the February *Atlantic*. Three points of view: —

Dear Atlantic, —

Oh! It was pitiful
In a whole office full
Friend there was none,
To toss to oblivion
Sheets with such drivel on,
As *Butter Will Melt!*

(With apologies to all to whom apologies are due.)

Mrs. M. D. ADCOCK
Webster Groves, Missouri

Dear Atlantic, —

I am sorry that you felt it necessary to make those facetious remarks in the Contributors' Column of the February issue of the *Atlantic* concerning Gertrude Stein.

Miss Stein's treatment of the weaknesses of the human soul in her delightful 'Butter Will Melt' is too majestic and too searching to call for the crude treatment which you have accorded it.

DAVID J. MALCOLM
Charlemont, Massachusetts

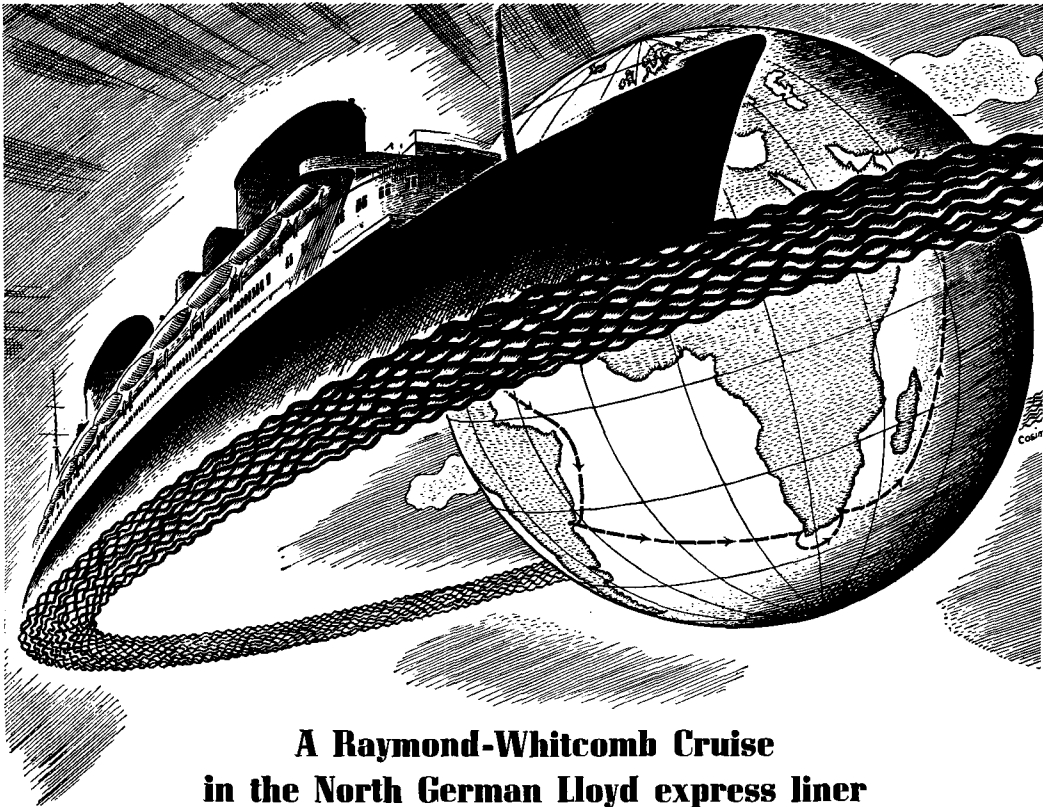
Dear Atlantic, —

It will not be necessary for the editor to use an asterisk and tell the reader that this is my own punctuation and capitalization, because I am not sailing under false colors, or trying to make a fool of myself and the intelligentsia that read the good old *Atlantic*.

I came to Florida at the age of eighty-one with a plan: I want to be the oldest active newspaper man in the United States and intend to live one hundred years and work up to and including my one hundredth birthday. One of your jewels, Mari Sandoz, could tell you a lot about me because I freighted through the sand twenty miles west of Old Jules's homestead *ten years* before Jules left Europe; helped to make the trail, in fact, for a freighting outfit.

But I want to say something about 'Butter Will Melt,' though the mail you are going to receive will keep the editor in chief and his staff busy for a month reading what folks have to say about Gertie, who can, when she feels like it, write the head off any of the pretenders who write blank verse or tell outlandish

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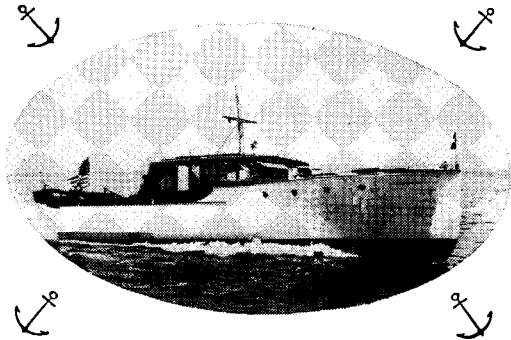
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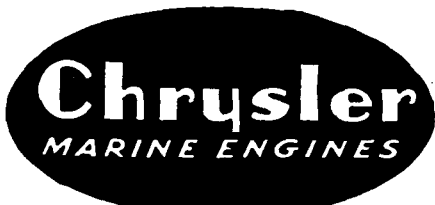
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yarns. But why does she do this childish stuff? Really, I should like to have this mystery solved, for it is keeping some of your lifelong readers awake nights wondering what has come over the good old *Atlantic*, aristocrat of all the magazines in Christendom.

We believe with Gertie that butter will melt. I have had it melt, strange as it may seem, right in my mouth when I had it spread on bread that Mother used to make, and when it was served to me as a driver of oxen, but only when we came in at the end of the trail at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, after an absence from butter for months. Say, did it melt? I'll tell it to the whole world.

And so far as 'Hindoos' are concerned, let us replace them with what we called Mexican Greasers, who ate axle grease on their bread, for when we missed the axle grease after fording the North Platte River we discovered in the separate camp of the Greaser bullwhackers the very wooden boxes that had contained the axle grease, and our wagon boss accused the Greasers of eating the grease, and they admitted it, saying they thought it was some new-fangled article of diet being introduced by a Yankee in our freighting outfit.

This axle grease was called Frazier's, and one day a lone Indian (1873) came into camp when it was my trick to do the cooking, and did I know he was not alone? No. He asked, by sign, for something to eat, so I put my old Smith & Wesson in his face, handed him a box of axle grease and forced him to eat it. On the way back from Fort Laramie the famous 'Portuguese' Phillips, who carried the news of the Fort Kearney massacre to Fort Laramie, told me that they had found a dead Indian near his stage station on Chugwater creek, and that it had gotten around that I had poisoned the Indian, one of about two hundred camped a few miles from us on that fatal day, and that they wanted my scalp lock of long (then) coal-black hair!

So I was ever after — even now — known as Pizen Bill Hooker, although I think Phillips lied, and that the reason I am to-day referred to in the historical archives of Nebraska and Wyoming as Pizen Bill is because one winter I poisoned nearly one hundred coyotes and gray wolves.

Sincerely and truly and fraternally yours,

WILLIAM FRANCIS HOOKER

Bartow, Florida

Here is a new bouquet for Mrs. Della T. Lutes, whose *Country Kitchen* was selected by the American Booksellers Association as 'the most original book published in 1936.'

Dear Atlantic, —

It is a far cry from Michigan to Fochow, and my belated wail of protest about dried apples will, I fear, be a 'voice flying by to be lost in an endless sea.' Besides, who am I to challenge the rightness of one so wholly inspired as Mrs. Lutes? Because I was brought up in the orchards of central New York, do I not know how completely right she is as to the necessity of knowing one's apples for a few generations before one attempts a pie?

But the memory of my mother's dried-apple pies, eagerly anticipated and joyfully welcomed all the cold days of winter, even before the Baldwin and Spitzenbergs and Greenings were gone, spurs me to



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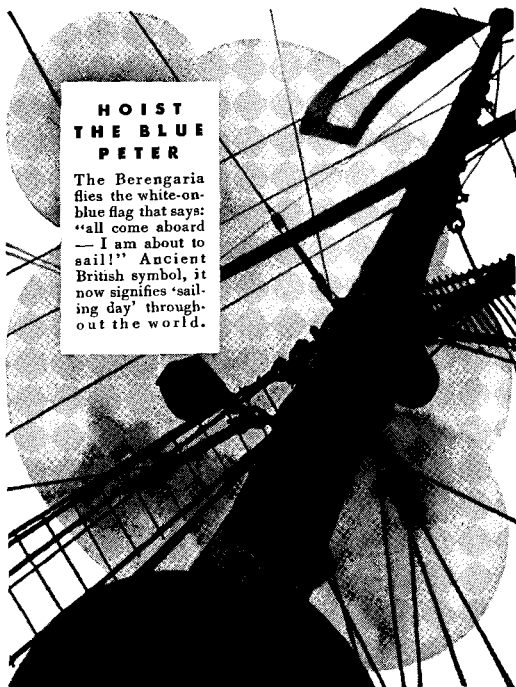
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give a reason for the faith that is in me; a faith that if you use the right kind of apples you will at least approximate the delights we children enjoyed, in those lattice-crusts, warm, brown, fragrant platefuls of childhood's ambrosia.

When an incredulous uncle asked Mother, 'What do you *put* into your pies to make them taste like that?' Mother's laconic reply, 'Apples,' was not the whole truth. Well do I remember that only Fall Pippins and Twenty-ounce Pippins were thought fit to dry: all the left-overs, which Mrs. Lutes's mother dried to save, went into Grandfather's cider press. Two parts sour apples to one part sweet is the rule for that incomparable beverage; and let it settle an hour, while you get fresh wheat straws from the new threshing. The vinegar barrel was the final end of whatever was not drunk fresh or taken to the big copper kettle to be boiled and put into a crock down cellar — for the winter's pies, for dried-apple sauce, for apple butter, or to go with Greenings into mince-meat.

Let those who buy dried apples in stores, if there are such, justly decry dried apples. I brought out to China with me some dried Twenty-ounce Pippins; I saw some of them in the storeroom a half hour ago. What Li Guang, incomparable cook though he is, does with them cannot possibly be what my mother would do; for who can cook, on a charcoal fire, dried apples as they should be cooked, simmering slowly for twelve to fifteen hours, with just the right amount of sugar added toward the end of the cooking, and never a spoon allowed in the kettle? Li Guang does it better than I could: but there's no boiled cider.

By way of introduction of myself, I am one of those children of whom my father's lifelong friend, Thomas K. Beecher, said, 'Bailey babies have to be brought up on apple sauce.'

KATE BAILEY HINMAN
Foochow, China

And P.S. Could n't you persuade Mrs. Lutes to say something about johnnycake of meal from fresh-ground new corn? And how green corn should be grown and cooked? Let me give my father's rule, 'First put the kettle on; then go pick the corn.' — K. B. H.

In the February *Atlantic* appeared a contribution from Earnest Elmo Calkins, whose signature has been familiar in the *Atlantic* for a dozen years. His latest paper, 'Wonderful Words of Life,' stirred up a veritable hornets' nest of protests from equally faithful readers. A reader who knew Mr. Calkins personally would realize that he is anything but cynical in his attitude. Indeed, we hardly remember among our acquaintances a man who has a more genuine feeling for the influences of his youth. In testimony of which we recommend to one and all Mr. Calkins's autobiography, 'Louder Please!' 'My particular grudge against gospel hymns,' says Mr. Calkins, 'is that I learned so many of them in spite of myself.' Doubtless others have been similarly stirred.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the interests of fairness we hope you will recommend a letter modifying the impression that we believe Mr. Calkins's article created, namely that gospel hymns were passing and ought to pass. The

-so we've decided on
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were stopping at
Boulder Dam on the
way West —



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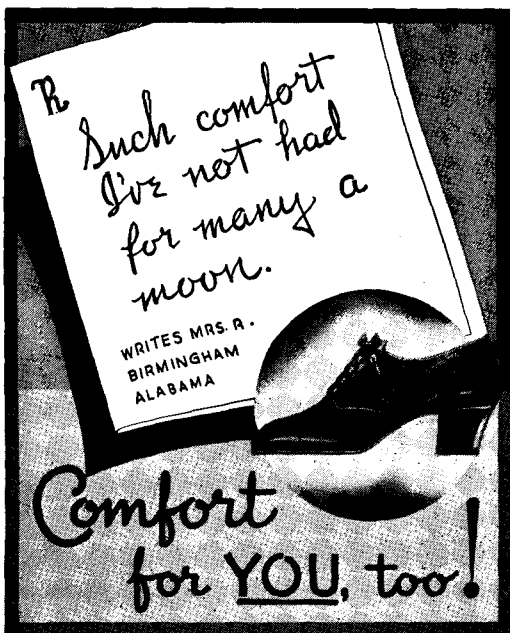
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first is never according to the facts as evidenced by the steady business our client, Hope Publishing Company, are doing in hymnbooks of the Gospel Hymn type. The second is a matter of personal opinion or prejudice.

In the letter received to-day from Mr. Calkins he says, 'The songs are neither good music nor good literature and their tremendous vogue (in the '80s and '90s) was a curious phase of our cultural history.'

Mr. Calkins ought reasonably to inquire of himself if there is anything curious in the lives consecrated to religious advance and social betterment that were changed by the gospel hymns and what they stood for. Sir Wilfred Grenfell occurs to me as a type. On what I believe was his last visit to Chicago I heard him tell a small group of which I was one, who entertained him for luncheon, that it was Mr. Moody's personality and Mr. Sankey's singing that turned his life around when he wandered into a London revival.

And there are innumerable other names of men equally important and equally cultured, not ashamed to confess the influence which gospel hymns have had in their lives. Who knows but that the useful and inspiring life that Mr. Calkins himself has lived was not in some measure the result of the influence of gospel hymns in his early days?

JEWELL F. STEVENS COMPANY

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Atlantic,—

Earnest Elmo Calkins can write entertainingly on any subject he chooses to discuss; and he has put a lot of us oldsters in his debt by discoursing so interestingly on the old gospel hymns.

He touched only casually on the morbidity of the hymns. I wonder if he has speculated, as I often have, on the psychological effect upon adolescents of such a hymn as the following, which I must have learned when I was eight or nine years old:—

When my final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, 'He is dead'
And fold my pale hands on my breast;
And when in a glorified vision at last
The walls of the city I see,
Will anyone there at the Beautiful Gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

And there was another one:—

I would not live away, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er my way,
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer!

It was all very naïve, and the times of our naïveté God winked at! But I sometimes wonder if it was not a sly wink! I would hate a god without a sense of humor!

And, again, I sometimes wonder if we have not paid too much for our sophistication?

A. E. BRUCE
Claremont, California

A word for the modern hill girl.

Dear Atlantic,—
'Backwoods Sparkin',' in the Contributors' Club of the January *Atlantic*, certainly evokes my ire as

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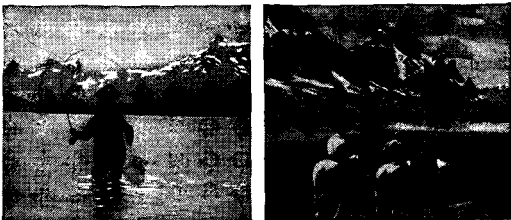
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CANADIAN NATIONAL
To Everywhere in Canada

being a gross misrepresentation of the true hillbilly-type girl, whether she be Ozarkian or not. In the first place, the author does not make himself clear as to whether he is trying to deride the mountain girl for her silliness or whether he hopes to elevate her by holding her up as a last example of the old true-blue blood of American pioneer provincialism and superstition. In his first paragraph he says, 'She has tried more love magic than was known in the old days when love philtres were standard articles of merchandise.' Personally, I know for a certainty that queer superstitions do exist in the Ozarks, but they do not all exist in the mind of any one girl. In fact very few are known to any one girl.

Nowadays, the hill girl is generally well educated, cultured, and trained in modern things, including lovemaking. And when she recites this 'mumbo jumbo,' which the author says would make 'voodoo worship seem like a lecture on logic,' she looks longingly at an Ozark moon, and an intelligent capricious twinkle arising from concealed mischief will reflect from her eyes as she inwardly relies on both her modern beauty-shop complexion and make-up and the exuberant 'It' which only the best of health, coupled with the finest strains of ancestral blood in America to-day, can produce. Of course, 'Nature in the raw is seldom mild,' but when we men have the best of dame nature to pick from, 'only the choicest leaves are used.'

CLAUDE E. JOHNSON, *Editor*
Ozark Magazine, Romance, Arkansas

'For services rendered.'

Dear Atlantic, —
After reading the Contributors' Column in the December *Atlantic*, I am amazed at the speed with which the science of medicine has advanced from century to century. Here is a physician's bill for services rendered in 1680 when we had no telephones down this-away. The patient apparently was suffering (at the start) from 'ague and fever.' There is no record either of his recovery or of his demise.

'August 22 — 1 visit, 100 lbs. tobacco; 1 purgation & 2 decoctions, 250 lbs. tobacco; 1 vial cordial waters, 400 lbs. tobacco; 3 sweats, 100 lbs. tobacco; 2 potions laxative, with attendance, 200 lbs. tobacco.

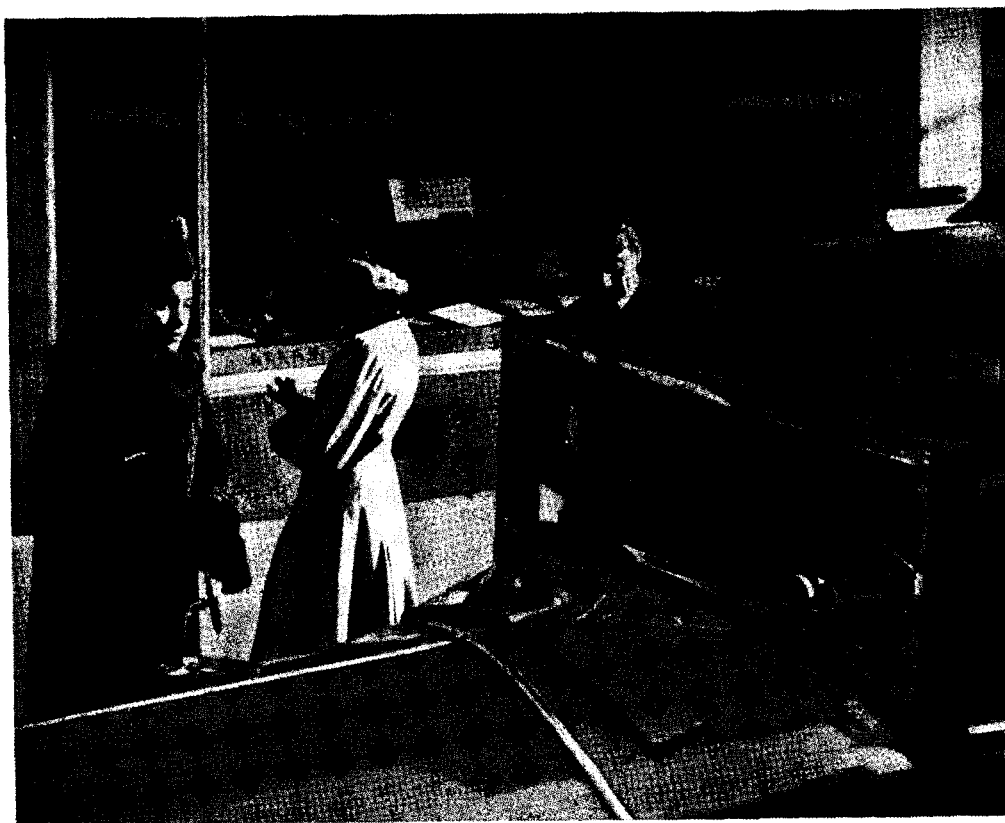
'September 5 — Ferrying, 30 lbs. tobacco; Second visit, 100 lbs. tobacco; 6 laxatives in 6 days, 300 lbs. tobacco; Sweating & oil & unguents, 80 lbs. tobacco; 1 stomach plaster, with attendance, 50 lbs. tobacco.

'September 16 — Ferrying, 30 lbs. tobacco; Third visit, 100 lbs. tobacco; 1 cordial & spirits of salt, 200 lbs. tobacco; 1 diet drink, and this with attendance and syrup, 200 lbs. tobacco.

'September 25 — Ferrying, 30 lbs. tobacco; 1 purgation, 100 lbs. tobacco; 1 decoction with ingredients, 200 lbs. tobacco; Cordial medicines, 100 lbs. tobacco; All time and attendance, 800 lbs. tobacco.

'Total, 3370 lbs. tobacco.'
N.B. What a gold mine 't would be to the cigarette manufacturers if we could return to first Principles in Medica Americana!

ALBERT A. RICHARDS
Onancock, Virginia



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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

Now in his fifty-seventh year, Emil Ludwig has lived independently in the country in Tessin, Switzerland, ever since he was twenty-six. He calls himself a portrait painter. His biographies of Jesus, Goethe, Napoleon, Bismarck, the Kaiser, and Lincoln, written over a long period of years, were not translated and printed in this country until the golden twenties. Their publication in such rapid order gave him the appearance of being a more prolific and popular writer than is actually the case.

The Nile: The Life-Story of a River, by Emil Ludwig

[Viking, \$5.00]

THESE 600-odd pages, coming whence they come, are an overpowering surprise of the happiest sort.

Some of us have persistently doubted that Herr Ludwig's services to the profession of biography have been quite commensurate with the rewards he has collected for them. He has been, for our taste, overmuch given to extracting the significance of great lives from his own poetic consciousness and holding up the result as the truth of history. It is a marvel of conjuring, his reduction of the living rabbit from the hat; but it always leaves us with the feeling that the hat is twice as marvelous as the rabbit, which seems to us to have been divorced from its immediate source rather than endowed with the vitality of an actual Napoleon or Lincoln, Goethe or Bismarck. We of this dissenting minority have obstinately held that the legitimate and, in the long run, the fruitful task of the biographer is to resurrect the illustrious dead as nearly as may be in their own image, and not to re-create them, however brilliantly, in ours, or in that of a Ludwig or a Strachey. In short, let him who fancies himself as an imaginative writer wreak himself on imagined characters. If the dead have no rights, surely we of the living have a right to our authentic inheritance from them.

These and the like serious reservations will find small part to play in the minority's acceptance of this strange, beautiful, richly rereadable, monumental, conceivably enduring book. The reason is simple and can be starkly put. The author is not dealing with a character who lived and is dead. He is dealing with one outspread before him in space — a character as alive to-day as thirteen thousand legible years ago, and in essentials not greatly changed or changing. His chronology here is a succession, not of years, but of latitudes. His sequence is of topographic features that can be traversed, seen, measured, not of disputed actions from inscrutable motives.

The artistic unity that he gets elsewhere by coloring and by selection — that is, suppression — is here the free gift of his subject itself: for the water that leaves Lake Victoria in equatorial thunder, the water that plunges into Lake Tana from the mountains of Abyssinia, is the selfsame water that, before it finds the Mediterranean, raises the long-staple cotton in the Delta four thousand miles from its sources. Ludwig is writing, in fine, not biography at all, but description on a stupendous scale; and he is a very great descriptive writer indeed.

He begins where the Nile begins. He describes it stage by stage through dwindling altitudes and mounting latitudes. As he surveys its bed, its banks, its hinterland, its folk, he also sketches in the deepening, widening banks of history and of international politics between which it flows. He makes the past almost a part of the topography. The virtuosity that has so often (if unconsciously) sacrificed truth to effect counts here only for vividness and power, and most notably in the brief character sketches of the great heroes and the great victims from Rameses II to Gordon, from Cleopatra to Kitchener. When Ludwig treats the Nile as a person living a life that can be followed from turbulent youth to grave old age, when he gives the river thoughts, purposes, dreams, memories, we take the device, not as a grandiose self-deception, but as a classical personification on a prodigious scale — a rhetorical figure justified in what it actually conveys. By the end of this 250,000-word figure of speech we feel as if we had not only traveled slowly through Nubia, Abyssinia, the Sudan, Upper Egypt, and the Delta, but actually lived in them.

The volume is generously illustrated, ideally provided with maps, and distinguished in format. The author is in the main exceptionally happy in his translator, Mary H. Lindsay. The index, though no marvel of accurate reference, is still more painstaking than most. The text, completed before the late rape of Ethiopia, nevertheless searchingly illuminates that ominous event.

What reservations the Egyptologists may disclose on minor points, I am in no position to guess. The book is hardly for them; and in any event they can afford to welcome its existence, for it is bound to spread that atmosphere of interest in which their work will gain in public dignity and hence in public support.

WILSON FOLLETT



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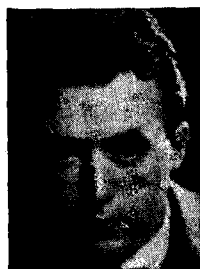
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BY ROBERT S. AND HELEN MERRELL LYND

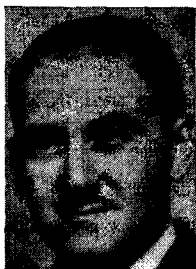
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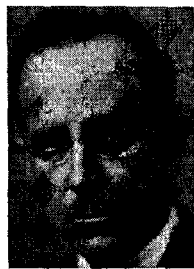
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The BOOKSHELF

Grey of Falldon,
by George Macaula

[Houghton M

GREY, as Foreign Secretary, stands out more prominently than any other pre-war statesman. His own *Twenty-Five Years* was one of the most successful political autobiographies we know — calm, objective, self-critical, as nearly honest as a man can be with his own conscience, and charmingly written. It shows him, in his favorite poet's words, as a 'central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.'

There was, however, another Grey embodied in the flesh with Grey the Foreign Secretary. This other Grey was the countryman-naturalist, the author of *Fly-fishing*, *Falldon Papers*, *The Charm of Birds*, and the husband of Dorothy Widdington.

Mr. Trevelyan, writing *con amore* with his usual insight and charm, shows that the two Greys, outwardly so different, were essentially complementary. Without the refreshing intervals of calm at the Hampshire Cottage or Falldon, Grey could never have got through the drudgery at the Foreign Office. How great this burden was may be indicated by the fact that in 1895, when he was Parliamentary Under-Secretary, 44,041 papers were received at the Foreign Office; the corresponding total for the year 1916, when he finally resigned, was 298,460. Likewise, without his distinguished service as Foreign Secretary, he would have been known only as what Dorothy at first mistook him for: *l'héritier anglais*, an English country gentleman; he would never have been honored for that nobility of view and purpose in foreign politics which elevated him to a plane quite above that of the Continental statesmen of his day.

Grey's love of Nature developed with his earliest years. His political interests awoke relatively late. At Oxford, as appears from the Balliol minute-book of Jowett in 1884: 'Sir Edward Grey, having been repeatedly admonished for idleness, and having shown himself entirely ignorant of the work set him in vacation as a condition of residence, was sent down, but allowed to come up to pass his examination in June.' On account of his interest in his ducks and his frequent week-ends from London while in office, he has sometimes been criticized as not being sufficiently interested in his political tasks. Mr. Trevelyan shows that the criticism is unjust. 'Politics made his chief bond with his most intimate friend Haldane; they were always talking about them; for Hegel was a tiresome mystery to Grey, and Haldane could scarcely tell a robin from a sparrow. . . . During his long working hours Grey was utterly absorbed in the Foreign Office work. He could not indeed bring to the Sphinx riddle of the European tragedy the high spirits of a Palmerston; he wrote no "rhyming despatches" like Canning; but he was not, like the greatest of his predecessors, reduced to cutting his throat. The craftsmanship of his official letters, memoranda and speeches shows that his whole mind

was given to their composition. But the reaction was strong when the tired man left off.'

Mr. Trevelyan has fortunately been able to enrich his volume with a great many unpublished private letters which illumine both sides of Grey's life. They show the attitude with which he stood his great afflictions:

Dorothy thrown from a pony-cart and killed

Foreign Secretary; two brothers

both his houses burned down;

and increasing blindness while still in office. Mr. Trevelyan also gives an excellent sketch of British Foreign Policy under Grey from 1905 to 1916, but he has few important revelations. He answers many, but not all, the serious criticisms which have been brought against his friend's pre-war policy.

SIDNEY B. FAY

Ships and Women, by Bill Adams

[Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, \$2.50]

THERE are in this world three kinds of seafaring men. There are the drunks and misfits, the social errors who find in sea life a rich field for the exercise of their misanthropic talents, and ample proof that, for them, there is no justice. The demand for these heroes is diminishing as the sea becomes mechanized, and we shall find them on shore, like emery in the bearings and monkey wrenches in the gears of our industrial life.

Then there are those seamen to whom the sea is a vocation, something to be crossed with a cargo. These are my people, and I have yet to find any reason for despising them. The shipmasters of New England, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia nearly all came from the forecabin and the builders' yards. They were neither misfits nor romantics, but professional transporters of freight. When they had the capital to go into business on shore they gave up the sea. If you had inquired whether they had a nostalgia for the ocean they would have thought you were insane.

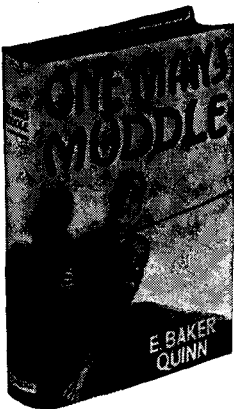
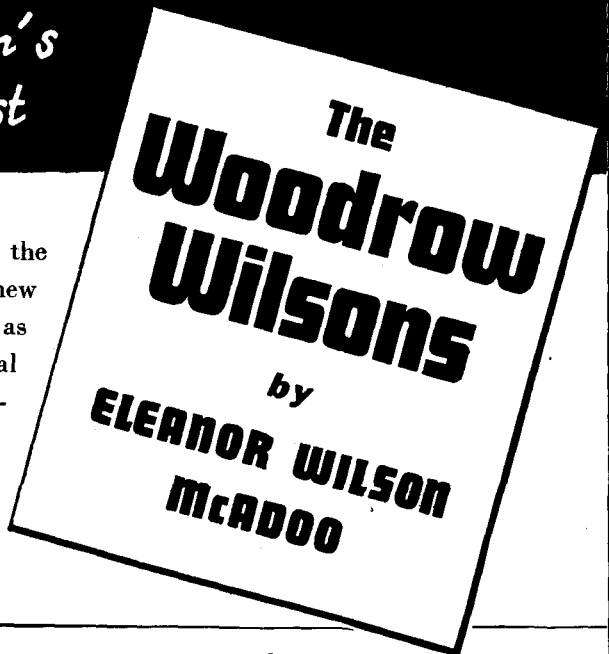
The third class of seaman is the sentimental Jack Tar of fiction, the white-headed boy of the American public. He walks with a rolling gait, has a wife in every port, his arms are tattooed with hearts transfixed by arrows, and all the girls love him. To this category Bill Adams belongs by right of a Cape Horn apprenticeship and an incorrigibly romantic temperament.

Born of gentlefolk in England and going to sea in the old square-rigged *Silberhorn*, Adams grew to be a husky third mate of six foot three and 187 pounds in his pelt. He loved the sea. He had the ambition to be a master in sail. But while in California he developed asthma and had to abandon his career. He took to working on shore and sought alleviation of his complaint in the more salubrious valleys of the Golden State.

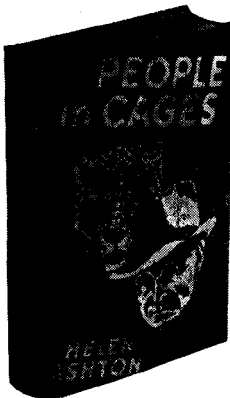
Bill Adams mourns the departure of the sailing ship because, having left deep water in his youth, he has a nostalgia for his lost career. He has, in spite of the honest attempt to tell the facts, so idealized the past that it corresponds exactly to the conventional illusions of landmen about the sea. He tries also to give us the truth about a sailor's sex life, but this requires a techni-

From Macmillan's great Spring List

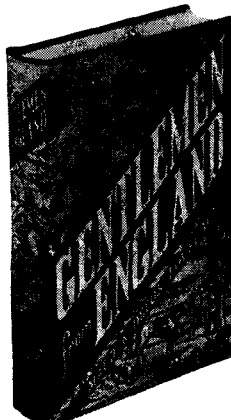
THE YOUNGEST daughter of the War President paints him in a new light: as husband and father, and as the central figure in a most unusual family group. Her recollections, written with rare candor and humor, convey a charming picture of the Wilson household and of those who dwelt and visited there. \$3.50



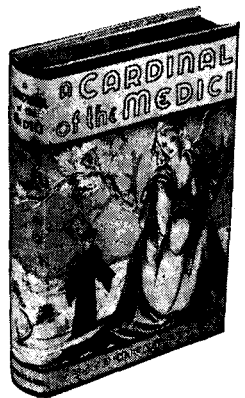
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YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven, Conn.

cal dexterity in writing beyond the simple resources of our author.

Yet there is undoubted value in the naïve picture of untutored men alone on the deep. It will never happen again, of course, and some, like Bill Adams, will be sorry, whereas others, like his reviewer, will rejoice. Bill sets down in manly words of few syllables the way it was with him. This is his sea testament. One regrets, now and then, his obliviousness of the artistic possibilities of his material. There is the episode of the burial at sea, for instance, with the ship rolling, when the corpse takes charge and darts about the deck, clasped by determined but helpless living men, and the captain waits until the tussle is over, prayer book in hand. But of course Bill is a sailor, not a writer. He dreams of the simple life on the old ships 'with hempen bridle and horse of tree.' To a reader accustomed to the more complex life of our day it is like reading of the Stone Age. This, one thinks, is the way men thought and felt and acted in neolithic times.

WILLIAM MCFEE

Rabelais, translated by W. F. Smith

[Cambridge University Press, \$4.25]

IN 1893 Mr. W. F. Smith, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, the most accomplished English Rabelaisian of his time, published an annotated translation of the writings of Rabelais. Afterward he continued to correct, revise and enlarge his work, with a view to bringing out a second edition; but he died in 1919 while assembling his materials, and in the long delay which followed, scholars pretty well gave up hope of ever getting the benefit of Mr. Smith's project. At last, however, Mr. D. H. Beves, of King's College, put the new edition in order, and the first volume of this invaluable work is now off the Cambridge University Press, encouraging the ardent hope that the rest of it will soon follow.

Mr. Smith's work is hardly for casual readers (which is as it should be, for casual readers have no business with Rabelais) but rather for scholars and well-equipped serious students. His translation bears the same relation to the earlier translation of Urquhart and Motteux that the Revised Version of the English Bible bears to the King James Version. Its correctness is so unimpeachable that a reader who has it before him may safely let the French original repose for long periods undisturbed upon the shelf. Mr. Smith's running commentary is so abundant and comprises so vast a store of illustrative reference that it may fairly be called a complete index of source-material. All in all, the work is a superb monument of untiring diligence, profound and accurate scholarship and all-embracing literacy.

On some points of interpretation, especially where impressionist criticism is alone available, Mr. Smith would not expect universal agreement, nor, naturally, would he find it. For example, his view of certain details concerning the authorship of the Fifth Book is open to plausible amendment. Again, one might demur a little at his suggestion that Rabelais ever took any other than a detached story-teller's interest in



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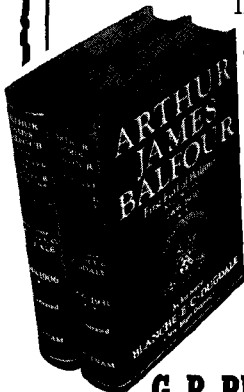
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whether it may not have been due rather to lack of imagination than to a cynical disregard of the decencies of life. The figures in the principal munition-industry scandals, from the egregious Mr. Mulliner of pre-war days in Great Britain to Mr. Shearer and his more recent activities in Geneva and Washington, walk across Mr. Noel Baker's pages in sombre and, it must be added, picturesque procession to which Paris, Berlin, and other capitals make their contributions.

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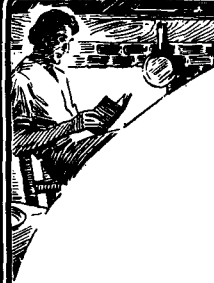
One feels after reading the evidence that the Arms Firms and their activities, besides being a bad factor, are also an unnecessary factor in the distempers of the world. Why should profit-making companies be left in a position in which they are constantly tempted to muddy the waters of international relations through the medium of men like Mr. Shearer and by more subtle agencies? Why should they be allowed to aggravate, as they undoubtedly have done in the past, what is of necessity one of the worst features of an international armaments race, namely the advertisement which the governments concerned feel constrained to give sometimes to the allegedly bellicose intentions of neighbors, sometimes to the general threat of war, sometimes to both in order to persuade their peoples that the game of rearmament is worth the candle of taxation?

SIR ARTHUR WILLERT

THE DARK COUNTRIES

VOODOO has of recent years been so burlesqued that foreign writers are suspect in Haiti to-day. Even serious study is often impeded, for the authorities fear misrepresentation and the peasants fear betrayal. It is therefore remarkable that Professor Melville J. Herskovits should have been able, after only three months' residence, to write his *Life in a Haitian Valley* (Knopf, \$4.00), though he came to his task thoroughly experienced in germane research.

As an anthropologist he has done a creditable job, for he has shown the Haitian Negro in full, not against a background of Voodoo alone, but against his entire heritage. His custom from birth to death is recorded meticulously, his culture assessed at its actual worth. Magic, the rites requisite to the worship of the gods, the twins, and the dead, the division of honor and labor between Christian and pagan deities, are all considered in admirable detail. It must be understood, however, that the author's observations pertain specifically to the commune of Mirebalais, only thirty-five miles on the bus route from Port-au-Prince, and are therefore invalid denials of custom elsewhere. But it is equally true that he has managed, in spite of language difficulties, the



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limitations of locale, and immediate experience, to present one of the best-rounded pictures of Haitian life we have had to date.

Voodoo proper he saw rather darkly, mainly because other investigators had so infuriated him that he desired to veer as far as possible from anything resembling 'sensationalism.' He has veered so far, indeed, as to maintain that Voodoo ritual is well disciplined, that Voodoo dances occur on Saturday nights or fête days only, by government authorization, and that Voodoo is pronounced 'Vodun,' a spelling he employs throughout the book.

Now this, I submit, is fanciful. 'Vodun' has a definite significance in Dahomey, Africa, but in Haiti the word has been 'Vaudoux' (from the Créole French, Anglicized to 'Voodoo') since the eighteenth century, and is still so pronounced, as any student of Haitian literature, or any attentive visitor to the island, can readily ascertain. The use of 'Vodun' in the text is misleading. Despite this assertive literary tic, however, and the continual and almost audible gnashing of teeth with which Professor Herskovits refers to more sanguine, if less scholarly, authors, the book is highly readable and of distinct value, particularly for its correlation of African survivals with the transitional influences — church, politics, and acculturation — integrating Haiti to-day.

Max Miller's lively curiosity was not confined to the waterfront of Mexico, nor to any front at all, while he was gathering the material for *Mexico Around Me* (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50). It led him to the mountains, the hidden lakes, the slums of cities, and pushed him against his will beneath the surface of the Mexican scene. He wished to ignore history and social motives; he did n't want to become involved with Mexico, but he soon found that even the most superficial traveling presented problems, as old as the country itself, which could not be ignored. That is the trouble with being an ace reporter; the eye is quicker than the recording hand.

His journey was an escape from guidebooks and all the 'views' and 'sights' they recommend. People were more exciting than places: the planters of Chiapas with their strange notions of hospitality, the peons, the dominant women of Tabuantepec, the broken women of the streets where 'the lamps are more for throwing shadows along the cobbles than for throwing light.' His friend the old Indian Colonel, whose chest was a sieve of bullet holes, was the best of guides, as expert at finding bars as at producing, in remote, primitive villages, the relatives of that great Zapata with whom he had fought.

Max Miller followed humbly the ancient warrior, never knowing to what goal he was being led. Once it was to lay a wreath on Zapata's grave, Miller carrying the wreath, and the Colonel his formidable armament. Again it was, almost, to a bandit feud of the Colonel's own contriving, because he felt the American doubted his past exploits. And again to the most extraordinary place, to a village only half an hour's drive from Cuautla, where there were no tourists, no guides, no beggars, and no lottery ticket vendors at all.

Zapata, the leader of the agrarian revolution, Miller felt, was a prodigy in Mexico because he sincerely



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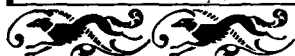
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fought for the people and lived modestly among them, until he was done to death by guile. It is largely due to him that the Indians now are regaining their land, but the general would roll in his stony grave were he to know how they are exploited by union racketeers. For Mexico is a maze of unions. There is even a Union of Tenants so powerful that landlords can scarcely collect their rents, and there is a Union of Prostitutes.

It is easy to see the unusual, Max Miller claims; every guide will thrust it under your nose. So very adroitly he presents the unusual in usual things, the circus, the bullfight, the Christian edifices vainly trying to grow from the ruins of ancient temples. He reveres nothing, not even syntax, but his book is filled with tales conversationally and dramatically told, and there is one concerning a secret convent which is as artful a horror story as any I have read. Whoever is bored with *Mexico Around Me* deserves no quarter from professional guides.

HASSOLDT DAVIS

Army Without Banners; Adventures of an Irish Volunteer, by Ernie O Malley

[Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50]

'Who is she,' quoth Solomon, 'that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?' During the years from 1916 to 1921 the British in Ireland might have observed with truth how much more terrible is an army without banners. For it was the sinister anonymity of the Irish Republican Army which was its greatest strength. An army which moved by night, which swooped down from the mountains suddenly and without warning, which buried its dead secretly and licked its wounds in hiding, — an army which moved underground and had a thousand delicate wires of communication impossible to detect, — a silent army inspired by centuries of hate.

One day in March, 1918, Ernie O Malley, a first-year medical student at National University, left his father's house in Dublin to join the I. R. A. He was not quite eighteen, but for some time past he had been an active volunteer, working in college by day and drilling by night. Now, for various reasons, he found it necessary to get away from his comfortable middle-class environment. His father's sympathies were more or less with the British, his elder brother Frank was a captain in the British Army, and Ernie was tired of hearing 'his comrades being laughed at and their motives questioned.' He reported to H. Q. for active service and was immediately sent to the midlands as an organizer. For the next few years he was 'on the run,' an Irish volunteer on active service with a price on his head, sometimes without a roof to shelter him, often cold and hungry. It was a life of rigid asceticism. The volunteers neither smoked nor drank, nor indulged in love affairs, the last two pastimes being considered dangerously conducive to military indiscretion. It was no joke wearing of the green, for the penalty, if captured, was certain death.

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unteers in the secret army. His youthfulness, his red hair and lanky form, his extraordinary fearlessness, made him famous not only in the army but among the country people who gave him shelter. His more notorious exploits soon brought him to the notice of the British authorities, who began searching with particular attention for a red-headed volunteer called O Malley. He was eventually captured while organizing a brigade in Kilkenny; luckily he was there under an assumed name and nobody spotted his real identity. He was brought to Dublin, questioned, tortured by Black and Tans, and was finally thrown into Kilmainham gaol. His own mother would not have recognized him by the time the Tans had finished with him; his eyesight was permanently injured by the treatment he received at the Castle. (This incident was omitted in the English edition.) Later he made a sensational escape from Kilmainham and immediately rejoined his old brigade in Tipperary. He was there preparing an offensive when word came through of the truce. The Anglo-Irish Treaty negotiations had begun. 'And so ended for us what we called the Scrap, the people later on, the Trouble, and others fond of labels, the Revolution.'

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MARY MANNING

Theatre, by W. Somerset Maugham

[Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50]

MR. MAUGHAM's newest volume is a novel about an actress — Julia Lambert by name. Vain, selfish, unprincipled, and insensitive to whatever does not immediately concern herself, her prototype may be found in any one of the myriad novels, short stories, and plays that have been written about the theatre. Born respectably enough on the island of Jersey, the daughter of a veterinary surgeon, she aspires early to the stage and, after the usual provincial preparation, takes London almost too readily by storm, rising during the next couple of decades — not, it must be admitted, entirely unassisted by her own and her husband's shrewd sense of good showmanship — to heights of histrionic eminence to which the combined achievements of Mrs. Siddons, Bernhardt, and Duse seem as nothing. On the personal side, there are, successively, Michael Gosselyn, Lord Charles Tamerley, and young Tom Fennell — the first of whom becomes her husband and manager, the second her Platonic affinity, and the third her lover in her middle age. The 'story' element in *Theatre* is scarcely a novel one.

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But Mr. Maugham is always readable, and one finds oneself carried along — and pleasantly enough — to the finish, even upon occasion pausing over a passage authentic with the ring peculiar to this author. There is, for instance, that conversation between Julia and her eighteen-year-old son when for the first time in her self-centred existence she finds herself in the uncomfortable situation of being told the truth about herself.

'You don't know the difference between truth and make-believe. You never stop acting. It's second nature to you. . . . You don't exist, you're only the innumerable parts you've played. I've often wondered if there was ever a you or if you were never anything more than a vehicle for all these other people that you've pretended to be. When I've seen you go into an empty room I've sometimes wanted to open the door suddenly, but I've been afraid to in case I found nobody there.'

Julia is troubled — but not for long. A single successful performance restores to her both equanimity and assurance.

'Roger says we don't exist. Why, it's only we who do exist. They are the shadows and we give them substance. We are the symbols of all this confused, aimless truggling that they call life, and it's only the symbol which is real. They say acting is only make-believe. That make-believe is the only reality.'

But such bright spots are all too few. In the main, *Theatre* is a pedestrian performance and Julia Lambert cheat and a sham. Nor can I help feeling that the whole thing is essentially untrue.

PAUL HOFFMAN

ALMOST twice as many books of travel were published in 1936 as appeared the year previous, indicating, perhaps, the publishers' belief that Americans had money to spend and were ready to go. Such, of course, is the case. There will be a huge exodus of Yankee pilgrims to the Coronation, thence crossing to see the French Exposition in Paris. For anyone who wants to evoke the mood of Paris during those leisurely days on the steamer, I cheerfully recommend that observant, flavorsome novel which won a huge pot of international gold (\$19,000 in all), *The Street of the Fishing Cat*, by Jolán Földes (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50). This is Paris of the 1920's, and in particular that quaint part of it to which came the exiles, — the Russians, the Hungarians, the Greeks, the Lithuanians, the Italians, — limping cats who by hunger or political persecution are driven from their homeland. In the tiniest street in Paris they form a refugee community; here their animosities are neutralized and here grow up those three children of exile, Anna, Jani, and Klari. It is their growth contrasted with the fatality of their elders which gives the story its warmth. Not a big book — rather a novel whose appeal is gentle, pervasive, and very humane.

Edward Weeks